

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1891.

CHARITY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARTHA O. PEMBERTON.



WITH Christmas chimes almost sounding in our ears, with its happy anticipations, its promise of family reunions and abounding interchange of gifts of affection or kindness, our hearts naturally turn in an especial manner to children, for we must admit that but for their enjoyment many a perplexing tour of shopping among crowded thoroughfares and much busy employment after bedtime, that the secrets of Santa Claus may not be revealed, would willingly be dispensed with. Already little faces are longingly peering into gay shop-windows, and we catch, in passing, the half-whispered, eager question:

"Mamma, do you think Santa Claus will bring me—?" etc.

Presently we shall find at the street-corners trees, wreaths, and holly-berries, especially beautiful in their rich green against a background of new-fallen snow. One wonders how they can disappear so rapidly. Everywhere are hurrying men and women laden with bundles, trudging cheerily on, their cheeks glowing from healthy exercise and pleasurable excitement, their hearts warm with memories of the days when they too had hovered about mysterious parcels, sometimes surreptitiously tearing off just the least bit of a wrapper, or fingering a Gordian knot.

Wherever a glimpse of an interior is vouchsafed us, Christmas decorations are visible; parlors given up to children, in each a Christmas tree, glittering with tinsel, ornamented with tiny fairies floating in air, Cupids peeping from the branches, trumpets, dolls, an infinite variety of beautiful things, and myriad candles awaiting the match that shall illuminate it all with glorious brightness.

With a hearty desire not only to share in the happiness of its personal little comrades, but to assist in cheering children to whom dear old Saint Nicholas is not so well known, THE HOME MAGAZINE desires to open at its office, 532 Walnut Street, a depot for the receipt of some of the things which go to make a "merry Christmas." To this end it invites and urges its patrons in the city of Philadelphia, or wherever the MAGAZINE may reach, to interest their children and their children's friends to unite with them in

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FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE.

sending to this improvised depot toys (new or well-kept from last year), books, candies, dolls-clothes, or *money*, that these little waifs too may laugh and sing.

All such donations will be sent for distribution to the ladies having charge of the Children's Aid Society, and St.

Mary's Street Library, two great works of which we will speak later.

In looking into the lives of children, we turn first to France, about whose family-life there has always been much misconception. The world at large is disposed to look upon the French as a nation too gay and frivolous to trouble themselves

much about the serious side of things. Yet, in fact, the parental and filial relation among some classes nowhere assumes a tenderer aspect.

The devotees of gayety or fashion relegate their offspring to the *bonne* and the nursery so exclusively that there may be less exaggeration than we imagine in the story of a very elegant lady who, attracted by the handsome appearance of some children in the park, stopped to admire them and to ask, "Whose children are those?"

"Is it possible that madame does not recognize her own?" replied the nurse.

Yet one can scarcely find more touching pictures of home-life than among the peasantry of France.

The père Jean going to his daily work in the vineyard, the mère Marie doing her part side by side with him, the dear grandmère, whom their roof shelters,

gladly taking care of the little ones, watching lovingly over them and so going over her own youth again; putting many a patch in the torn breeches, and often while doing so telling tales of the time when their father came in from the village playground with just such rents to be mended.

Or the little Jeanne's cries over a tumble are turned to laughter as she is rocked in the loving arms of the grandmother by the funny story of a very bad fall her mother had from the baker's cart into which she had climbed like a naughty little girl, and the promise is given that when mamma comes home at noon, Jeanne shall see the scar which is under her brown hair all these years.

Statistics show that kindness for suffering infancy is innate among the French, and that no charities for children can surpass those created in France. To her we are indebted for the Crèche system, first introduced in Paris as a remedy for the glaring evil of baby farming, afterward adopted in England, and later successfully carried on in our own country.

As is always the case, it seemed doubtful at first among our people how the movement would be received. The atmosphere of our free government to those to the manner born is not conducive to feelings of dependence, and "institutions" at first were regarded with suspicion if not with aversion.

A woman whose needs heretofore had been relieved only through what she considered a grudging charity, distrusted it when it called for separation from her child during a greater part of the day.

Few mothers could conceive that form of the heavenly virtue which "suffers long and is kind" to those whose only claim is poverty. And so for awhile the problem was difficult as well as uncertain.

Time and his handmaid Patience have solved it to the satisfaction of its projectors.

Ten years ago the work began in the city of New York under the name of day-nurseries or baby-shelters.

To-day there are not less than twenty-five such shelters in that city alone. Every year the number of women who desire to take advantage of this form of benevolence grows apace, and the authorities tell us there is an urgent need at this moment for twice the number now registered.

One of the most extensive of these is situated at East Thirty-first Street, New York.

A private house originally, it has been enlarged and thoroughly adapted for its present use. In the basement is a large kitchen, immaculate in its neatness; joining it is a big dining-room, thoroughly ventilated, and cool or warm as the season requires. In this are served daily three



GRANDMÈRE'S FUNNY STORY.

meals ; bread of most wholesome quality, milk, every drop of which is sterilized ; everything in fact to tempt the delicate appetite or to satisfy that of the more robust.

From thirty to fifty children, whose ages vary from three weeks to seven years, are left in this nursery daily by mothers on the way to their work.

It is not intended to pauperize these little inmates ; on the contrary, in order to foster a right spirit of independence the mothers are required to deposit the sum of five cents each day, which is supposed to defray in part the cost of food.

No uniform dress is required, all that is insisted on is neatness. Faded cali-

coes and cotton knickerbockers if they are but clean may show many a patch.

Boys and girls of all forms of nationality or creed, under that condition, are

assured entrance. Jews and Gentiles from many or indeed most of the countries of Europe claim and receive the same care, skill, and kindness as our own American embryo presidents, it may be.

In strong contrast to the lives of those thus conscientiously cared for is that of the denizens of the tenement house, where the children, reared in all the shocking degradation of the slums, grow up utterly different beings from those admitted in infancy to well-conducted asylums.

The child of the institution is well trained in the way in which he should go ; the child of the slums is as well trained in all manner of

evil. Like Topsy he "grewed" in the street and found himself there ; his abiding place is the tenement, unventilated in the heats of summer, freezingly cold in



WAY SIDE DAY NURSERY.

winter, his diet often only the stale crust shared by drunken or quarrelsome men and women, his only place of rest by night the pile of musty straw on which he is privileged to sleep.

The early sunrise which strives to illumine his dingy room lights him to the haunts where his associates in evil await him. The fearful oaths which are heard on all sides from the lips of boyhood prove what a dead-letter is the ordinance against swearing, and the law prohibiting the sale of beer to children is as little regarded.

To run with the "growler" early and late seems a necessity from which there is little possible escape. Hidden from the eyes of the police, it is not uncommon to find groups of boys from nine to fifteen years of age, besotted with cheap beer, lying huddled together, sleeping the sleep of the drunkard.

We learn from a well-known writer that within the past year a lad who had spent the day in taking kettles of beer to the employees of a very large factory, weary by nightfall, and overcome by the tolls he had taken, was found in the cellar where he had crept, partly devoured by rats which swarmed there.

To the honor of humanity be it said, a movement has been inaugurated among plucky men and women, by which children are to be brought out of a life leading almost surely to crime, and aided by various public institutions and by the courts, protected from cruelty and from themselves.

In New York many admirable and continually increasing organizations looking to the redemption of youth are fully established. In the Foundling Asylum four hundred and sixty women were received last year. Of these, while some were "fallen," a good majority were mothers only poverty-stricken, or deserted by bad husbands. Upwards of a hundred of

these women found homes from the Asylum, while eight hundred children were admitted in the same year.

Clothing is generously contributed through private sources, yet we are assured that the dry goods bill of this single institution amounts yearly to about \$15,000, the State allowing a certain sum per capita.

In the great training schools of Five Points Mission and the House of Industry which face each other where the Five Points of years ago stood, the work of reformation began when the enormous increase of youthful criminals was a source of alarm to the community. To-day, if one really wishes to see the street boy in the raw material and in the early stages of development toward good citizenship, Five Points Mission and the House of Industry are the places to find him.

In the thirty years of their existence more than one hundred thousand children, who would have had no proper care elsewhere, have been cared for here, with the result of very marked decrease in the statistics of youthful crime.

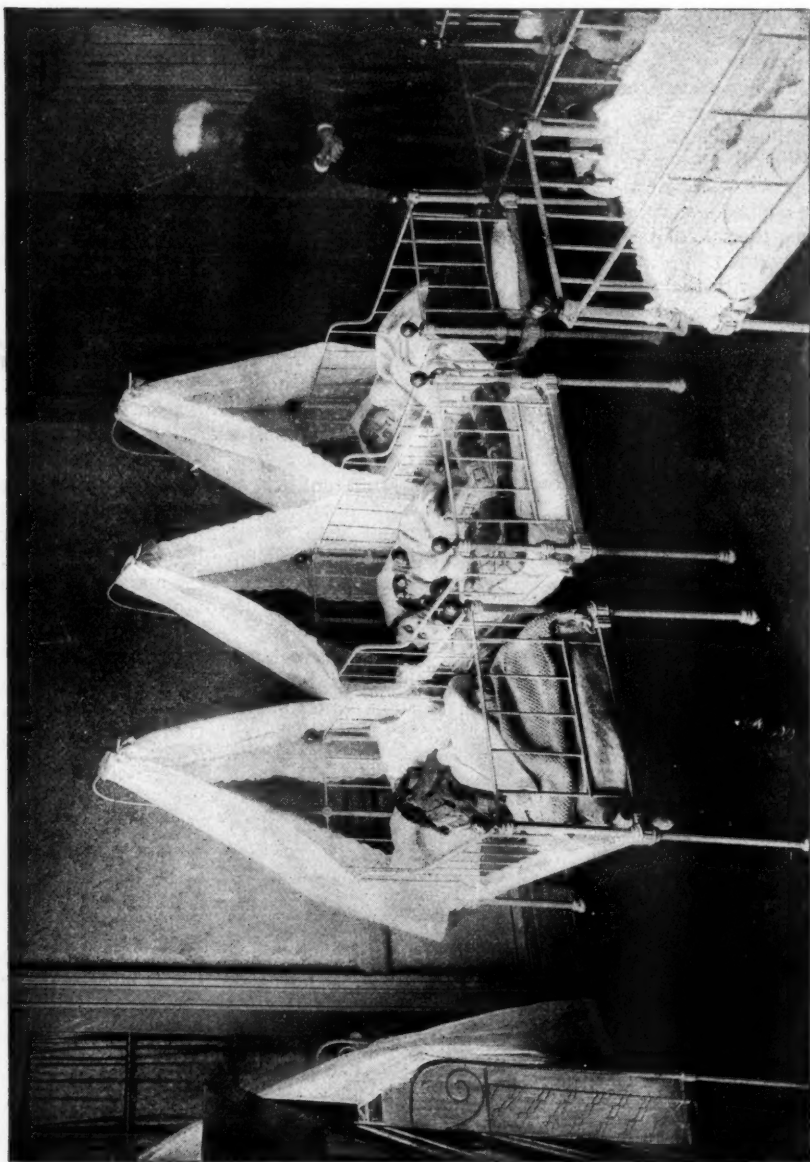
It seems strange that people of exemplary lives should be willing to receive into their families children who, from the standpoint of heredity, might be dreaded, yet no difficulty is found in securing



BESOTTED WITH CHEAP BEER.

homes for them, especially in the Western States. We learn from a reliable ex-

is recruited from these wards and from the Children's Aid Society and dispatched



FORTY WINKS AT NOON.

change that "About every six weeks a band of thirty or forty 'run-arounds,' ranging from three to five years of age,

on the evening train to Chicago, thence to be distributed among the various homes selected for them by an agent of

the institution. The children are too young and too excited at the prospect of going out into the world to exhibit much regret at parting from the home that has done so much for them. The only tears shed, as a rule, are by some of the nurses who are especially attached to their little charges. Stages convey them to the depot, temporary beds are made up in a special car set aside for the purpose, and by the time the train leaves most of the tired little eyes are closed in sleep. Two or three matrons take charge of the entire party, and upon their arrival in Chicago the children are met by many volunteer assistants, who accompany them to their final destinations.

A mighty army has been going westward in the last generation, an army that would have filled our jails to overflowing but for the unremitting vigilance which has been over them.

Some of the boys come back bright and useful men. Ministers, bankers, and lawyers, have been among them—even a State Governor, if tradition speaks truly. The great mass of them settle out among their new friends and put the alley and the growler behind them forever.

Not behind the large institutions of New York, but conducted on an entirely different basis is the Children's Aid Society in our own city of Philadelphia, organized about nine years ago, having for its objects:

1. The boarding of dependent children in separate family homes.
2. The removal of children from the almshouses of the State of Pennsylvania.
3. The preservation of the tie between mother and child, and the enforcing of the responsibility of motherhood by placing mothers at service with their children.
4. The training in private families of juvenile delinquents of tender years, who would otherwise be committed to penal institutions.

Our readers cannot inform themselves more intelligently as to this growing work than by reading a portion of an exhaustive paper, written by Miss Fowke, read at the last session of the Inter-

national Prison Congress, held in St. Petersburg June, 1890:

"These eight years of experience had shown to the Philadelphia Society certain evils which, in spite of untiring zeal and noble devotion on the part of managers and officers, seemed inherent in the



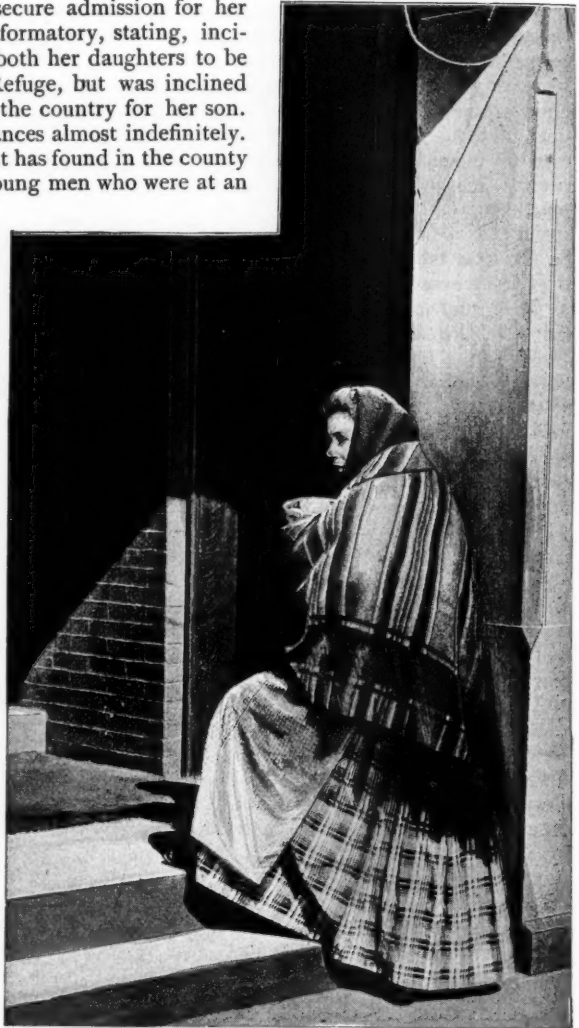
GOING FOR BEER.

reformatory system. These I will briefly indicate:

"1. The temptation it offers to parents and guardians to throw off their most sacred responsibilities. Abundant evidence that this is frequently done has come under our immediate observation. A woman called at our office not long

since to ask how she could secure admission for her son to the Huntingdon Reformatory, stating, incidentally, that she had sent both her daughters to be educated in the House of Refuge, but was inclined to prefer an institution in the country for her son. We could multiply such instances almost indefinitely. Within two months our agent has found in the county prison, awaiting trial, two young men who were at an early age sent to a reformatory for a home and to be educated. This consideration is not new to this Conference, having been made prominent in the inaugural address of the president of the Conference of 1889, Bishop Gillespie, and also emphasized in the discussions of last year. We would again call attention to the fact that in proportion as the educational and industrial features of these institutions are perfected this temptation is increased. A recent report of the State Industrial School of New York, which has been quite radical in its innovations, states that 'as the natural result of the abolition of the prison system, the adoption of the more enlightened methods of discipline, and the creation of these departments (*i. e.*, of industrial training), the number to be supported and governed has, as we have seen, largely increased.' This must inevitably be the case as long as children are kept in large institutions, which seem to parents to offer such unusual advantages, and where they can visit their children frequently. They are much less willing to have their children sent to a distance, especially when nothing more wonderful than ordinary home-life is offered.

"2. The contaminating influence of association. It is certainly unjust to crowd



WILL SHE DESERT IT?

into one building the good and the bad, the innocent and depraved, the homeless boy and the juvenile criminal. Is it not just as unwise to put under one roof numbers of children who are equally depraved and criminal? Cut off from the infinite diversity of interests of ordinary life, will they not inevitably dwell on the evils which led to their commitment, and tell

over to each other the story of their lives, and teach each other whatever cunning device they may have known? Probably nothing has done more to emphasize the hereditary aspect of crime than the little volume entitled *The Jukes*. Considering that heredity is often reckoned as an argument for the reformatory, is it not strange that the same research which gave to the world the story of *The Jukes* family led its author to declare that 'prisons and houses of refuge are the nurseries, not the reformatories, of crime,' and to denounce the congregate system, which, he declares, allows abundant opportunity for criminal training?

"3. The enduring stigma which the fact of having been committed to such an institution fastens upon the child. The reformatory is, first and foremost, a place to which criminal children are sent to be reformed, and the implication is, in the case of every child thus committed, that the community was obliged in self-defense to place it behind bars. Just as the criminal discharged from prison finds it difficult or impossible to reinstate himself into society, so the boy discharged from the reformatory finds himself branded with the trade-mark of crime. This perpetuates the evil of association, since the discharged boy seeks as his companions those who by similar discipline and education have the same interests and sympathies.

"4. Such a system renders impossible the study and treatment of each child as an individual. As we shall show later on, we fail to find any common traits running through this mass of children by virtue of which they require the same treatment. On the contrary, each child who has fallen into the hands of the law has done so through a perfectly definite series of facts, and has individual characteristics and peculiarities. Moral infirmities require as careful diagnosis as physical, and to treat all practically alike seems to us as wild as for a physician to prescribe one sort of medicine for all diseases.

"5. The great dissimilarity between life in an institution and life outside. How great the change the day the boy steps

from the institution to family-life! His temptation has been reduced to a minimum. Perhaps committed for larceny, he has had no chance to commit larceny since. Now he is thrown into the midst of temptations, doubly powerful because of novelty. Just at this moment the strict discipline must be withdrawn. The routine of life by which he has been carried along is removed. To-day he must decide for himself a hundred matters which yesterday were decided for him. All these make new and large demands for individuality and self-control, and a knowledge of the affairs of ordinary life. Of the ninety-five children re-admitted to the House of Refuge in 1890, forty-



FOR ADOPTION.

three, or forty-five per cent., had been discharged *less than three months*.

"Having for these reasons come to distrust the reformatory system, we have tried in earnest the bold experiment of placing such children in families. Deciding about a year ago to extend our work in this line, we gave notice through the press that we would receive such children. We established friendly relations with the police headquarters. We sent a



A WOULD-BE CARPENTER (ST. MARY'S STREET).

circular-letter to the magistrates and judges, explaining our methods, and offering to receive delinquent children under fourteen years of age. We have gone to the county prison, where boys were awaiting trial on various charges, and after inquiring into their history have received them from the judge of the criminal court, after a verdict of guilty had been pronounced.

"As a rule, these children are sent a considerable distance from any large city; usually from two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles from Philadelphia. In finding homes for these children we do

not rely upon the natural demand for servants. We discard all applications like the following, which is true copy: 'I desire to adopt a little girl about fifteen years of age. I intend to raise her in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, therefore she must be of good disposition, and not too small in stature.'"

Among the ladies of the Society who make it part of their life-work to exercise a certain supervision over the children thus placed in families, are some of Philadelphia's most charming society belles, who figure at the Assemblies. Many of these are active and sympathetic workers. Occasionally one has a unique experience.

A young lady having secured what she thought a particularly desirable home for a lovely baby of six months of age, determined to take charge of it and convey it herself to the couple wishing to adopt it. As the journey was to be made at night, she started with her little charge in the brightest spirits, strong in the conviction that the motion of the cars would keep the infant wrapped in slumber till the early morning hour at which she would reach her destination.

Her satchel contained a good-sized baby's bottle filled with milk, fitted with a new and improved nursing-tube, which seemed all a reasonable baby could desire, as doubtless it was under some conditions. Soon after midnight, when the porter had concluded his rounds and the whole car gave evidence of being very much asleep, the restlessness of baby induced a resort to the bottle. This, instead of satisfying the little creature, seemed to aggravate it; the snuffles broke into a cry, and then as the bottle was alternately clutched and pushed aside, the cry grew into screams loud and long.

"Shut up that youngster."

"Chuck it out of the window," and various other mild anathemas were hurled unscrupulously at the obnoxious occupants of the berth, one of whom was growing desperate. Just then a gentle old woman in gray wrapper and ample night-cap, came to the rescue.

"Poor little creetur, it's got the colic

sure. Let me have her, ma'am, you're only a young thing I see ; I'll soon have her quiet."

So the good Samaritan, folding the unhappy infant to her capacious bosom, proceeded to walk up and down the car till presently the screams ceased, and quiet was happily restored.

Bytimes in the morning baby reached its station and on being tendered its bottle, the scene of the previous night began again.

To the delight of the young lady the quondam benefactress appeared on the platform and again taking the child in her arms she applied the bottle to its lips, only to have it indignantly repudiated. Her long experience comprehended the difficulty at a glance. The holes in the new nursing-tube, not having been properly opened, there was no outlet for the milk, and poor baby, cheated of her supply and unable to explain the difficulty, could not control her natural resentment at being denied her rights which were all the while close at hand.

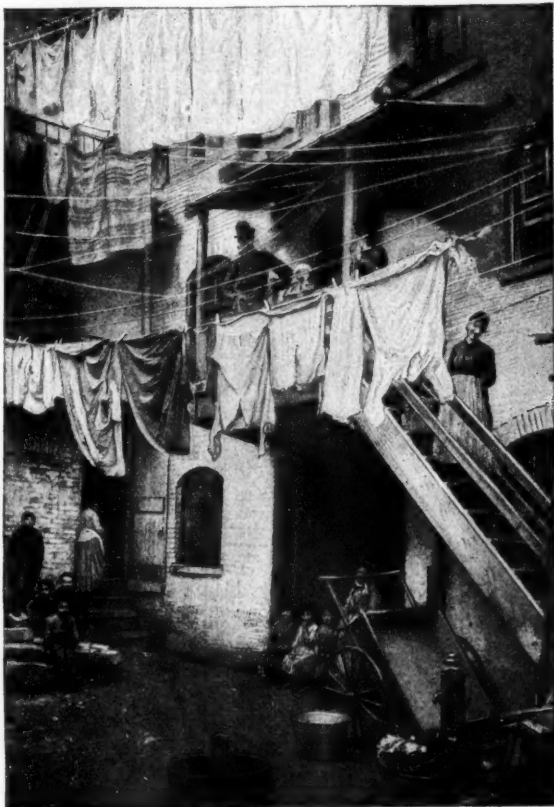
One must not suppose that, while so great a work is being done in behalf of our white population, the colored people are forgotten or unnoticed.

Within the past decade the needs of the colored children in one of the most notorious parts of Philadelphia—St. Mary's Street—have excited the active interest of philanthropists. To find an opening wedge was for a long time a puzzle difficult to solve, made more so by the determined opposition of the old *habitués* who saw in the movement only their own displacement and the loss in the future of their nefarious traffic.

Before reform in character could begin, there must

be reform in the mode of life ; men, women, and children huddled together in dens where immorality was at its grossest, must have homes offered them where the principles of individual responsibility and cleanliness might be instilled and eventually practiced.

Reformers were regarded with suspicion and dislike often manifested unmistakably, the more perhaps that the principals in the obnoxious movement were young ladies courageous enough to make the movement. Many were the offers to purchase houses at prices far above their commercial value ; all offers were declined, many in a manner too emphatic to be repeated here. At last, after months of determined effort and re-



WASH DAY IN ST. MARY'S STREET.

peated change of mind, a woman whose tumbling shanty brought in to her a

The property was bought by Miss Hannah Fox, torn down and replaced by



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

large revenue as lodging house, beer garden, and gambling den was induced to make a *bona fide* sale.

a comfortable tenement, with water on each floor, and ample sanitary arrangements. For some time this improved

state of affairs seemed little appreciated; the denizens of St. Mary's Street preferred the old ways; cleanliness and the obligation to lead respectable lives were burdens too heavy to be borne. The prejudice in favor of squalor has at last been weakened, many old courts have been paved anew, old houses and fences painted and put in order, and it is made an object to the tenants to keep them so. Mrs. Stuart Patterson, daughter of the late Mr. George H. Stuart, not long ago presented to the St. Mary Street Library a large house and lot, on condition that a Sunday-School under Presbyterian management should be maintained there. In the basement of this house a shop with tools, benches, and the indispensables of carpentry has been fitted up. An excellent carpenter is employed to instruct the boys and teach them to use tools with skill; such simple articles as they can make they are at liberty to sell, the maker to retain one-third the price, the rest going to the carpenter. This shop is proving a decided attraction, and is no doubt a real benefit, paving the way for making good workmen able early in life to earn for themselves a livelihood. For the girls there is a sewing and a cooking class, this latter awakening but faint response among the older ones, who at first seemed woefully lacking in all wholesome interests. The Society has been most fortunate in the teacher for this class—Miss Perot, who has taken a real interest in her pupils, and been indefatigable in the midst of many discouragements. A prize which was offered recently for the best bread elicited much competition and proved that many girls at one time lamentably ignorant have mastered one of the most difficult parts of every-day cookery. The tired working man, in virtue of these practical teachings, may wend his way homeward after the day's labor is over, with the comfortable assurance that a wholesome, well-prepared meal awaits him, and this will doubtless lead to greater harmony in the domestic life.

A free library in the same building opens its doors daily to children who care to read, and is quite well patronized,

many children evidently striving to emerge from the ignorance of their parents to something higher.

At the back of the house a large lot of ground, under the management of the City Parks Association, has been transformed into an attractive square, with its grass plot, shade trees, benches, and fountain, a breathing place where several times a week in summer music from a good band is free to all well-behaved listeners. Miss Parrish, Miss Wharton, Miss Fox, and others so prominent in this work have taken the initial steps toward establishing a Stamp Savings Society for St. Mary's Street, with a view of inculcating and developing a spirit of thrift and economy in the young depositors.

How would it do for the mothers who read this article, to show the pictures to their children and suggest to them how lovely it would be if they should help the HOME MAGAZINE to make a great number of little folks happy.

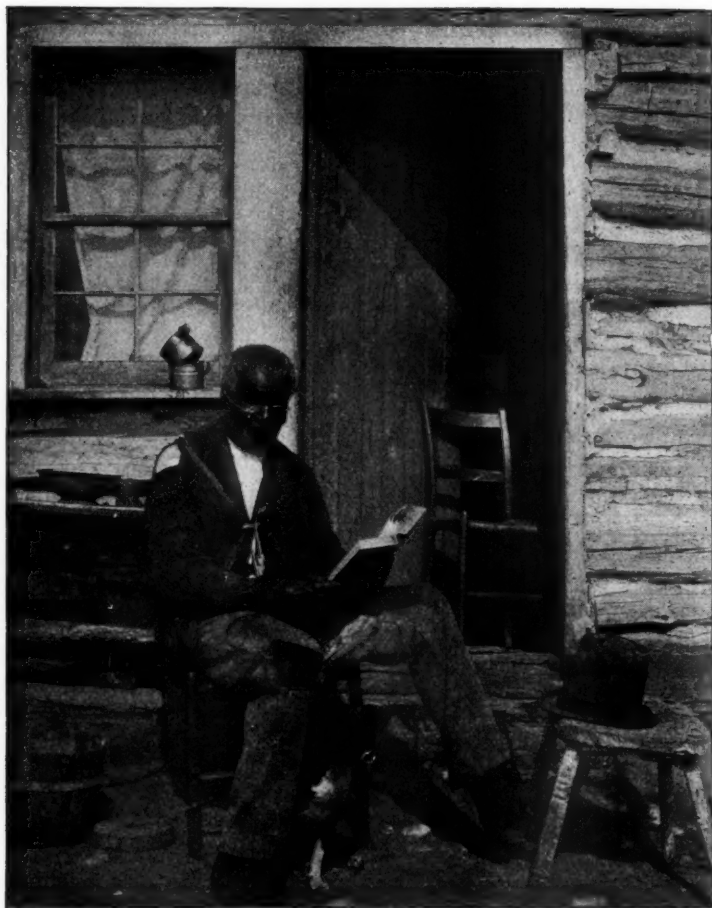
A dolls' dorcias society could be made great fun among the girls, and if a dozen or two of them would set to work in good earnest to dress as many dolls, they might establish at their mammas' houses dressmaking and millinery parlors, where Parisian costumes, or simple tailor-made suits, designed, cut, and fitted by themselves, would astonish their friends, and be real treasures to those for whom they worked.

If the dorcias society and the knitting and crochet bee will send their work to the HOME MAGAZINE, we promise that St. Nick's sleigh and his tiny reindeers shall deliver them safely.

This jolly dispenser of Christmas gifts loves to share his good things with rich and poor alike. No alley so narrow but "Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen" may be driven through it, if only those who can will respond to our appeal by reloading with last year's toys the sleigh he empties at their chimney corners.

It will impart new meaning to his farewell:

"Merry Christmas to *all* and to *all* a good-night."



"EN I SETS HEAH IN DE EVENIN'."

OLE DAYS.*

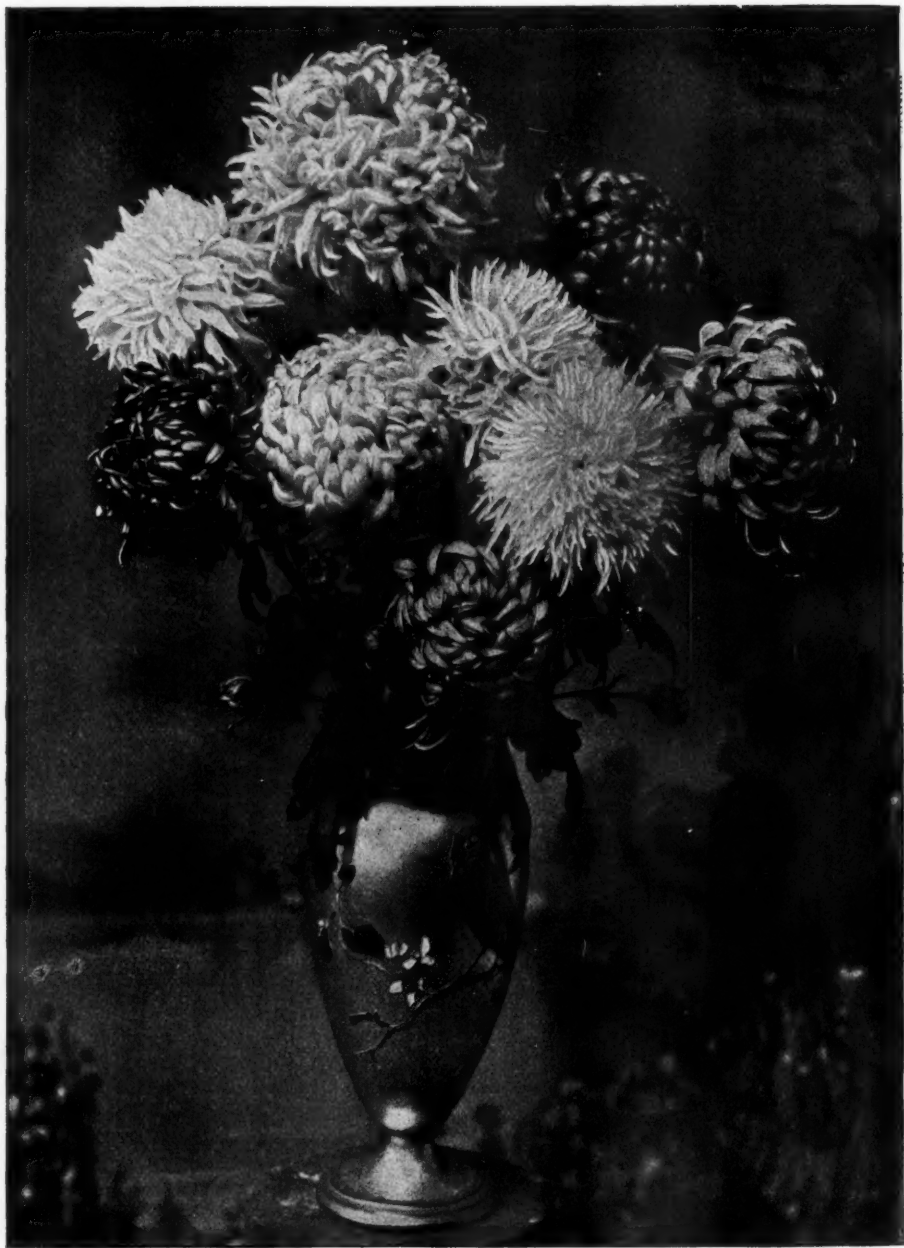
BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

WAL, I dunno, yas, sah, it we'y nice to be free,
 All we'y nice, sah, yas, sah, as fa' as I kin see;
 But dem wa' nice times, too, sah, back in de ole slave days,
 W'en de cakes wa' baked in de ashes en de dinna hung in de blaze;
 W'en I toted my boss on my shoulde en slid him down in de straw,
 En played hide-whoop in de cawn-fiel' and snooked away f'om his paw.
 Ole miss she had handed me ova w'en I fotched him out o' de fawd.
 He wa' mighty proud ob his nigga, and he knowed jes' how fo' to lawd.

* Illustrated from photograph by Geo. B. Wood, and sketch by J. C. Claghorn.

De lilliest bit ob a feller, de black peoples used to say
 How he done stole his eyes f'om de blue-bells en his har f'om de sunbeam's ray.
 Dem yeahs dey went a-flyin' lack a black-bud 'cross de sky,
 En dat boy a-growin' faster'n de shadder ob de rye.
 A-lopin' up to town, sah, good Lawd! no tongue kin tell
 How he set dis nigga squealin' wid de airs he give hissel';
 En' de mo' I'd comperhend de mare we'd stay behin' him, law!
 De mo' she'd be fo' racin' wid de filly on befo'.
 Prouda'n any peacock wa' my lill boss dem days,
 But he mos' could die a-laughin' en' he kep' his winnin' ways,
 Which wan't he'ited from ole miss, no, sah, naw from his paw,
 Celie she nussed him en she 'lowed he wa' de pitcher ob his maw;
 Not w'en he wa' swa'in, sah, dat wa' a nigga trick
 He'd done picked up amongst us, en he lawned it mighty quick.
 I've seen ole miss a-listenin' wile her eyes fill full o' teahs,
 She wa' tinkin' ob his paw, sah, done dead dese many yeahs;
 Gone w'en de tossel wa' a-droopin' en a-blackin' on de cawn,
 W'en lill boss wan't much higha dan de do'-bolt on de bawn.
 Gin'el Mile he tell de ole miss she spile de lad, she do,
 En wan' him sen' to college, but ole miss she fought him sho'.
 She tell him back wid blazin' eyes dat de eatin's wan't good.
 Dem times wa' ex'lent times, sah, for de ch'icest bits o' food.
 Gi' me some o' Celie's cookin', say a dish ob her yaller mursh,
 En teck away my freedom en I aint a gwina furse;
 Set me dar in de fa'-lig'it, tell me I'se all gwine wrong
 Wid de change ob de moon, to pwirk my years en I'll heah de huskin' song;
 Dat de boy's upstars a-sleepin' otta de possum hunt,
 Dat de wah aint gwina free me, en dis nigga'll neva grunt.
 Yas, he wa' lac his maw, sah, I knowed it sho dat day
 W'en he look so fine en handsome in his suit o' solda gray,
 W'en he frowed his awms about me en jes' laid his cheek to mine,
 En say, "I'se gwina keep yo' aw die in de battle line."
 No, sah, he couldna keep me, de wah wa' a mighty ting,
 It kill ole miss fo' suttin wid de awful news it bring:
 Fust 'twa' one ob de wite trash down on de meader crick,
 He wa' neah her boy in de battle en it made her putty sick;
 Den she stan' in de do'-way readin' a message wot tunned her wite,
 "Fo' de hona ob de Souf," she say, "I'se glad!" but she die dat night.
 Otta de wah wa' ova I save, en I save, en I save,
 Till de shuckin' money teck me up to my lill boss' grave;
 En I stan' dar free as sunshine, free as de win's dat blow,
 En a kin' o' wonda come to me ob de tings dat we neva know.
 I wonde'd, sah, in de wul to come, dat we'se all a-roamin' to,
 Ef lill boss wouldna up en claim me as he sawt'n boun' to do.
 He wa' gwina clothe en feed me, he gwine treat his nigga fine,
 Yas, sah, he boun' a keep me aw die in de battle line.
 En I sets heah in de evenin' a-smokin' my ole clay pipe,
 En I try to tink ob Glory fo' de prechas say I'se ripe.
 De grindas all am fallin' out, but heah I set en see
 De ole fa'-place en Celie en de possum in de tree,
 En dat boy a-screamin' en laffin', en dem dawgs a-teckin' on,
 En I tink I'll set heah smilin' w'en dey fine me in de Dawn.





SOME OF THE NEW CHRYSANTHEMUMS SHOWN IN PHILADELPHIA.

FLOWERS: IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TO MY READERS:—The HOME MAGAZINE has decided to add to its other departments one devoted to the culture of flowers in the house, garden, and home greenhouse. It is my intention to make it useful, practical, pleasant. It will be for the amateur rather than the professional. I shall be glad to have flower-loving readers co-operate with me in my efforts to make it useful by sending me hints and helps drawn from their own personal experience, and not from theory. Let them be brief, pointed, practical. As space is limited, only such questions as are of general interest will be answered in these columns. Be sure that the information you ask for will be of benefit to some one else before you ask it. If it is not, and you want advice, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and it will be sent by mail.

Address all communications regarding matters pertaining to this department to me, not to the editor or office of the Magazine.

EBEN E. REXFORD,
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HINTS FOR DECEMBER.

AT this season of the year, few flowers will be found in the ordinary window collection. Most plants will seem to be at a standstill. They are, in fact, just getting over a sort of resting-spell, preparatory to going to work again, and by next month they will get a start, and from that time on until summer your window will be likely to be bright with blossoms, provided you give your plants proper treatment now and a little later.

It must be borne in mind that a dormant plant—one that has not yet recovered from its "tired" feeling after a season's hard work—is not in a condition to make use of a great deal of food or of water at its roots. It is a practice that many persons have to try to force a plant into growth when it shows an inclination to stand still, by giving it manures and fertilizers. This is all wrong. The plant will be injured by such treatment, the same as a person whose stomach is not in a proper condition to digest rich food would be injured if you were to force rich viands upon him. Wait until your plants are beginning growth before you give them fertilizers. Let them be in

active growth before you feed them very liberally. Then they will be in a condition to take advantage of your generosity. More plants are killed by being fed too well at a time when they do not require and cannot make use of the food given than in almost any other way. The soil will contain all the nutriment that is necessary for dormant plants.

It is much the same with regard to water. A plant not in active growth requires comparatively little water at its roots. But as soon as growth begins, and new roots are formed, there will be an increased demand for water, and when growth is most active and vigorous a great deal will be required. So be careful to not over-water your plants when they are standing still, or you will sour the soil, and induce decay of the roots, and the result will be a sickly plant from which you will get but very little satisfaction later on.

At this season, when days are short and there is much cloudy weather, plants often suffer from lack of sufficient sunshine. Give them all the light you possibly can, and let all of them have a chance at the sunlight. Roll up the shades, put back the curtains, and let the sun shine in fully and freely. Shift the plants about so that those furthest from the glass can have a chance to get some benefit from the heat and light bestowed by the sun on a short midwinter day.

Turn your plants often, so that all sides of them will be sure to receive light equally. In this way you prevent their becoming awkward and unsymmetrical in shape, for plants not turned frequently will put their branches toward the light instinctively, and in a short time they will be so one-sided that they look well only from that side which faces the window. This is not what you want. You want your plants to look as well from one side as from another. You want them symmetrical. Good shape is

not so much the result of pruning as some seem to think. More, I think, depends on placing the plant in such a position as enables it to get light on all sides. It often amuses me to see some collections. They are placed so that they make a good showing only from the outside of the window. The passer-by gets all the pleasure from them. If you want a collection for the benefit or pleasure of those who go by your house, do not turn your plants. Let them stand in one position all the time, and push their leaves and branches toward the glass. But if you want your plants to afford enjoyment to those in the home, turn them so that they present as attractive an appearance in the room as they do from the outside of it. Never grow plants for the mere purpose of show. Have them because they are beautiful, and all beautiful things exert an influence in keeping with the purpose and character of home. They

brighten our lives; they teach us lessons of the wisdom and goodness of Him who makes them grow and bloom for us; they educate, uplift, and refine. I hold that a flower in the window has a mission equally as beneficial on human lives as a good book or a noble picture.

Try to give your plants as much fresh air as possible. Do not open the window at which they stand so that the cold air from outside can blow directly on them, but open some other window, or some door, and let the fresh air come in and mix with the warm air of the room before it reaches the plants you are seeking to benefit. Do this daily, when the weather is pleasant.

Water only when the soil has a dry look on top. It is a very harmful practice to give water when it is not needed. If this is done, in a short time the soil will become heavy, sour, sodden. Watch it. When the dry look spoken of appears, give water, and give enough to thoroughly saturate the entire quantity of earth in the pot. Some persons go on the "little and often" principle. They apply water in dribbles every time they think of it. The result is, the surface of the soil looks moist most of the time, but below it will be found so dry that the young and delicate roots that have sought to penetrate it are dead. Good plants cannot be grown in too dry a soil, nor can they be grown in a soil which is kept too wet. The above rule of watering only when the surface looks dry, and then watering thoroughly, is the only safe one for the amateur to go by.

THE CRAB CACTUS.

The cactus family has been neglected sorely. It is only within the last few years that attention has begun to be attracted by it. I am confident that this peculiar class of plants will come into great popularity as soon as their merits are more generally known. Some of them are so strange in form, so grotesque that they hardly seem a plant. They fascinate by their oddity. Many of them are highly decorative in foliage, and several varieties bear flowers of great size and most exquisite form and color. The



CACTI AS PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

cereus branch of the family is well known because of its habit of opening its great, beautiful white flowers at night, one flower being fragrant enough to fill a whole greenhouse with sweetness.

No plants are more easily grown than the cactus. They stand neglect, dry air, hot rooms, changes of temperature, all with great indifference as if it really

One of the best varieties for general cultivation is the epiphyllum.

This cactus is a winter-bloomer. Its flowers are produced in such wonderful profusion that a plant will be almost literally covered with them. They are in various shades of magenta, shading to rose and crimson. They are drooping, and because of this peculiarity and



THE CRAB CACTUS.

made but little difference with them as to the care they received. On this account they are especially valuable for amateur cultivation. When one begins to make a collection and gets a few of the most grotesque forms together, he becomes greatly interested in the family and wants to see more of it, and he goes on collecting, and in time a sort of "cactus-craze" is developed.

their form, they are suggestive of the fuchsia.

Unlike most cacti, they are quick growers. Procure a young plant in spring and by winter it will be of good size, if proper care is given it.

A good soil is one of clay and sand, in which a quantity of old manure is thoroughly mixed. Water should not be given in any great quantity while the

plant is not growing, but as soon as growth begins water well, and give occasional applications of liquid manure. When buds appear, water with liquid fertilizers twice a week to help perfect and

wilting. Never shade the plants. They are native of tropical countries, where they get a great deal of hot sunshine, and they must have it with us if we would have them satisfactory.



HARRY E. WIDENER.

increase the size of the flowers. Syringe every evening when growing. When the blooming period is over, and the plant is not making growth of branches, withhold water. Keep the soil only moist enough to prevent the branches from

In order to secure plants of fine shape it is advisable to get grafted ones. When a cutting is grown on a stock of pereskia or cereus, it branches freely, and takes on a drooping habit which makes it admirable for use on a bracket or as a

basket plant. When so grown, its hundreds of drooping, brilliant flowers show to the best advantage, and will be sure to challenge the admiration of every beholder. Two-year-old plants will generally be about a foot and a half across, with at least a foot's droop of branches, and every branch will bear from a dozen to twenty flowers. The pot will be completely hidden under the canopy of green and magenta.

Another merit of the cactus is its freedom from the attacks of such insects as do a great deal of damage to ordinary plants. I have never seen an aphid on a cactus. If red spiders seek to take up their habitation among them, a daily showering of clear water will soon rout them.

THE PRIMULA OBCONICA.

This is one of the most desirable winter-blooming plants we have, and in some respects the best recent introduction for cultivation by the amateur. It requires only the most ordinary care, blooms profusely the year round, and with especial freedom during the winter, and is very pretty. It does well in the living-room where so few other plants afford that satisfaction which every lover of flowers seeks for, standing the frequent changes of temperature well, and not being over-particular about dust and dry air. Its foliage is produced in a thick mass close to the top of the pot, and covering the surface of the soil well, and is of a pleasing shape and color. It affords a charming background for the flowers which are lifted well above it. The blossoms are about the size of a silver quarter-dollar, white, tinted with pale lilac, and are borne in clusters. They have a delightful woody fragrance. They are of great value for small bouquets for the corsage or the buttonhole, and a half-dozen clusters, cut with long stems, and put with a few of their own green leaves in a small glass vase are very pretty for the decoration of the tea or breakfast table.

This plant requires a soil of leaf-mold and turfy matter if you would grow it to the best advantage. It has thousands of tiny roots, and a plant a year old will re-

quire a seven-inch pot. It must be given a great deal more water than a geranium or other plant of similar character in a pot of that size would require, because of its many roots, which enable it to drink up so much moisture. If properly watered, and given such a soil as seems best adapted to its requirements, and enough room to spread its roots in freely, a plant will produce hundreds of stalks of flowers during the winter. Indeed, I know of no freer blooming plant for the window. It is not only much prettier than the well-known old Chinese primrose, which it greatly resembles, but is much easier to grow well, and more satisfactory in every way. It suggests wild flowers not only by its form and color, but by its fragrance, and on this account it will be highly prized by those who love to go flower-gathering among the meadows and the woods in spring. If you can have but one flower for your window, let it be a *primula obconica*.

It is a plant well adapted to a shady window, where very few other plants will do well. I have grown it where it did not receive any direct sunshine, and it seemed well contented with its quarters, putting up cluster after cluster of delicate flowers from day to day, different from those growing in a stronger light only in one respect—they were a pure white, while those in the sun had the lilac tint I have spoken of.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

I would never advise attempting to decorate a small church elaborately where the materials for decoration are limited. Let simplicity prevail. There is always beauty in simplicity, though many cannot see it. "Cut your garment according to your cloth," is a piece of advice that is perennial in its usefulness. It applies here. If you have little but evergreens to trim your church with, use them in such a manner as to produce as natural an effect as possible. Do not break the branches into bits and wind them into long ropes of evergreen, as is generally done, if you want to secure the best results from them. Instead fasten whole branches over the arches and twine them about the posts,

and observe the effect. It is less prim and formal, and more artistic in every way than the usual form of decoration. To give them brightness, add clusters of berries from the mountain ash, or alders. Save your flowers for the altar. They do not harmonize well with evergreen branches.

I would not advise attempting to work out any formal or set design in flowers for altar decoration. Most designs are libels on good taste. Arrange your flowers in pots, using ferns or palms or other plants having pretty foliage as a background. If you concentrate your flowers instead of trying to make them cover a great space, you will be surprised to see how much better the effect is. It is stronger, more effective in every way.

The best foliage plants for Christmas decoration are: *Ficus elastica*, with wide, thick, dark-green leaves.

Palms—*Phoenix reclinata*, with broad, spreading leaves; *latania borbonica*, with wide, fan-shaped foliage, and *sieforthia elegans*, with long, arching leaves.

Aspidistra, a low grower, very useful for a position in front, with dark foliage.

Bandanus utilis, or screw pine, with long, slender, arching foliage.

Grevillea robusta, a tall grower, with spreading branches, finely cut, like those of the fern.

Ferns, primroses, and begonias—all low-growing plants—are very useful for filling in between the taller plants. The late chrysanthemums are excellent on account of their profusion of bloom and exceeding brilliancy of color.



LILIAN B. BIRD.

SOME OF THE NEW CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The illustration which accompanies this article gives as good an idea as can be conveyed in black and white of the beauty of some of the newer sorts of recent introduction.

The popularity of this flower is not on the wane as some predicted it would be, two or three years ago. On the contrary, it is attracting more and more attention each season, and chrysanthemum shows are held all over the land, and amateurs are doing their best to carry off the prizes from the professionals, and in a great many instances the past season they have succeeded in do-

ing so. Some of the finest plants shown in Philadelphia were grown by ladies.

As many readers of this periodical will doubtless enter the list next season as competitors for the various prizes offered by leading florists, in various sections of the country, a brief description of some of the best new kinds may be in order. Make a memorandum of them for use in spring when you order plants.

Harry E. Widener (see illustration). I consider this the best yellow chrysanthemum. Its flowers are of great size and of the finest form. It is of strong and vigorous habit, and on this account is well adapted to the wants of the amateur. Many of the new kinds are of slender growth and seem lacking in vitality, and fail to afford satisfaction if not given the care which the professional knows how to bestow.

Mrs. Thomas Edison. Flowers of immense size, incurved, the petals looking as if cut from rose-colored silk. A most beautiful sort.

Cullingfordii. Not a new kind, but still one of the best. It is a very free bloomer, a good grower, and makes a splendid pot plant. Color, a dark, velvety crimson-maroon. I consider this the best variety of its class.

Mrs. A. Blanc. A magnificent variety for exhibition purposes. Flowers very large and double. Color, purplish crimson, edged with dull gold. A most striking flower.

E. G. Hill. Large flowers of a rich shade of golden yellow, shading into an Indian red. A very strong and vigorous plant.

John Lane. Flowers shaped like a ball, of the richest rosy-pink color, shaded with silvery peach, and tipped with gold. A glorious combination of colors. The blossoms are borne on very stout stems, and held well above the foliage.

Empress of Japan. One of the very best white kinds. Flowers very large, incurved. Exquisite.

The Lilian B. Bird is one of the handsomest shown at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, during the Chrysanthemum Exhibition held during the week ending November 14th. See illustration.

FUCHSIAS IN WINTER.

Most persons who cultivate fuchsias seem to think they are winter-bloomers, and though they have no kind of "luck" in getting them to bloom at that season, they keep on growing them for winter use, and always complain of their plants. The fact is, the fuchsia is a summer-bloomer, and with the exception of one or two varieties, it should never be grown as a winter-flowering plant.

The best variety for winter—indeed, the only variety I would recommend for winter use—is *Speciosa*, an old and well-known sort, having flesh-colored sepals and bright pink corolla. It is single. The flowers are not as large as those of many of the summer-blooming varieties, but as they are grown in long racemes, at the extremities of the many drooping branches, and as there will be from ten to fifteen flowers open at a time on each branch of a well-grown plant, the effect is quite as fine as that afforded by the large-flowered kinds. It is of very vigorous and robust habit, often reaching to the top of an ordinary window. It requires tying to a stout stick or trellis, but should never be fastened in such a manner as to make it look prim or formal. Merely tie the leading branches in such a manner as to give them some support about the middle of them, and let them droop to suit themselves after that.

To grow this plant well, for winter-flowering, give it a compost of leaf-mold and some sharp sand in spring, cutting the old branches back at least half. Water well and put in a shaded place where the wind cannot break the rather tender branches. Shift from time to time, as the roots fill the pots, and shower all over every evening. See that the soil in the pot never gets dry, as fuchsias are greatly injured by even one drying-out. Do not allow the plant to bloom during the summer. If you give proper soil, plenty of pot-room, and have kept the soil moist enough, you will have a good-sized plant by fall, from which you can reasonably expect flowers all through the winter season.

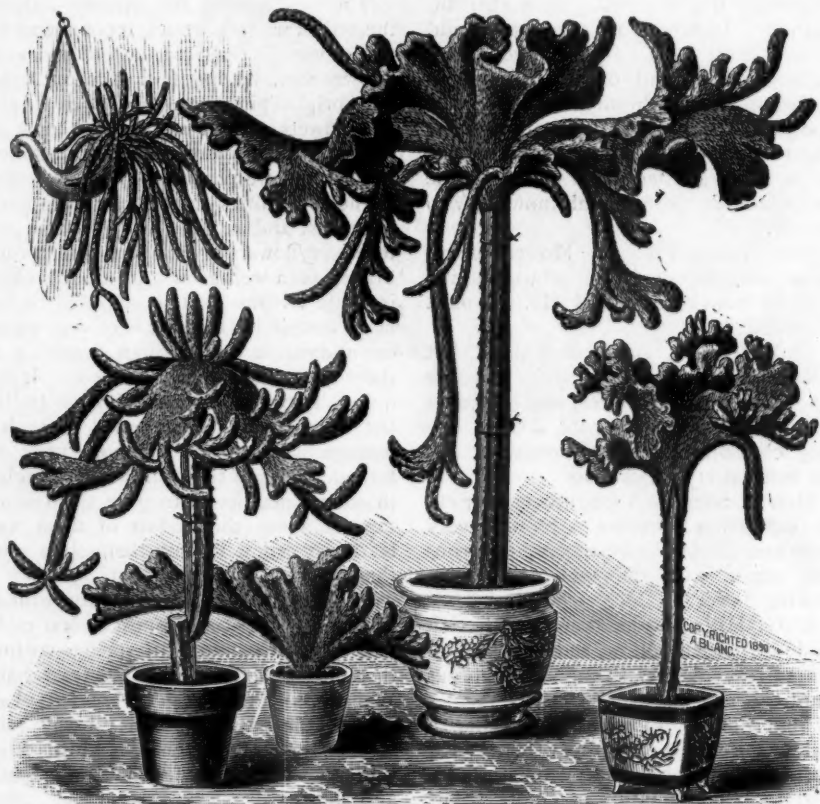
SOME OTHER CACTI.

BY A CACTUS CRANK.

CEREUS FLAGELLIFORMIS CRISTATA.

WITHOUT a doubt this is the greatest curiosity in the entire collection of the cactus family, and one which creates the most intense interest. There is

mens measuring two feet in circumference, by grafting them on extra strong stock. We have seen, perhaps, two hundred grafts of it on various stocks, and the curious part is that not two plants



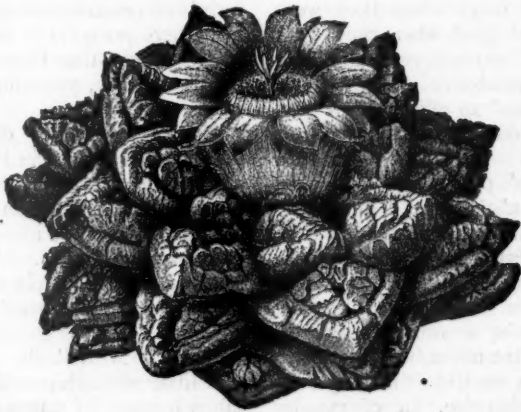
CEREUS FLAGELLIFORMIS CRISTATA, SHOWN AT HORTICULTURAL HALL.

no other plant that gives so many surprises and so much satisfaction. Grafted on *cereus nycticalus*, or *macdonaldi* it grows with wonderful vigor; the stronger the stock the more rapid the growth. In one year there has been produced from a small graft, not over two inches in size, speci-

mens measuring two feet in circumference, by grafting them on extra strong stock. We have seen, perhaps, two hundred grafts of it on various stocks, and the curious part is that not two plants

oddities can be produced. The plant has a tendency to send out one or more of rat-tail-like shoots; these, if taken off and grafted, will sometimes continue to grow to a length of one or two feet, and then all at once they will begin to spread out in fan-shaped forms. When it blooms the flowers are usually of cockscomb shape, very bright in color,

any one seeing this plant believes it to be a living object, but rather some curious carved specimen of stone-work, upon which days of tedious labor have been spent in carving intricate work; and yet it lives, grows, and blooms. Its home is among the dry rocks, where sometimes no rain falls for a year and more. It is extremely difficult to find the plants,



ANHALONIUM FISSURATA.

and last for many days. Plants of this wonderful freak were exhibited in Philadelphia at the great chrysanthemum show, last month, and created the greatest excitement, crowds surrounding them at all times.

ANHALONIUM FISSURATA.

(LIVING ROCK.)

This is decidedly one of the greatest wonders of the cactus kingdom. Scarcely

they being stone-like in appearance and color. A collection is really not complete without this species. It requires very little water indeed, and should be grown in very sandy or gravelly soil, and it enjoys plenty of sun.

The flowers are of a deep lavender color, exceedingly attractive, and they begin to appear early in November, making it a valuable winter blooming plant.

GOOD ADVICE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

WHEN you were born, a helpless child,
You only cried while others smiled.
So live, that when you come to die,
You then may smile and others cry.

RUTH.

BY H. G. DURVEE.

IT comes o' bein' an old maid an' tendin' christenin's an' weddin's, an' sometimes funerals of other folks's children; an' bein' sorry when they went into politics an' glad when they went into bizness, an' excited generally over their doin's an' misdoin's.

It comes o' bein' an old maid, I say, an' havin' to go outside one's own doors for young folks. Ef I was to make a question of it an' put it to Cyrus he'd say "shucks," an' think he'd answered. Ef I was to put it to the minister he'd be perlite an' say nothin', so I don't put it to neither of 'em. I jest hold to it myself an' keep calm. An' that brings me back to Ruth, for a sweeter, serener, calmer child it aint never been my lot to know. Not that she didn't have provocations to be otherwise, fur ef measles an' mumps twice an' whoopin' cough an' colics by the dozen is any provocation she had 'em. But she was sweet by disposition an' it couldn't be got over.

Busy, too, was that child as a whole hive o' bees. Fur they was a sort o' helpless set she'd been born into, an' one after another her eager hands took up their duties. Sweepin', dustin', dish-washin', mendin', makin' hay, churnin' butter, she helped at 'em all jest ez soon ez her curly head could master how they was done.

There wasn't a spare minute in the whole day, an' I uster wonder how she foun' time to grow. But grow she did, round an' slender and pink like any blossom. It didn't seem no time at all before she was through tires an' doin' up her hair an' coaxin' to hev her dresses let down 'cause she was goin' to singin' school. No time at all, though some of us had added considerable gray to our natural stock o' brown, an' some of us was bent over a little more, an' some of us had laid down under the quiet grasses for a long last sleep.

No, it didn't seem no time before that slip of a girl was bendin' my head to whisper in my ear that Hiram—there wa'n't no need of a last name to her thinkin', there wa'n't but one Hiram in the whole world—that Hiram wanted her—to—to—"why, you know, Aunt Betsey, wants me."

Now, I aint never disputed the fact that matches is made in Heaven, but when any young creetur has cuddled down in my heart I allus keep an anxious eye out fur fear Cherebim's ideas aint built on a basis of earthly facts. An' I allus feel relieved when a couple o' years hev run by an' things hes turned out accordin' to contract.

It was so with Ruth. I wanted to see that little white ship sailin' into a safe an' sunny harbor. I wanted the future to be brighter to her than the past had been, an' so I was right down glad when she said it was Hiram.

There wa'n't a brighter nor hansomer to my thinkin' in the whole town than Hiram Shaw. I would hev giv'n him my own child ef I hed hed one without a doubt.

"Why, Ruthie!" says I, pertendin' to be taken a-back, "I never did see!" an' then she laughed an' trembled an' told me snatches of the tender little romance. I had to patch in considerable, an' not once did I see her face, but for all that I knew jest how it looked with the love light glowin' on it.

"When is it to be?" says I, at last, thinkin' with satisfaction o' a chest o' fine sheets an' a piece o' silk that hed never been made up I'd got up-stairs. "When kin I put on my finest bunnit an' listen to a weddin' march?"

"Oh! not for a long time, Aunt," says she, lookin' wistful through the open door, "maby not for—for years."

"Maby not for years?" an' my han' fell uncommon hard on her head, I guess,

for she winced a little an' spoke quiet, "I can't leave the home folks, you know. They'd go to pieces in a week ef I wasn't there. Mother says they would."

"Then let 'em go," I thought, inside, but didn't put it into words, fur words is bad things to redeem. But I did groan, an' groan indignant, too.

"What'll Hiram do?"

"He'll wait." But her voice hed lost its ring, an' the brown eyes that looked up to me were full of a heart-achin' conflict. It was clear to me the clippin' of the soft wings had not been done without pain.

"Well," says I, not knowin' what else to say, "Well," an' then again for the same reason, "Well!"

Ruth smiled at that an' got up from the floor.

"Deary me! it's most sun-down an' here I am half a mile away from home." With that she dropped a kiss somewhere about my nose an' ran out of the door.

"Maby not for years," I mumbled to myself in the twilight, "maby not for years," an' by that time she'll be broken down, an' Hiram giv'n up to grumpiness I make no doubt, an' the color of every thing 'll be green, a rank bilious green! But then them wimmin folks at home, havin' hed a good time in their youth, an' shirked things in their middle age, will be taken care of in their declinin' days, an' the brother will marry an' the father grow leisurely decrepit.

That's it, an' folks will say it was right, jest right! I was that upst at the outlook that's it a mercy I didn't mix the biscuit with kerosene, an' light the fire with buttermilk. An' yet it wa'n't none o' my bizness.

But by and by when winter had snowed us in, an' spring had thawed us out, an' summer had baked an' sizzled us up, it was born in upon me that maby it would be my bizness after all. For Ruth's cheeks had paled an' her eyes looked wistful most of the time, an' I scarcely ever heard her sing in the old out-pourin' way. Hiram, too, I noticed was moody an' let things go some

slack. It was time somethin' was did, an' there didn't seem to be no one but me to do it.

Now taint none too pleasant a-marchin' into a neighbor's to call 'em all a pack o' selfish, unthinkin' creeturs, specially ef you've swapped receipts, an' borrowed salt, raisins, and sat side of 'em in meetin' fur nigh onto twenty year—'taint pleasant. They aint goin' to like it an' you aint goin' to get no thanks. But there's times when thanks kin be dispensed with—when principles kin take their place, an' I was sustained by principles—principles an' some new shoes that hurt an' made me fierce.

Them shoes hes been a blessin' to me more times 'n one, fur whenever I'm afraid I'll be soft-hearted an' say what my jedgment knows aint right I put them shoes on, an' a hull orphan asylum couldn't move me.

It was them saved me from Zekiel Colomy. I knowed 'twa'n't meant for us two to be one no more'n 'twas meant fur pertater plants to climb roun' bean-poles, an' yet when I seed him a-stanin' there with all the buttons but two off'n his coat an' a hungry look in his eyes as he said, "would I," I most said "yes." But I jest took a step in them two boots an' said, "no," sorrowful but firm. I was able to live up to my jedgment, an' so in Ruthie's case I buttoned them buttons, put on my best hat, an' started.

I guess the Evanses sensed somethin' out quick's they saw me, fur they know'd I wa'n't one to wear a fifty-cent hat on common occasions, an' my boots squeaked some.

"Arternoon, Lucindy," says I, a-settin' down on the age of a chair near the door so's I could rest my full weight into them shoes. "I've come to be disagreeable, an' I aint a-goin' to beat round no bushes. I want to know why Ruth aint married?"

Now I hadn't no ways meant to come out so sudden, but there was the words, an' there they had to stan'. After all I was glad.

"Why aint she married?" says Lucindy.

She hes a dretful aggravatin' way of sayin' over what you've asked her. She does it on the simplest question.

"Why—why—why—we can't spare her. An' she don't want to leave us, do you, Ruthie?"

"Oh! don't talk about it," says Ruth, in distress, but I waved my apron at her an' sat firmer.

"It's somethin' as must be talked about," says I. "Folks that's engaged should be married, an' folks that's been married an' hed their share o' happiness shouldn't stan' in the light of others. You're doin' wrong in this house all on you, an' ef you don't look out before another summer comes around there'll be a sorer in each heart that rain nor snow can't wash away.

"Look at Ruth's cheeks," says I, not payin' no attention to the plaintive protests of the aunts, "an' listen to her voice, an' watch her steps, an' tell me ef she's the same Ruth of two years ago. An' this is only the first fruits of disappointment and hope deferred, an' a-wantin' to go two ways at once; this is only the beginnin'. You'd better look out for the end. 'Taint none of my bizness? Well, this is a free country, an' when folks that's too lovin' themselves to take their own I'm goin' to do what I can to git it for 'em. The Lord's giv'n you a chance to make up—see that you use it. No, Ruthie, it aint wrong, it's right."

Then I turned an' marched back. I was glad for about a half-hour, an' then the shadders in my heart grew deeper'n those of the night. I had done what I could, but there wasn't any conviction in my soul that it'ud amount to anything. So I scolded the cat for bein' in his own box, an' smashed a chimney or two, an' finally went to bed glad to stop thinkin'.

There's a meader an' belt o' hickory a'tween Ruth Evans's house an' mine, an' ef I looked into them dumb tree-tops once the next day I looked a hundred times. I mixed the breakfast Johnny cake lookin' at 'em; I let the fire go out once a-runnin' to see ef anything showed; I throwed the pertaters away

an' saved the peelin's through gawpin', an' generally went back'ards.

What I expected to see goodness knows. I didn't, only I kep' a-lookin', an' the longer I looked the more downcast I growed, for it was bore in on me all I'd done was to probably make Ruth have hard feelin's agen me. Wa'n't they her own folks I'd spoke plain to, an' wa'n't she lovin' an' loyal to 'em, an' hadn't I hurt their feelin's (I hed some doubts in my own mind ef they'd got strong enough feelin's to hurt. But Ruth would think they had an' hate me).

"Oh!" says I to the cat, "I most wish I'd let her die lovin' me!"

Then I groaned, an' the cat rubbed up agen me, an' I knowed he was hungry. He's a dreadful sympathetic cat is Ebenezer, but he's got a good constant eye to his victuals.

"I don't see how you can eat, Ebenezer," says I, "when it's four o'clock an' no one aint come anear me." But he did eat with a relish, an' I sat down in the rockin' chair thinkin' this was almost the first twilight for two years Ruth hadn't come to me for a little word about Hiram. She almost always managed a few minutes then, an' I uster think it made the waitin' easier. Now I'd robbed her of that, too.

I heard Cyrus a-hi-hiing the cows up the road an' knowed he'd be a-comin' fur the pails soon, an' he'd ask where Ruth was, fur she allers handed 'em to him when she was here, an' then he'd go out disappointed an' leave me to my thinkin' agen.

It wa'n't no ways cheerin', an' I wondered how Ebenezer could purr so contented. I had most made up my mind to go for my shoes when the door-latch clicked easy.

"Purr-rr!" says Ebenezer, "Purr-rr!"

"The pails is on the table, Cyrus," says I, "Ruth aint come."

An' then, ef you'll belieye me, a little quavery voice sounded through the stillness of the room (I reckon I won't hear no sweeter tones even up yonder) a-sayin', "Yes, she has, Aunty—she has!" An' then a big strong voice boomed out

right a-top o' that, "Yes, sirree, here we are both on us, an' the family is a-comin' by'n bye, an'—an'—the ring is bought, an' the day is sot—an' you done it all!"

Well, I was that weak I jest sot an' looked at 'em—he a-holdin' Ruth's ef he dared any one to take her away, she a-leanin' up ag'in him's ef all the storms in life was powerless now to tech her. I jest sot an' looked till somehow my specks grew blurry an' my old heart swelled to that degree seemed 's ef I couldn't stand it.

"Ef you was my own children," says I, an' then stopped fur the simple reason

that with one pair o' arms aroun' my neck an' two han's graspin' mine I couldn't very well go on. An' so we jest sot in the dark a minit or two, not a-sayin' nothin'. It was better'n words, an' presently Ruth says, with a happy laugh, "Ma wants to know will you come over an' help make the cake?"

"Bless your ma," says I, "that I will."

An' I did, an' the weddin' was jest what a weddin' should be; an' it was three years ago this fall, an' now there's a young Hiram an' a little Betsey, an' Ruth is that happy I couldn't wish her happier.

POLLY.

BY ADA SIMPSON SHERWOOD.

SHE is neither gay nor witty, her face is far from pretty,
And her name is not the sweetest ever heard.
She has never learned to speak Latin, German, French, or Greek,
And of Shakespeare she would fail to quote a word.

Hers are not the daintiest feet, but her gowns are always neat,
Though you'd never think of calling them in style.
Studied arts are all unknown, but you could not help but own
There was something very pleasant in her smile.

She will never wield a pen to secure her rights from men;
Neither does she on the "sweetest novel" dote.
She has never used a brush on satin, silk, or plush,
And of music she can scarcely tell a note.

But she has a recompense in good, solid *common sense*;
And her cheery face is always bright to see.
She makes one feel the worth of that sweetest spot on earth,
In her *home* that's always bright as it can be.

As a housewife, I'll engage that if you should search an age,
A better one than she you could not show.
You should see the things she'll bake, the bread and pies and cake,
That always chance to "turn out right," you know.

No, she's not the one to shine in a brilliant social line;
That you'd never call her handsome I'll agree;
But she's just the sort of wife that would be a joy through life
To a simple-hearted fellow, say like me.

MOTHERS OF FAMOUS MEN.

BY WM. H. GARRISON.

WHEN Tennyson wrote "The Princess" he exercised the privilege of every true poet and preached a sermon while he told a story. The story is familiar to every one, but the sermon is not so obvious.

Why should the poet have interjected the exquisite bits, such as "Home they brought her warrior dead," "As thro' the land," etc., into a poem that deals apparently with the question of the higher education of women? The reason is not far to seek, and it is what our musical friends would call the dominant of the whole composition. Examine the poet's work carefully and it will be seen that each one of the dainty lyrics that has found its place in "The Princess" deals with some phase of the love of a mother to her child. And the meaning of the poem as evidenced by these apparently fragmentary interjections is, "Woman is first and foremost a mother and not all the learning of classic halls can ever divorce her from this her natural sphere."

And in these latter days of the nineteenth century, when much that is wise and much that is foolish is written and talked on "The Woman Question," this lesson of the poet is timely and useful. Newspaper controversy of late has waxed hot on the subject, and one emancipated woman has poured forth her wordy phials of wrath on all who would assign to her such a place in the nursery as the care-taker of her own children. "We are the equals of men," she says, with more than emphasis, "and only give us the chance and we will distance them in their own pursuits."

"Granted, dear madam," say the offending male oppressors, "but when women have children would it not be wise for them to see what they can do in the circumstances thus imposed upon them, and, further, would not this be better worth your while than to step down into

the arena with the 'brutal sex' and do battle with them?"

And the answer to this is to be found in the achievements of those mothers who have exercised this privilege and have armed and equipped sons who have made the world applaud their deeds to the echo.

And what a formidable list they make, those sons who admit that they have owed their success to the training and education they received from their mothers: Schiller and Goethe, Carlyle, Ruskin and Emerson, John Wesley and Victor Hugo, George Herbert and Cowper, Washington and Napoleon, St. Augustine, and Cowley, and Curran. Each one of these great history-names has left in evidence the fact that the maternal influence was the strongest in the formation of the man who afterward stood forth pre-eminent among men.

And notice what a group they form from the point of view of the influence exerted. No idle dreamers, no men noted merely as well-bred and kindly, but names that have shaken empires, overturned religious creeds, and stimulated in thought the best men of the times in which they flourished. There are cases to be sure in which the father assumed the rôle of mentor—but three great names stand out as conspicuous patterns of paternal training, Hannibal, who was brought to the altar at the age of nine and made to swear the oath of life-long hatred, and who died a suicide; Horace, the poet, who wrote what we should now call *vers de société*; and John Stuart Mill, who found the world so hollow at the age of thirty-five, after having been under his father's care all his life, that he could get no relief from a settled melancholy except in music. And after a while even this failed to soothe him because his over-strained mind reasoned that "music was only a combination of notes, and

mathematically considered the time must come when all such possible combinations would have been exhausted."

But the best witnesses to the efficiency of the mother-teacher are the men who have been mother-taught, and of these let Ruskin be the first to speak. In *Præterita* he tells the story: "I had Walter Scott's novels and the *Iliad* (Pope's translation) for my only reading when I was a child, on week days; on Sundays their effect was tempered by *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Walter Scott and Homer were reading of my own selection, but my mother forced me by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that accurate, patient, and resolute discipline I owe not only a knowledge of the book which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste for literature."

When it is remembered that Carlyle defined genius as "the faculty of taking infinite pains," and that Ruskin is known as a man of the most sensitive literary and artistic taste, the mother-influence as confessed by him in the above quotation is most remarkable.

"From Walter Scott's novels," he continues, "I might easily, as I grew older, have fallen to other people's novels; and Pope might perhaps have led me to take Johnson's English or Gibbon's as types of language; but once knowing the 32d of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount every syllable by heart * * * it was not possible for me * * * to write entirely superficial or formal English.

"My mother's general principles of treatment were to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and as for the rest to let me amuse myself as I liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed. * * * Nor did I ever pain-

fully wish what I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine the possession of, such things as one saw in toy-shops. * * * I think it should be related that I was steadily whipped if I was troublesome. * * * In all these particulars I think the treatment of my childhood entirely right. As soon as I was able to read fluently my mother began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased until I went to Oxford."

In the above recital it will be noticed that the man who stood at the head of the English-speaking world as stylist, literary man, and critic has exposed all the sources whence he gained the powers of which he subsequently made such great and good use.

And there are other passages too long to quote, in which he tells of his gardening with his mother, and the love of nature which this inspired, and of the strict rule which forbade any interruption from either servants or visitors during the hours devoted to study.

The influence of Goethe upon the literature of this century is too well known to require even passing comment, and upon seeing the mother of this great German poet an enthusiast exclaimed: "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is," and it must be remembered that this remark meant a great deal, for Goethe was not only a poet but a scientist, a courtier, and a man of the world. "Goethe's mother," says George Henry Lewes, "was what we conceive as the proper parent for a poet. * * * She was the delight of children, the favorite of poets and princes," and this was the more remarkable because she married, at the age of seventeen, a man whom she did not love. A year later, Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born, and years afterward she said: "I and my Wolfgang have always held fast to each other, because we were both young together." She is described as a woman of great imagination and the highest animal spirits; an inveterate and always entertaining story-teller, a lover of everything that bore the stamp of distinctive individuality, and she was possessed with the

faculty of surrounding herself with wholesome, happy people. In the education of her marvelous boy her imagination and narrative gifts played no small part, witness this statement made by herself: "Air, fire, earth, and water I represented to my boy under the forms of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning in which I believed almost more fervently than my little hearer. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the child himself. * * * And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue on the morrow, I was certain that he would meantime think out the story for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination." That he did think out the stories he amply proved, for time and again he would preface the next evening's story with a plea that some one of his favorites in the tale should not be visited with the retribution that seem to impend over them.

It is not a little singular that in this case it was the mother who aroused and guided the inventive faculty, while the father, who also took a hand in his son's education, restricted himself almost entirely to the perceptive. In the estimation of the poet himself he unquestionably valued the instruction that he received from his mother the more highly. And that this estimate was the true one is shown in the fact that although Goethe went very far as a man of science in which his perceptive faculties were brought into play, it is not as a man of science that he is known, but as a poet, dramatist, an inventor and creator of imaginative beings with thoughts and feelings of their own.

The relation that existed between Carlyle and his mother is not only one of great beauty, but the interplay between the two strong natures shows how necessary each was to the full development of the other. The picture, for instance, in this scrap of a letter is one that can be studied long and with loving human interest. After having been away to college

and engaged in teaching school, the future "sage of Chelsea" writes:

"I am meditating just now to come down to stay a while with you. You will give me yonder little room and you will waken me every morning about five or six o'clock."

He then tells how he will study and take a turn working in the garden so as not to over-tax his mind, for this letter was written in answer to a very solicitous inquiry as to whether he was not over-studying himself.

In other parts of his correspondence, and in his journal, he says:

"My mother, with perhaps deeper piety in most senses than my father, had also more sport. * * * My heart and tongue played freely with her."

Mrs. Carlyle also taught her son to read, and he in turn, when he left home for the great world in which he was to become famous, made it necessary for her to learn to write so that she could correspond with her favorite boy—a laborious task for a woman of her age and one which Carlyle respected by the most complete and regular letter-writing to this woman-heart who had so painfully sought to keep in touch with him while at a distance.

This, then, is the testimony both of word and deed of three of the great minds that have influenced the thought of this century more than any three men that have lived in it. And again, special stress must be laid upon the fact that the life-work of each of these men was to influence the thinking men of their age. Ruskin, perhaps, has done more to turn the attention of the mass of reading and thoughtful people to the deep ethical meaning of the artistic and beautiful than any man that ever wrote at any time. Goethe might almost be said to have instilled new blood into the literary veins of the century, and Carlyle's white-hot pen, it must be remembered, made its first impression in these United States and led the clear-eyed and pure-minded thinker Emerson on a pilgrimage over seas to converse face to face with the man that had stirred his intellect and touched his soul. And no student of history in the future can afford to leave out of his scheme of

study of the thought of this age *The Seven Lamps of Architecture, Faust, and Sartor Resartus*.

The story of St. Augustine and Monica, and the deep mother-love that "suffered all things, endured all things, and prayed without ceasing" until the pagan son of her pagan husband became the Christian Bishop of Africa, is a striking instance of the effect of the maternal influence upon the child of her body, and St. Augustine says, at her death: "Such was she, Thyself, O God! her inward instructor, teaching her in the school of her heart. Thy faithful one weeping to Thee for me, more than mothers weep the bodily death of their children; for she discovered the death in which I lay. I closed her eyes and then flowed a mighty sorrow into my heart."

The mother of George Herbert, the sweet poet whose hymns are known in every Christian household, not only guided and instructed her gifted son during his childhood, but when he went to the University at Cambridge, "she continued with him and managed her power with such a sweetness and compliance as did willingly incline him to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother."

The poet Campbell, too, was rarely blessed, and his tuneful verses owe not a little of their sweetness to a mother who "all her life long and even in the wane of life used to sing the favorite melodies of her youth, thus to skill her son in sweet sounds and the power of glowing numbers," and the same was true of Crabbe, whom Byron described

as

* * "Nature's sternest painter,
Yet the best."

Curran after stating that the only heritage left him by his father was an ungainly appearance, says: "The other and dearer parent gave her child a fortune from the treasure of her own mind."

Napoleon renders homage to his mother in the following statement, and from the unbending man that he was it is a remarkable concession. He says, after

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mentioning the fact that he was far from tractable as a child, "But I had need to be on the alert, our mother would have reproved my warlike humor, she would not have put up with my caprices. Her tenderness was joined with severity. She punished and rewarded all alike."

Doddridge's mother, before the boy was able to read a word, had taught him the whole of the Old and New Testament stories by means of painted tiles, and Cowley's mother, out of her meagre earnings, gradually bought a library, so that when her child grew up he might not be deprived of such mental food as could be got from books.

John Wesley's mother is a standing rebuke to the woman who urges the claim that the multiplicity of household cares makes it impossible for her to devote any adequate amount of time to the education of her children. Mrs. Wesley was the mother of nineteen children, and yet, even after her sons had left home and entered college, she guided them by letters filled with judicious and thoughtful advice. Of her Adam Clarke says: "Mrs. Wesley had read much and thought much, and thus her mind was cultivated. Greek, Latin, and French, and both logic and mathematics had formed part of her studies, and these latter acquisitions are felt in all her writings." As a sample of her writings this brief outline of her notion of dealing with children may be quoted: "In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterward broken."

So much for what woman has done in her sphere before there were any agitations as to her "rights," and it is surely worthy of thought and reflection.

WONDERFUL ANATOMY OF MAN.—Whoever considers the study of anatomy, I believe, will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body and coherence of his parts being so strange and paradoxical that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature.—*Lord Herbert*.

FAY ATHERTON'S VOW.

BY MARION VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER THE LINDENS.

"Only as dreams that are dreamed,
Only as tales that are told,
Now all the joy that I hold
Is but a vision that seemed."

HE raised the glass of sparkling wine, smiled lovingly on the fair face opposite, and looked as he stood there as handsome as a god in his superb six feet of manhood.

Ere the glass touched his lips, a small white hand was placed restrainingly on his arm, and a sweet face looked up into his own.

"Chester—" She said no more, but he read her meaning full well in that one beseeching, glance.

"Why, Fay, surely you do not object to my taking a glass of wine. What harm is there?"

"What harm? Ask the many thousands all over the land to-night—the thousands whose lives have been wrecked or made desolate, and they will tell you better than I," she answered, gravely.

"I was not aware you were so strongly prejudiced," he said, and in respect to her wishes he put down the glass untouched.

"Prejudiced!" she exclaimed, "that is a feeble word. There are times, Chester, when I loathe the very sight of it; times when I look on that glowing wine and shudder as though it were a thing accursed."

"You are not a fanatic on that subject I hope?"

"Perhaps so—yes—but if you knew all you would understand," she answered, slowly.

There was a sad look in her eyes now, as if some far-off memory stirred within her.

"Chester, the world has many fanatics; yet I trust we should look upon them in a kindlier light by far could we read

the 'turned-down page,' or lift for one moment the veil which hides the past."

"But surely there has been no 'turned-down page' in your life, Fay—no sad experience that has given you the views you hold."

Fay Atherton was silent for a moment. Should she tell her lover that story of the past? Perhaps it would be well, and doubtless no better opportunity would ever offer than the present.

"Yes, Chester," she said, at length, "and it is a page that holds only sad memories. Far away from here, by the shores of the northern lakes, is a grave where sleeps one who was very dear to me. Oh! if you had known him, Chester—he was so gay, so handsome, and a favorite with every one. He had a soul as fine, as delicately sensitive as a woman's, and a heart as tender; but his life was one long struggle against his appetite. It was love for wine that caused his downfall—I need not tell you more."

"And who was this man?" questioned her lover, with a half jealous fear in his heart.

"He was my—brother," the low voice faltered.

Chester Vane drew her lovingly to his side, and the glance Fay read in those dark eyes was one of kindest sympathy.

"Poor little girl," he said, "I understand now."

They left the dimly-lighted room soon after, and strolled down to the lake.

It was early twilight, and the fair landscape spread before them was one of romantic beauty. Through the trees could be seen the gray walls of a handsome stone villa, Judge Lambert's summer residence. Long winding walks extended through the spacious grounds, and the closely-shaven lawn sloped gently down to the lake.

They paused at length, there by the water's edge, Chester Vane and his companion.

He was very much in love with his fair betrothed. He had met her somewhat less than a year ago. She was the governess at Judge Lambert's.

The Judge was Chester's uncle—and the relationship was something to be devoutly thankful for under existing circumstances.

The Lamberts were now stopping at their beautiful country home among the Berkshire Hills, and hither Chester Vane, at their earnest invitation, had come to spend the summer.

There had been other invitations, but he had passed them by; and many a fair belle sighed, perchance, as she thought of the dark-eyed, captivating hero, whose presence would be so sadly missed in those long summer days by mountain and shore.

For Chester Vane was a favorite. His winning smile and courtly bearing attracted one even from the first. There was a certain masterful way about him, too. Underneath the polished exterior was a strong will, a will which would surmount all obstacles.

To a certain extent he was rather fastidious. He admired women in general, but he had never been very deeply in love—never till he met Fay Atherton.

In her he realized at last his ideal. He never forgot the day when he saw her first.

She was standing on the lawn beneath the shade of the old elm trees; a slender, girlish form, clad in black, no color about her save the corsage bouquet of tea-roses.

The face, with its beautiful dark gray eyes and peach-bloom coloring, seemed to him the sweetest, the most refined he had ever seen.

Winsome little May Lambert came bounding across the lawn a moment after, and as she neared, Fay Atherton smiled, stooped and kissed her. The charming grace with which this was done, and withal the tenderness, won Chester Vane's admiration.

As little May saw him coming up the walk she ran to meet him with outstretched arms. And on the lips which Fay Atherton had kissed a moment since, his

lips, shaded by a dark mustache, lingered caressingly.

"Come and see Miss Fay. She's my new governess, you know, and oh! Cousin Chester, she's just lovely," said the little one, in whispered confidence.

Her words were accepted without a doubt, and led by little May he went to meet his fate.

It had been no easy wooing after all. Fay Atherton was proud as a queen, not lightly won or wooed. And for this he had loved her all the more; for such is man's nature, "the far-off, the unattainable," he ever longs for, and prizes most of all.

They had been engaged six weeks now; and here in this beautiful country-home by the lake they had passed the happiest hours of their life.

Fay Atherton realized this full well, realized it to-night as they sat there by the placid waters, in the quiet and beauty of the summer evening. Yet a shadow hovered over her, a shadow which she could not dispel.

"Chester, I want you to promise me something," she said, at length.

"And what is it, darling?" he questioned.

"Pledge me your word that you will give up the social glass—that you will renounce strong drink altogether."

"Why do you ask this, Fay? Surely you do not think I am in danger?"

"I cannot say—but I want you to promise."

"And this promise it seems to me is utterly unnecessary. I have never yet been the worse for a glass of wine, and never intend to be. Can you not trust me, Fay?"

"Trust you—yes, but who knows what the future will bring. This desire for strong drink grows on one when indulged in."

"But I have a will to control that desire, you must remember. Entertain no fears for me as to that."

"Are you stronger than other men have been? They, too, have doubtless argued once as you are doing now, and at the last have fallen. Think of their fate, and be wise in time."

"I am sorry you deem such advice as this necessary—to the man you've promised to marry. Do you think I could so far forget myself—so degrade my own manhood as to become a slave to strong drink? Ah! Fay, I would not have dreamed you could have feared this for me."

His voice was full of reproach now, and it touched her to the heart.

This man was her hero, nay, her idol she sometimes thought.

"Chester, remember that story of the past, and do not think strange that I fear for you as I do for all who indulge in the social glass. My God! if you had known what I have known—watched through the long, dark night for an uncertain step on the pavement. Ah! it all comes back to me now—I am living it all over again."

She shuddered as she said the words, pressed her hand to her eyes, as though to shut out some horrible vision.

"Fay, you are not yourself to-night. Don't talk about it any more. Forgive me, if my words seemed to reproach you. I would not grieve you, darling, for the world."

The subject was dropped. Fay Atherton did not renew it again. Yet alone in her room that night she sat with pale, sad face, thinking over the past, and of one who had passed beyond recall.

Poor Harry! Life had been such a hard struggle for him, and when death came—how gladly had he welcomed it!

She had made a promise to the dying—that night so long ago. "Never marry a man who drinks, Fay," Harry Atherton had said, "not even one who indulges in the social glass—that is but the beginning, the first step in the downgrade. You have felt its curse, God knows. Promise me, Fay. I shall rest a little easier in my grave if I know that you are safe."

"I promise," the low voice answered.

"Swear it, here on this book."

Placing her hand on the Bible, she took the oath, even as he requested.

Three years had passed since then—yet that hour came back to her to-night with a painful distinctness. She had

never dreamed what the consequences of that vow might be. It had seemed wise to her—after that sad experience. Yet never for a moment had she thought of it in connection with the man she loved. Why should she? He was perfect in her eyes. That he ever indulged in a social glass seemed wholly improbable.

To-night had brought a new revelation.

"And I did not win his promise," she thought. "What if he refuses when I ask it again? Must I then give him up—give up the love which makes life so sweet?"

The thought stirred the very depths of her soul.

"O God!—not that sacrifice, surely, I could not—I could not."

"Yet, what of your promise to the dead," whispered conscience.

"I remember it—yes," she murmured, as if in answer to an unseen presence. "But when Chester understands—when I tell him all—he will promise. We love each other so well, he would not let that stand between us. Ah! no, why should I fear? I am not myself to-night, truly. When to-morrow comes all will be made right."

The morrow dawned at last—a beautiful day—beautiful as only the June days are here in New England.

Chester Vane noticed that his betrothed was a trifle paler than usual, but otherwise she was her own charming self.

The conversation of the night before he trusted would not be renewed. He had been exceedingly annoyed by it, more than he cared to acknowledge, but then he could excuse it all now. Poor Fay! perhaps her past had been sadder than he dreamed.

He would make it all up to her though. As his wife her every wish should be gratified. They were going abroad on their bridal tour—he had planned it all out. Ah! how happy they would be, there on the shores of the old world!

He was eager for her to name the day, the day when he should lead her to the altar, and in fancy he saw her even now, clad in robes of shining white, the bridal veil, and orange blossoms.

How lovely she would look, and how proud he should be of the treasure he had won.

It was with this vision in his mind that he sought her side that night, and out under the lindens he begged of her a promise—a promise that ere the summer days were gone she would be his wife.

"Before I answer," said Fay, "I would ask of you a promise as well. It is the same that I requested last evening—you have not forgotten, I think."

"That promise, Fay, is a subject we'd best not discuss. We cannot see alike in the matter. Let us drop it forever."

"Not yet. O Chester! I beg of you—entreat you—grant this one request. Surely, it is not much that I ask of you."

Chester Vane was silent, debating within himself whether or not to yield.

He did not care particularly for strong drink, after all, yet he did not wish to bind himself by any pledge. It would make it decidedly awkward at times, at the club, for instance, at the banquets when toasts were offered. And it was all so uncalled for, too. Fay should trust him more, be willing for him to be a free agent in the matter.

"Little girl," he said, "if you love me, trust me; and do not ask me to bind myself by a needless promise, for I cannot make it, Fay."

"Then I cannot marry you," she replied, in a voice strangely cold, and unlike her own.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Are you mad? You cannot mean this, surely? You would not let so small a matter as this stand between us. If it be true, then you are not the woman I thought for. Take those words back, for God's sake, Fay, or I shall think you a fanatic, indeed—a fanatic with a heart of stone."

"A heart of stone! Would to Heaven I had—then I should not feel the bitter pain your words have wrought," she murmured, sadly. "But, let it pass. I have made my last appeal. We can only wish each other well now—and say good-bye."

"And that we shall not say," he ex-

claimed, in his own masterful way again. "Fay, we could not live without each other. Alone, 'with paths divided,' what would life be to us? Think of it, how dreary—how desolate. While together—life is all that we could ask—a foretaste of Heaven's own joy."

The tender, caressing voice knew its power full well, and, listening to it, Fay Atherton felt her strength deserting her. Yet she made a mighty effort, and eluded the arms that were stretched out to enfold her.

"Chester, for Heaven's sake, do not tempt me in this way. I cannot marry you—because of my promise to the dead. I promised Harry, you know—" Her voice faltered, it seemed for a moment that she would break down utterly.

"And what did you promise Harry?" he questioned, kindly.

When she grew calmer she told him.

"So you promised not to marry a man who drank," he said, at length. "Your brother doubtless had reference to one who could not control his appetite; for such there is always danger. But there is a wide difference between the man who simply takes a glass, in a social way, and the man who drinks to excess. Were your brother living, I am quite sure he would be willing to trust your future happiness in my keeping. You, too, I am sure, have no fear in your heart that I shall ever become addicted to intemperance. Why then should this promise you made be binding?"

So with arguments like these he sought to reason with her.

How long he talked she never knew. It seemed to her that she was losing her hold on everything; her mind grew dazed; she was only conscious of a low, tender voice pleading with her as he had never plead before, and this love of his seemed the only thing on earth.

"Think it all over, darling," he said, at last. "You are not prepared to answer to-night. In a few days you will see it all as I do, and then this cloud that has come between us will pass away."

Little sleep came to Fay Atherton that night. Through the long silent hours she laid there with wide-open eyes. She

felt that a crisis had come to her at last—a crisis in which love and duty must grapple in mortal agony.

Her lover's words were recalled but too vividly, there in the darkness of the night.

"He will never yield," she said to herself, at last, and on her heart a weight seemed to have fallen like lead.

"How will it end, I wonder? Ah! no need to ask. If I remain here, listening to that persuasive voice, I shall forget everything—even my vow. God help me! And yet if I yield"—a picture rose before her, the picture of all that life would hold for her as the wife of Chester Vane.

It seemed so fair, so bright—and yet the cost of it all. To know that on her soul a stain was resting—that she walked the earth a guilty creature, perjured in the sight of God and man.

She shuddered at the very thought—as one who stands on the verge of a precipice and looks down into the depths.

Could she for love forget her vow? could she silence conscience, and take the happiness that might be hers, no matter what the cost?

A low moan escaped her at last. A crisis indeed had come to her. Whether she would rise or fall the next twenty-four hours would decide.

On the morrow, late in the afternoon, Chester Vane received a dispatch from the city, requesting his presence immediately. "I shall only be gone for a few days at the longest," he said to Fay. "Unfortunately I am obliged to take the midnight train, as that is the only one left now. But we shall have our evening together as usual, and must make the most of the few hours that are left us."

They were sitting alone in the library, an elegantly furnished room, with luxurious chairs and book-lined walls where one might revel for a lifetime.

Never had Fay Atherton seemed so sweet to him as on that night. She looked so fair, too, in that pale-blue cashmere with its demi-train, and the dainty flowing sleeves that just revealed the pretty rounded arms.

She was not so gay as she had some-

times been, but then she could not be thus to-night, she told him, he was going away so soon.

"Then you do love me a little," he said, smilingly, caressing the slender white hand.

"Love you! too well by far, I fear," she repeated, slowly, with downcast glance.

Then raising her beautiful eyes she looked up into the face bending so near her.

"If anything should ever happen—if we should be parted, Chester, you'll never doubt my love for you, will you? I could not tell you in words all that I feel—I love you so dearly."

"No, darling, I will not doubt you, whatever happens."

With the words he drew her arm around his neck, and a head crowned with sunny tresses drooped low till it rested on his shoulder. She had been very chary of her favors before, but to-night she yielded unresistingly.

"What a loving little sweetheart you can be when you choose," he said, his dark eyes resting on her with a world of devotion shining in their depths.

A silence followed then, but 'twas the silence that is golden. As the time drew near for him to go she walked down to the gate with him, where his horse, already saddled, was awaiting.

It was long ere they said good-bye. Somehow it seemed as though he could not leave her.

The night was so beautiful, too; it was full moon, and over all nature brooded a stillness broken only by the far-off notes of the night-bird calling to its mate. The grand old elms arched above and cast their friendly shadows on the two standing by the gateway saying good-bye.

"Must I leave you? how can I?" he said, at last, kissing the sweet face that rested on his bosom.

Never had he loved her more fondly than at that moment. But time was speeding by—he dared not linger longer. Yet as he mounted his horse he turned back for one last look.

Still as still standing at the gateway,

fair and sweet as he had seen her first, and yet how sad was the face that the stray moonbeams suddenly revealed to him.

He could not go away, carrying that look in his memory, and dismounting quickly, he was by her side again.

"I came back for one more parting kiss," he said. "Let me see you smile, dearest. I could not go away leaving you so sorrowful."

She looked up and smiled as he kissed her, smiled through tears, but Chester Vane saw only the smile and was satisfied. Once more mounting his horse, he lifted his hat and rode away.

The young girl at the gateway stood and watched him, while the sound of those echoing hoofs fell on her heart like a knell. She stretched out her arms to him beseechingly, as though to call him back, then they dropped wearily to her side again.

"Good-bye, Chester, good-bye," the white lips faltered; "God bless you. God keep you wherever you roam."

As she turned to go up the walk she staggered and would have fallen had she not grasped the iron railing for support. How she reached her room she never knew, but once there, she fell across her couch and clasped her hands in an agony of grief. She had known what sorrow was—had shed bitter tears. In her young life there had been much of sad experience, but never an hour like unto this.

Such depths of suffering she had not dreamed of till now. Were she to live a thousand years this night would never be forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

SEEKING A FACE.

"For my soul goes out with a cry for you,
Trying to find the way
Out of the place where the shadows are
Into the perfect day.

* * * * *

"I stretch my arms through the pitiless void
To find you, wherever you are,
And I shiver and pine in this desolate waste,
Since you are forever afar."

It was a week before Chester Vane re-

turned. He had been unavoidably detained.

The train, too, was a little late, and consequently it was a very impatient lover who hastened toward Judge Lambert's that night. He wondered if Fay would be out to meet him there at the gate where she had said good-bye so lovingly.

How pleased she would be to see him, and in fancy he even now saw the glad light in her eyes when they should be together again. He had brought her a present, a beautiful diamond bracelet. He would clasp it on the pretty rounded arm himself, as soon as they were alone. How surprised and delighted she would be!

As he neared the house no one was in sight, neither on the veranda nor on the lawn. Mrs. Lambert met him at the door. She received him with her usual cordiality.

She was very proud of her handsome nephew, as much so as the Judge himself, perhaps.

Impatiently he waited for a footfall as he sat there in the drawing-room; but the moments came and went, and no welcome sound greeted his ear.

At last he could bear the suspense no longer.

"Where is Miss Atherton to-night?" he inquired, in as ordinary tone of voice as he could command.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you. Miss Atherton has gone away," said Mrs. Lambert.

"Gone!" exclaimed Chester. "What do you mean?"

"Simply that she has left us. It was very unexpected, her going: but she received a letter from some relative of hers—out West, I believe—and was obliged to leave at once. I regretted her going very much, and poor little May cried herself to sleep the night she went away, and refused to be comforted. She fairly worshipped Miss Fay, you know."

Chester Vane listened to her words with a sinking heart.

He was outwardly calm and self-possessed, but within was a sense of keen disappointment.

"And where has she gone?" he questioned, at length.

"Out West, somewhere; she did not tell us definitely. In fact, she did not seem like herself at all, and I'm afraid had bad news. But as she did not seem inclined to talk on the matter, I hardly felt like questioning her. I was sorry indeed to see her go, especially when she told me that her return was very doubtful."

Just then Mrs. Lambert was called away, and Chester was left alone to ponder over the news so lately revealed to him.

What could it all mean—this sudden departure of hers? Why had she not written to him? It was very strange, her going off in this way. Surely she would write to him soon—perhaps even now there was a letter on its way.

But this uncertainty mingled with its disappointment was hard to bear.

Two days after, as he sat alone in his room, one of the servants handed him a letter. He recognized the handwriting with joy; eagerly he broke the seal, and read as follows:

"DEAR CHESTER,

"When this reaches you I shall be many miles away; but before our paths divide forever, I would send you a parting word—my last good-bye."

The letter dropped from his hands. Great Heavens! Did he read aright?

Seizing it once more he read on to the end.

"You remember, dearest, our talk out under the lindens, and the promise I asked of you—the promise you could not make. You were not willing to give up the social glass—even for the sake of one you loved.

"And when I told you of that promise to the dead, even then you could not see it in the light that I did. And listening to you that night—I too almost forgot the solemn oath that bound me—for it was more than a promise, Chester—it was a vow.

"Not even one who takes the social glass," were the words Harry said, when

dying, and I took the oath even as he requested.

"It is this which stands between us now. It is like a great gulf, and I cannot cross without dishonor, without breaking my vow. I have thought it all over. You do not love me well enough to make the promise I ask—once, twice, have I appealed to you—and the hope that I had clung to falls in ruin at my feet, and what is there left—nothing but for me to say good-bye.

"We must part, Chester, and as I write the words it seems as though my heart would break. I am going far away. I dare not stay here longer. If I waited till you return I might not have the strength that is given me now. Do not seek me, dearest. It will be useless.

"Forgive me for the pain I must cause you—for you have loved me well, I know. And, darling, the memory of your love will be the one thing bright that I carry with me. 'Our night hath stars that will not ever set'—so will it be in life's long night—the night whose shadows are even now falling so heavily on my heart.

"In time you will learn to forget me; it is better so, perhaps; and your love for me will become only as some far-off memory, a dream that has passed away.

"Yet do not think unkindly of me—for I have loved you so—only God knows how dearly—and never so fondly as in this hour when I write that saddest word of all—good-bye. "F. A."

Like one stunned by a heavy blow Chester Vane sat there, holding in his hand Fay Atherton's farewell message.

He pressed his throbbing temples, and wondered for a moment if his reason was forsaking him.

Was it true that Fay had gone—gone from him forever? O God! no—this was only some horrible dream, that was all, surely.

Yet no—there was the letter. He could not delude himself. He looked at the date. It was written the day after he left for the city. Had she resolved on this before his departure? Doubtless—

that was why she had seemed so different that last evening of theirs, and so sad when she said good-bye. Ah! God—if he had only known.

Why had she not told him of the vow? He had not understood it in that light, she had spoken of it simply as a promise. And now she had gone, gone thinking he did not love her well enough to bind himself to a pledge.

He understood now why she had entreated him so earnestly. And he had thought it all the while but a woman's idle fear, a lack of trust in the strength of his will.

If she had only explained it more clearly—but she had not been herself that night. And she had loved him so well that she feared for herself—feared that for him she might be tempted to forget her vow.

Ah! he would promise her anything now—if only she would come back and be his own again. Where was she to-night? Was she near or far away?

He took up the envelope and looked at the postmark. Railroad post-office it was marked. It had been mailed on the train and gave no clue.

He sat and pondered long and earnestly.

"I will follow you—search the earth if need be," he said, at last, "and when I find you, no barrier shall separate us. God willing, you shall yet be mine."

Twenty-four hours later on the train that was westward bound, there might have been seen among the passengers a tall, handsome man, hat drawn somewhat closely down, from beneath which gleamed a pair of large, dark eyes.

Many an admiring glance stole over in his direction; and more than one remembered long after the grave, dark face of the stranger, and half-wondered at the sadness that was written there.

All through the West, Chester Vane traveled, now north, now south, lingering longest in the cities—sometimes walking for hours up and down the crowded streets, forever seeking a face—yet never finding it.

Each day he set out, hoping against hope, never giving up—though each

night the weight on his heart grew heavier.

Sometimes in the hurrying throng he would see one with slender, rounded form, with sunny hair, too—like Fay's—and the same graceful carriage. All his pulses would throb within him, and he would hurry quickly on—keeping ever in view that girlish figure just ahead.

And as he passed—it was the face of a stranger that looked calmly into his own, a sweet face, perhaps, but not the one he sought, and prayed to God for—as he had never prayed in the years gone by.

So time went on. He journeyed at last to a little town on the shores of Lake Superior, where Fay had passed her girlhood. Perhaps here there might be some one who knew Fay Atherton, and could tell him where she was.

Why had he not thought of this before.

With renewed courage he set forth on his journey—but it proved like others, a fruitless one.

He lingered for days, seeking some clue. An old settler, whom he chanced to fall in with, had known the Athertons well in former years, Chester learned on inquiry.

"They was a fine family—them Athertons," said the stranger, "very wealthy once, but they met with reverses, and after Major Atherton's death Miss Fay and her brother Harry had to look out for themselves. As handsome a lad, and as kind-hearted a one as ever lived was Harry. We all liked him. Poor fellow he'd 'a ben livin' yet, if it hadn't ben for drink. He's buried over in yonder churchyard on the hill.

"After he died Miss Fay went East, somewhere in New England, I believe. She was a pretty girl, Miss Fay, I remember her well. She had a kind word and a smile for everybody—that was the way with them Athertons, yer know."

"And is there no one here who could tell me where she is at present, no one here who by chance may correspond with her?" questioned Chester, earnestly.

"I think not. I know 'bout everybody in town, old and young, and none of us has heard from her this many a long day."

"Should you ever by chance learn of her whereabouts, will you kindly inform me? Here is my card. I will reward you well for the slightest clue you may ever give me," and so saying he bade the stranger good-day.

In a listless, weary frame of mind, Chester Vane walked down the quiet street; at length strolled out toward the hillside—out to that grave where Harry Artherton was buried.

He found it with little trouble. It was marked by a plain white headstone, and on it he read this inscription:

SACRED

to the memory of

HARRY ARTHERTON,

who departed this life

June 20th, 1880. Aged 27.

Standing by that grave, Chester Vane thought long and deeply.

The afternoon sun shed its mellow light, the blue waters of the lake gleamed brightly in the distance, and above the dark pines sighed mournfully, as if in requiem for the dead. The quiet beauty of the scene he carried in his memory long after.

But his heart was heavy—heavier than ever to-day—for hope was dead. It was nearly a year since he had been searching for Fay, and in all that time he had gained no clue. Would it ever be thus? would the years slip by, one by one, and bring no tidings?

Oh! to call her back, to kneel at her feet and promise her whatever she wished, though it were to pass through fire and blood. No sacrifice would be too great, if only he could take her to his heart once more, and know that she loved him as of old.

Ah! but he had had his hour. He had let it pass, and now, "with paths divided, hands asunder," each went his separate way.

What was there left? Nothing, save to wait and hope—a lesson so hard that hearts have at last cried out in despair, and prayed for the sleep that knows no waking.

Chester Vane was too brave for this, perhaps, but he went back to his old home a changed man. His hair was streaked with gray now, and something in the hearty ring of his voice, something in the pleasant smile was gone.

Of old he had been the life of the club, but he seldom went there now. Instead he devoted himself, heart and soul, to his profession; as time went on he became one of the first lawyers of the State. Men said that he lived for his ambition now.

Meantime there appeared in the Western papers a certain notice. It read as follows:

"C. V. promises. Will F. A. return?"

In all the leading papers throughout the West it was seen, and the curious, as they chanced to read it, wondered what had been promised, and above all, who F. A. was.

The notice proved unavailing.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

"My hopes and thine are one;

* * * * *

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

It was early June, four years since Fay Artherton had so mysteriously disappeared.

Chester Vane recalled that time but too vividly to-night. June was ever associated with sad memories for him. As he sat there alone in his office a letter was brought to him, one which bore a foreign postmark.

He recognized the handwriting at a glance, that of his artist friend, Will Greyson, whom he had known since boyhood. He was pleased indeed to hear from him, dear old Will, who was winning fame and fortune over there on the other side of the water.

"You have been in my thoughts very often of late"—so the letter ran; "not that that is anything so remarkable, for the friends of auld-lang-syne claim many a passing thought, notwithstanding the

wide ocean rolls between. And yet since I've been sojourning in the Scottish Highlands, I have done little else than think of you—in fact, I have had you on my mind continually.

"You wonder at this, perhaps, and naturally ask the cause. It is quite a long story, and to make it clear I might as well go back to the beginning and tell you all.

"I arrived here some three weeks ago, and at the hotel where I'm stopping there are quite a number of tourists, many of them Americans. I had not been here long before I became interested in a certain young lady—you know my susceptible nature, so you will not be surprised.

"I wish I could picture her to you as I saw her first. I might on canvas, but I can't do her justice in words. She was standing by the balcony window—watching the sunset, I fancy, for it was grandly beautiful that night—and as she turned her face, I thought it the fairest I had ever seen.

"A face with a history, too, and half-unconsciously I wondered what her past had been—a sad one, doubtless, I thought as I studied her more closely, and saw the far-away look in her eyes—eyes that are beautiful as an angel's, in spite of the sadness so plainly written there.

"I learned ere long that she was a niece of Mrs. Howard's, the pleasant, gray-haired woman with whom I had seen her so often. After much anxious waiting and more or less strategy on my part, I succeeded at last in gaining an introduction. Imagine my surprise on learning her name—for it was no other than *Fay Atherton*—and when I heard it I thought involuntarily of you, of the time when we were camping out in the Adirondacks, and the story you told me one night as we sat by our lonely camp-fire. Could this be the Fay Atherton that my friend was seeking, I questioned; and then and there I resolved to find out all I could in regard to her, and learn, if possible, whether she was your Fay Atherton or no.

"So in a quiet way I've been working. I dare not raise your hopes too high, but

from all that I have learned I think I can give you encouragement. The only thing for you to do now is to come over and see for yourself whether this sweet little woman is the Fay you knew and loved of old. She will be here for several weeks yet.

"Take the next steamer that sails across the big pond, old boy, and from my heart I wish you God-speed, and the realization of your fondest hopes.

"Yours sincerely,

"WILL GREYSON."

Chester Vane walked out of his office that night with a lighter heart than he had known for years.

So great was his joy that he could scarce believe it real. He half-feared that he should awake soon and find it all a dream.

Ah, Heaven! if it were true! if indeed it was his own lost love there across the seas! Did she love him still after all these years! Would she forgive and be his own again? Surely when he told her all.

And so with a heart full of hope and eager longing Chester Vane sailed for Europe.

The great ocean steamer swiftly plowed its way across the briny deep, but to one of the passengers, pacing the deck with restless step, the days seemed immeasurably long.

Erin's green isle with its rocky headlands was a welcome sight, so, too, the fair English shores, but only when the Scottish Highlands came in view did Chester Vane's face brighten with joy. Only a few hours more, now, he thought, as he gazed on the grand and beautiful scenery, the blue lakes, and the mountains made famous in song and story of old.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached his destination—that little town in the Highlands from where Will Greyson had written.

His friend met him with the warm cordiality of a lifelong comrade. After the first pleasant greeting was over, and they were alone, Chester turned to him with an eagerness he could ill disguise.

"Where is she, Will?" he questioned, earnestly. "Where can I find her?"

Will Greyson smiled. "I think you'll find her down in the glen, she went out to walk about an hour ago. She is all alone, too. Fortune favors you, provided she is the Fay Atherton I fancy her."

"Does she know of my coming?" questioned Chester.

"No, she has no suspicion of it; much less of the part I've been playing. I thought it best not to show my hand until the last act, you know."

"That was wise, Will—but I must leave you now. What direction did you say she took?"

"Follow that path toward the glen, and I think you'll soon find her."

Taking a hurried leave of his friend, he set out as directed.

Will Greyson watched him out of sight. What was it that made his face grow so grave?—a dream of what might have been, perhaps. Should Fay Atherton prove other than he thought for—what then? Something within him struggled to find voice, but he crushed it down. It would be traitorous to harbor thoughts like these—loyalty to his friend forbade it.

Meantime Chester Vane hastened on toward the glen. It was a beautiful spot, quite shut in from the world around, with grand old forest trees dotting the green-sward.

As he made his way down the long, winding path, he saw at length a girlish figure, clad in a jaunty outing suit of navy blue. She was sitting on the moss-grown rocks, there by the brook, apparently lost in reverie.

Chester Vane paused, and as he gazed on that motionless figure, his heart almost ceased to beat. But one glance was needed—he saw at last his long-lost Fay.

A moment after the two stood face to face.

No need to ask whether he was loved as of old—the look she turned to him banished all doubts.

Startled, surprised, and yet almost overcome with joy, she grew weak, and would have fallen had he not caught the slight, swaying figure in his arms.

"I have found you at last, Fay, thank God—oh! thank God," he murmured, as he strained her to his heart in a passionate embrace.

Such joy as theirs life seldom brings, except to those who have loved and suffered, who have gone down into the depths and drank of the bitterness of despair.

"O Fay! why did you leave me? how could you, when I loved you so?"

"Because I dared not stay—I could not be false to my vow—it was that which stood between us."

"And now—how is it now?" he questioned.

The words seemed to recall her to herself. Had they indeed met only to say good-bye—must she give him up for the sake of that vow? Ah! Heaven, it would be harder than ever now.

Yet Fay Atherton had not suffered in vain. A strength undreamed of was hers—a strength that would have won a martyr's crown.

She turned away; then after a brief inward struggle looked up into his face once more.

"Chester, I have loved you well—but that promise to the dead I shall never be false to—never forget."

"I would not ask it, darling. Yet it shall be no barrier—nothing shall part us now."

Over Fay Atherton's face came a sudden glow, and in her eyes a glad light that told of a happiness too deep for words.

"Fay, I would promise you anything now—God knows—for I love you so," he whispered fondly, and once again his lips met hers in a lingering kiss.

And so the shadows of the past faded away forever, and the light of a great joy shed its halo around them.

The moments came and went; the sun went down behind the hills; and still they lingered, lingered there in the gloaming, while the shadows grew deeper and deeper.

She told him of the past, of all that life had brought her since they had said good-bye.

She had set out for the West, even

as Mrs. Lambert had told him. Her widowed aunt, Mrs. Howard, had offered her a home and she had finally accepted it.

They lived for a time in Des Moines, but her aunt's health beginning to fail, she (Mrs. Howard) was advised to seek a warmer climate. So they removed to Florida, and there they had been living ever since, until the present summer, when Mrs. Howard decided to go abroad. A happy decision truly, since it had brought about such a joyous meeting here in the Scottish Highlands.

"Life has been so lonely without you," said Fay. "The years have gone by on leaden wings—yet to-night I count the past as naught; it was worth the suffering simply to have lived for one hour like this."

So too thought Chester Vane, in that blissful moment—the happiest that life had ever known.

So too shall all sad hearts, I ween, when they see at last the dawn of a brighter day.

Six weeks later they were married. For a year they traveled here and there, 'mid "the fair far foreign lands," living for the time an ideal life. They returned at last to their native shores.

Of the many friends who visit their lovely home, perhaps no one ever receives a more kindly welcome than Will Greyson.

"But for you I might never have found her," said Chester one night, as the two sat talking of the past. "I owe you a lifelong debt of gratitude. There is nothing I would not do for you, Will."

Will Greyson was wedded to his art. Yet often there came across his fancy the picture of a pleasant home, where a fair-haired, sweet-voiced woman reigned as queen.

"Ah! well," he thought, "she is happy, and my friend is worthy of her. Fate ordained it thus." Then taking up his brush he would resume his work, and in that world of art forget life's loneliness, and dream only of the goal which lies beyond.

THE PIGMIES OF THE AFRICAN FOREST.

DURING the very hungriest time spent by Stanley's expedition in going through the dense forest, it happened that the discovery of a little child of the dwarf tribe proved truly providential.

Upon approaching one of the settlements of these people, the natives, fearing that the Arabs were upon them, hastily retreated to the depths of the jungle, leaving in the village one of the young children. He was an ungainly little creature, and from Saleh's description had an enormously big head, protruding lower jaw, lean frame, and ungainly fat body. The Zanzibaris sat about in dejected groups, complaining of their present hard existence.

The little *Teki-Teki* (pigmy), although not more than three years old, was busily searching for something in the dry leaves. The Zanzibaris were attracted by the child's activity. Presently the sparkle of his eyes and the increased earnestness of his hunt showed that he had been successful; and, indeed, he returned to the camp-fire carrying a lot of pods like enormous beans. These he scraped to a fine powder, which he damped, rolled in some big leaves, and then toasted in the ashes. When cooked to his satisfaction he opened the dainty package, and the whole camp became filled with the pleasant odor of this new dish. The men of the expedition then closed around, and, much to the young Teki-Teki's disgust, helped themselves to a tasting pinch. The Zanzibaris knew the tree quite well; it was the "*makneme*." This new discovery brought a gleam of hope to the hearts of these hungry beings. The capture of the tiny woodsman was a god-send, and Saleh said that had this unhappy little creature but faintly understood their language he would have been overwhelmed with the heartfelt blessings showered on him. A few days afterward another tribe of these same small people was met, and the child was handed over to them to be returned to his parents.

THE BROTHERS THREE.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER," "MATRIMONY," "NO NEW THING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE INCONSEQUENCE OF MRS. CHAINE.

THE doctor's surmise was verified with regard to Hubert Chaine, who, on subsequent and closer examination, was found to have both dislocated his shoulder and broken his collar-bone; but, of course, neither of these injuries was of an alarming character, nor was there any real necessity for all the care that his sister-in-law was pleased to take of him during the few days of his enforced detention in bed. Still it was very kind of her to drive in every morning and spend so many hours in amusing him by reading the newspapers and talking, and he was duly grateful to her for her sympathy. Perhaps he was all the more grateful to her because he did not obtain the full measure of that boon to which he was fairly entitled from other quarters. The Dean, it is true, sent to inquire, as did Canon Pickersgill and others who had witnessed the mishap; but Miss Stanton saw fit to neglect what may surely be looked upon as a customary and formal piece of attention, and this struck him as being rather unkind. He asked Ida whether it wasn't rather unkind, and she replied that she quite thought so.

"All the same," she added, "you must remember that Violet showed her anxiety about you at the time in a very conspicuous way. You might allow her credit for that, and also for being a little bit disconcerted at having made an exhibition of herself upon insufficient grounds."

The poor invalid rose to the fly with the alacrity which our innocent sex never fails to display under such circumstances. Had she really made an exhibition of herself? Did Ida think that she was conscious of having made an exhibition of herself? Was it possible that she cared a brass farthing whether he had frac-

tured his vertebral column or only an insignificant clavicle? Ida deemed this to be well within the limits of possibility, and said as much. In short, she very soon turned the unfortunate young man morally inside-out and heard all about Sir Harvey Amherst's and Wilfrid's pretensions, as well as those of a humbler and less sanguine individual. And in truth it was no bad thing for him to have secured an ally at the price of having gratified that feminine curiosity which it is always the wisest plan to gratify, if possible. He obtained the usual reward and was confidentially assured that his case was far from being hopeless.

"You must have patience," was the advice of his sage counsellor. "Very likely she might refuse you now; because, you see, there is no denying that you are hardly in a position to marry upon your present income. But if she cares for you—as I believe she does—she certainly won't marry that old man or Wilfrid either, and when once they have proposed and been rejected, you may come forward with more safety. Why shouldn't she wait until you are a little better off? It is only what hundreds and thousands of girls have to do; and I am sure you will no more mind denying yourself a few luxuries, when the time comes, than she will."

Hubert, it need scarcely be said, declared his entire willingness to subsist upon bread and water with the object of his affections. Had he supposed himself incapable of that trifling sacrifice, he would have been almost as abnormal a young man as if he had in reality been capable of it. And his prospective self-abnegation won him the unrestrained admiration and esteem of a lady whose influence over him seemed to be due rather to precept than to example.

"Leave it to me and don't be downhearted," said she. "I know very well

that Violet is dying to hear how you are getting on; I know very well that in a few days' time she won't be able to stand it any longer and will have to come over and see me. Then I shall fight your battle for you as well as I can. Only I warn you that she won't strike her colors at the first shot; you mustn't expect that. What you will do, if you have any common sense, will be to avoid her for a time and let her imagine that you are resigned to your hard fate."

Well, it was easy for a bed-ridden man to act upon that advice, and Ida's astute prognostication was fulfilled when Miss Stanton rode across the fields to the White House, one afternoon, to look up her friend about tea-time.

Not, indeed, that she had any questions to ask as to the condition of the disabled warrior, for it soon transpired that she knew all about that and was quite free from uneasiness on his account; but she was anxious—or at least she said she was—to find out whether she had offended her friend in any way. "Because," said she, "I hear that you have been in St. Albyn's every day for the last week, and you have never come near us."

"I haven't had the time," answered Ida. "I have been nursing poor Hubert, as I promised you that I would, and I always try to keep my promises. No, you haven't offended me yet; though I dare say you will before long. That is, if you do what, from all that you have told me, I am afraid you are bent upon doing."

Violet, who had pugnacious instincts, opened her eyes very wide and looked quite ready to accept the challenge. "I don't know what you mean," she declared; "I am not bent upon doing anything disgraceful that I am aware of."

"Ah, that depends upon what may be considered disgraceful. Sir Harvey Amherst won't do anything disgraceful if he marries you, he will only make a fool of himself; but can you, or any responsible being, seriously believe that there is nothing to be ashamed of in marrying an old man for no other reason than that he is a rich old man?"

"I can guess who told you about Sir

Harvey Amherst," remarked Violet, with an angry tremor in her voice. "Probably he told you no more than the truth; still I really don't see what business it is of his, or—or—"

"Or of mine either? Well, he doesn't pretend that it is any business of his. He is not putting himself forward as the old gentleman's rival, and I dare say that, if I hadn't cross-examined him, he would never have mentioned a rumor which I suppose it is permitted to him to regard as a rather melancholy one. As for me, I am fond enough of you to brave the risk of being thought impertinent and interfering, and if any words of mine can restrain you from making the most miserable mistake that a woman can make, they shall be spoken."

Now that kind of speech does not come over and above well from a woman who has notoriously married for money, and who has been left a widow, with ample means.

"It is all very well for you to take up the sentimental side of the question," Violet felt constrained to remark; "you are safe in harbor, and you can sit at your ease and advise other people not to put out to sea. Still I should have thought—"

She had not quite the courage or the cruelty to finish her sentence; but Ida calmly finished it for her.

"You would have thought that, considering what I myself did, I should have had rather more sympathy with you. Well, it is just on that account that I do sympathize with you and that I want to save you. When I married John Chaine I hadn't the slightest idea of what it was that I was consenting to, and I don't believe that one girl in a hundred who makes such a marriage has the slightest idea of what she is consenting to. I had reasons for feeling unhappy and discontented; I wanted to have a home of my own; I didn't dislike the man who said he adored me, and I thought I had done all that could possibly be required of me by telling him honestly that I was not in the least bit in love with him. It didn't take me long to discover that I had acted shamefully and that nothing on earth

could ever console me or make me forgive myself. I don't mean to say that I used quite such plain language as that when I thought over my position, because there are truths to which one is almost bound in self-defense to shut one's eyes; but I knew all the time that I loathed my husband, and I knew that it would have been a thousand times better for me to have died than to have become his wife. Then, as you know, came that dreadful tragedy. I wasn't, strictly speaking, to blame for it; John hadn't the slightest reason for being jealous of poor Mr. Fraser. Yet, in a way, I was to blame; because, if I had cared for my husband, I shouldn't have wanted to escape from my thoughts by playing accompaniments for anybody. That is really the long and the short of it; you *must* care for your husband. If you don't you will either care for somebody else, which is wicked and dishonorable, or you will make him think that you do, which is only a shade better. And when, from one or other of those causes, your home life has become miserable, you will find horses and carriages a very poor sort of consolation."

"They might not be much of a consolation to you," answered Violet, who had been more impressed by this homily than she cared to admit; "but I don't suppose you have any idea of the love that I have for horses. They quite supply the place of human beings in my affections, and if I had a dozen of them, I should always be provided with a dozen friends. The most jealous husband that ever lived would have an easy time of it with me. He would be welcome to forbid any other man to cross his threshold, so long as he allowed me to have a corner of the stables to myself and gave orders to the stud-groom that I wasn't to be interfered with."

"You wouldn't talk such nonsense unless you felt that your case was too weak for serious argument," remarked Ida, smiling. "The simple truth is that you are a woman like other women, and that you want what every woman wants in order to be happy. I am not so sure about men—with their luxuries may be a

very tolerable substitute for love—but I am quite sure about us. I would rather not speak of my own experience if I could help doing so: but since it can never be of any use to me now, it would perhaps be rather a pity that it should be wasted. If I am a most unhappy woman now—as I certainly am—it isn't because I have made a bad bargain, or because I have lost my husband in such a terrible way, or even because I can't forget that I am in a great measure answerable for his death. It is because of—"

"Mr. Mayne."

It was the butler who unconsciously put this pointed and dramatic finish to a statement which might otherwise have occupied some little time; and his announcement was promptly followed by the entrance of Arthur, who shook hands with the two ladies, and, after seating himself, looked very much as if he wished that one of them would go away.

Such, at all events, was the interpretation which one of them placed upon his absent-mindedness and the difficulty which he seemed to experience in finding anything to talk about; nor was she slow to act upon what she took for a hint. She rose presently, saying that she must give her horse a gallop before she took him home, and in what way she had been affected, or whether she had been affected at all by the half-revelation which had been made to her, Ida was unable to determine.

"That is a queer sort of girl," Arthur Mayne remarked, as soon as she had left the room. "Is she a friend of yours?"

"Yes, she is a friend of mine," answered Ida, "and I don't know why you call her queer."

"Nor do I exactly; only she strikes me as being different from the general run of girls, somehow. She has the character of being rather fast, you know, and isn't she rather hard?"

"She is neither the one nor the other; it is you men who insist upon having hard-and-fast rules and who judge all women by them. The only way in which I can see that she differs from other girls is in being more independent and more

honest. Not that those qualities are likely to benefit her much, poor child! The chances are that she will make what is called a good marriage—that is, a marriage into which she would never have been led by her personal inclinations—and then independence and honesty will be of very little service to her."

"Quite the reverse, I should imagine," observed Arthur Mayne, dryly. "She is going to marry some fellow with a lot of money, I suppose?"

"I don't know that she is; I am only afraid of it," answered Ida.

And then, her mind being full of the perils which seemed to threaten Violet's future, she proceeded to disclose to her listener somewhat more than she was, perhaps, strictly justified in disclosing. She abstained, it is true, from mentioning any names, but she gave a tolerably precise and accurate account of the girl's situation, and if Arthur Mayne had felt any particular interest in Miss Stanton, he would probably have had little trouble in filling up the blanks. But, as was not unnatural, he felt a good deal less interested in her than in himself and his present companion, so that his comments upon what he had been told took a somewhat irrelevant and embarrassing shape.

"I am very glad," said he, "that you have as great a horror as I of these degrading marriages. But, indeed, I was sure that you had, and I acknowledged to myself long ago that I had judged you unjustly. You were the victim of—well, I dare say you will allow me to call it a piece of sharp practice on your father's part, and when you discovered the truth it seemed to you too late to draw back. You felt bound in honor to go on and to sacrifice yourself. Yes; I can quite understand that now."

"I was not thinking about myself," observed Ida, rather stiffly.

"No; but I was thinking about you—I am always thinking about you, and it does seem to me that you have taken up altogether wrong ideas with regard to your present circumstances. You have a way of talking as though your life were at an end—as though you had made a mistake which couldn't be repaired—and

that is really absurd. By the fault of others much more than by your own, you have had to pass through some painful experiences, but they are over and done with now, and you are very little older than you were when they began. What possible good can you do to yourself or to anybody else by brooding over by-gones which are best forgotten?"

Common sense, no doubt, was on the side of the querist, but, perhaps, common sense was not exactly what Ida required of him, and certainly she did not care to be favored with his advice. "I shall do very well, thank you," answered she in a tone of voice which was intended to preclude further argument. "As a matter of fact, I am not much given to brooding, but if I were I should have occupations enough to prevent me from indulging my morbid tastes, which reminds me, by the bye, that I ought to be looking up some of my poor people at this moment."

Arthur humbly got up and took his leave. He understood that he had been snubbed and thought that he had very likely deserved a snubbing; he was too modest to conjecture that Ida might have been more merciful if he had been a little more explicit, as well as a little less eager to declare that he cherished no grudge against her for her treatment of him in the past. And profoundly surprised would he have been, had it been revealed to him that his prompt departure caused her to shed a few tears of grief and mortification.

Most of us are apt to believe that a revelation of our neighbor's true thoughts and feelings would be worth almost any money, and so, perhaps, it would be, provided that it did not last too long. Yet it may be surmised that the course of life and this world would be rendered insupportably dull by any permanent curtailment of the play of imagination, and assuredly such a doubtful boon would have deprived Violet Stanton, as she rode homeward that afternoon, of the pleasure of exercising her brain with speculations which she found extremely interesting. Mrs. Chaine's confession and appeal had not been without effect upon her; at the bottom of her heart she could not help

knowing that her friend was right and that the absence of love cannot really be atoned for by the substitution of material enjoyments, but at the same time she was fully alive to the fact that Ida was not situated as she was. After all, was not love a luxury, like other luxuries, which some people can afford, while others can't? Ida could afford that luxury nowadays, and it looked very much as if she had whistled back her former lover on the earliest available opportunity. That might be a very coarse and uncharitable way of putting things; but wasn't it the truth?

Now, if Ida had been a maiden, instead of a widow, if she had had no income of her own and (what was even more to the purpose) no lover, she might possibly have held less exalted views upon the subject of matrimony.

"Besides," mused Violet, "she isn't a bit like me; she is much more of a woman than I am; she wants all sorts of things that I don't care a straw about; and she doesn't hunt. Hunting makes all the difference. I have never been in love, and I don't believe I shall ever meet a man worth falling in love with. If I had been idiot enough to lose my heart to anybody, that would be another matter; but, since I haven't, and since it seems to be necessary that I should marry I might as well take Sir Harvey, who says he has lost his heart to me and who knows that he will have to provide me with horses if he wants to keep me in good humor."

Violet arrived simultaneously at that logical conclusion and at the outskirts of St. Albyn's. Now, it was upon the outskirts of St. Albyn's that the cavalry barracks were situated, and therefore there was nothing surprising in the circumstance that she presently encountered a young man who wore one arm in a sling and who made use of the other to take off his hat to her. The circumstance was not surprising, nor had she any idea of allowing herself to be disconcerted by it.

"How do you do? I am glad to see you walking about again," she called out, without drawing rein.

But apparently he took it for granted

that she did not mean to pass him in that off-hand fashion; for he placed himself full in her path, insomuch that she was compelled to check her horse.

"Is that the hunter?" he asked.

"That," replied Violet, to whom his scrutinizing glance presented itself at once in the light of an impertinence, "is the hunter. Anything obviously wrong with him?"

"No—oh! no; a very good, useful sort of animal, I should say. What about that off fore-leg, though? Isn't there—?"

"Certainly not; nothing of the kind.

Oh! well, of course, he has been fired, any fool could see that; but if you can discover a splint or a spavin in any one of Bob's four legs I'll sell him to you for five pounds on the spot. Now, then!"

That impudent young man actually passed his hand over each of the horse's legs; after which he coolly made him pick them up and examined his feet. Then he grinned and said, "All right, Miss Stanton, we can pass him. I suppose he knows how to jump—in a humble way?"

"Now, look here," said Violet, "I'll undertake to say that this horse could lift you—or two of you, for that matter—over the very biggest fence in the county. Of course, I don't promise that he *would* do it, because if you were on his back you would very likely play the idiot and interfere with him, as nine men out of ten do with their horses; but just you come out with us this season and see whether it doesn't take you all your time to follow him, that's all!"

"I thought I should get a rise out of you," remarked Hubert, complacently.

"Oh! you did, did you? Well, I congratulate you on your success. You are a nice, civil-spoken sort of family, I must say. I have just been to see your sister-in-law, who has favored me with a long lecture, which I thought rather un-called for. Kindly meant, though, no doubt."

"A lecture!—upon what subject?" inquired Hubert.

"Oh! upon the subject of general deportment and behavior, I believe. It

didn't interest me particularly, and I don't suppose it would interest you. I have the vanity, you see, to imagine that I am the best judge of my own affairs. Good evening."

She gave a shake of her reins and moved on, so that Hubert was forced to stand aside; but she had not moved forward many paces when he caught her up and said, penitently: "I haven't offended you, have I? It was only chaff, you know, about the horse. He's really as nice-looking a little horse as I've seen for—for I don't know how long, and I'm sure he must carry you splendidly. And—and, Miss Stanton, I hope you are not angry with Ida. She may have been cheeky; but she can't have meant to be cheeky; because I can assure you that you haven't a more sincere friend and admirer in the world than she is."

Who could resist so touching an appeal? Violet laughed heartily and answered, "Don't be alarmed. Mrs. Chaine isn't half as cheeky as you are, and if she were, I should be generous enough to forgive her. Only don't criticize Bob again, please, because I don't like it."

She continued to laugh softly to herself for some little time after she had left him. He was only a boy, and his conduct was most distinctly and innocently boyish; yet, if one must needs draw comparisons (and how is one to help doing so?) there is no denying that boys are pleasanter specimens of the human race than old men. It doesn't necessarily follow that one would rather marry an impecunious boy than a well-to-do old man; still it is permissible to regret that the wrong people should be so frequently found in the right place.

Notwithstanding this legitimate cause for dissatisfaction with an ill-ordered world, Violet was in pretty good spirits when she entered her mother's drawing-room, where Mrs. Stanton had been eagerly waiting her return for more than an hour.

"Oh! here you are at last!" the good lady exclaimed. "Who do you think called this afternoon and waited for ever so long in hopes of seeing you?—Sir Harvey Amherst!"

Violet's face fell as she sank into an arm-chair.

"I have, indeed, missed a treat," she observed, gloomily. "Is he likely to call again soon?"

"Of course he is; he told me frankly that he had come to St. Albyn's for that especial purpose. He is staying at the White Hart, and he has promised to lunch with us to-morrow. O Violet! dear, I am so very, very glad!"

"H'm! so am I," answered Violet. "I am quite overjoyed; I hardly know how to contain myself. Isn't it about time to go and dress for dinner?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN UNREASONABLE REASON.

VIOLET'S rest was a good deal disturbed that night, and when she rose, the next morning, she was even more uneasy and unhappy than she had been on retiring to bed. The coming day must inevitably witness her decision as to her future lot, and the worst of it was that she felt quite unable to come to a decision. Somehow or other, that brief and very unsentimental parley which she had held with Hubert Chaine had influenced her more powerfully than all Ida's advice and experience. She was conscious of this and rather surprised that it should be so; because, after all, she was not enamoured of the young man, nor, if she had been, could she have dreamt of espousing a pauper: perhaps it was the mere fact of his youth, which had chanced to touch a sympathetic chord in her heart, and had thus rendered her more alive to the impossibility of any sympathetic association between Sir Harvey Amherst and herself. Well, it was open to her to refuse Sir Harvey—only she was quite sure that if she did she would repent of her folly immediately afterward. Thus she wavered and debated throughout the morning, and, when the dreaded luncheon hour drew near, was fain to cast herself upon the guidance of circumstances, after the immemorial fashion of those who cannot make up their own minds.

Sir Harvey made his appearance punctually.

tually, and it was not a little provoking to notice how cheerful and confident he looked. It even struck Violet that he wore a certain air of quiet self-approval, as who should say, "Here I am, you see, true to my word. I need not tell you that I might make a far more magnificent alliance than this, if I chose; but no! I abide by my choice, which I see no present reason to regret. And an uncommon lucky young woman you are to have been chosen by me!"

No such speech, nor any such thought, was in poor Sir Harvey's mind, although it must be owned that his manner was scarcely that of a diffident suitor. Why, indeed, should it be? He argued, reasonably enough, that he would not have been invited to luncheon unless a favorable answer had been in store for him. Mrs. Stanton had spoken on the previous afternoon as though everything was settled, and his chief anxiety for the moment was to keep up conversation under conditions which could not but be a trifle embarrassing. During luncheon, therefore, he was as voluble and as entertaining as he could manage to be, relating such scraps of social gossip as seemed likely to be intelligible to his hearers, dwelling (for Violet's benefit) upon the performances of the best two-year-olds of the season, and generally doing his best to relieve the situation of awkwardness. He met with little assistance from either of the ladies; for Mrs. Stanton was preoccupied with fears lest the cook should be guilty of some atrocity, while Violet was still young enough to be incapable of opening her lips when disinclined to talk.

"I suppose you are not going to stay in St. Albyn's after to-day, are you?" was almost the only remark which she addressed directly to him, and it could not be called exactly a happy one.

Sir Harvey looked down, and smiled, and replied that that must depend. He could not very well have said anything else; but naturally this question and answer brought about a rather uncomfortable interval of silence. However, he speedily recovered himself; and as he protested that he never touched sweets in

the middle of the day (meaning, perhaps, that he was not in the habit of eating solid *soufflés* or gelatinous jellies at any hour), it was not very long before he was relieved from any further exertions.

And now came the question of how he was to secure the five minutes' private conversation with Violet which it had been the object of his visit to obtain. After having followed the ladies up-stairs, he was thinking of asking her whether she would take him to inspect her horse, when Mrs. Stanton earned his gratitude and displayed her own good sense by simply quitting the room, without excuse or apology. Violet was left standing beside the open window, and if she could have jumped out of it under any less penalty than breaking her bones it is not at all unlikely that she would have adopted that futile and undignified method of escape. Escape by that or by any other means being impossible, she turned round, to find Destiny at her elbow, in the shape of an elderly gentleman of winning manners and fashionable exterior.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "If you only knew how I have longed for this moment to come! But I told you I would be patient, and I think I may claim to have kept my promise."

"I suppose you couldn't contrive to be patient a little longer, could you?" asked Violet, ignobly clutching at a straw.

"My dear Miss Stanton, do you think it would be quite fair to impose a second period of exile upon me? And really—would there be any use in doing so? Surely you must know by this time whether it is in your power to make me happy or not, and surely you must see that it would be needlessly cruel to keep me any longer in suspense."

"You seem to take it for granted that I mean to accept you," was Violet's resentful and somewhat irrelevant rejoinder.

"No, indeed; how could I take that for granted when you have as good as refused me once? All I do take for granted is that you have done me the justice to remember my hopes and think over them all this time, and that you are too merci-

ful to torture a fellow-creature unnecessarily."

"Oh! torture is a very big word; I don't think there is much danger of your being put to torture by anything that I may say or do."

Sir Harvey laughed. "I don't want to use big words," he answered; "I don't like them, and I always try to avoid them. Still, in sober earnest, suspense *is* torture; and, if you will pardon my saying so, I can't help suspecting that you would be almost as glad as I should to be relieved from it."

"That is true enough," observed Violet.

She was silent for a moment, biting her lips and looking down. Then she suddenly raised her eyes and said:

"I can't understand your wishing to marry a girl who doesn't love you. It is so evident that, if she consents, you must have the worst of the bargain. You can offer me all sorts of pleasant things; but what in the world have I to offer you?"

"My dear," replied Sir Harvey, drawing a step nearer and taking her hand, "you can give me yourself. Are you so modest that you don't think yourself worth more than all the pleasant things that money can purchase?"

There may have been some lack of delicacy in his words; yet they represented the proposed contract in no other light than that in which Violet had always contemplated it, and it is difficult to say why she should have been so forcibly repelled by them. She snatched her hand away, and said, quickly:

"If I am not modest, I am sure I ought to be. It doesn't make one feel particularly proud to think that one has been upon the point of agreeing to dispose of one's self in return for a good big supply of those pleasant things. And the ugliest part of it is that I should really like to make the agreement even now, if I could. Happily for you—and happily for me, too, I dare say—I can't. You will have to marry somebody else, Sir Harvey; and if it consoles you at all to know that I am sincerely sorry for it, I make you a present of that consolation."

Sir Harvey was rather taken aback; but he did not strike his colors.

"I am sure you are speaking upon the impulse of the moment," said he; "something has upset you or put you out; isn't it so? I can't believe that you would have let me come here to-day if you had been determined to reject me."

"Haven't I just said that I was upon the very verge of accepting you? That is just what makes it so certain that I never shall now. Did you ever want very much to tell a lie and then find that, somehow or other, you couldn't for the life of you help telling the truth? If you have, you will understand exactly how I feel."

Probably Sir Harvey did not understand exactly how she felt; for he said, in a tone of gentle remonstrance:

"But nobody is asking or expecting you to tell a lie. You were quite open and honest with me in London, and I admired you for it. I should be very sorry if you condescended to be anything else."

"Oh! I am capable of a great deal in the way of condescension," answered the girl, half laughing; "I only meant to say that there are some things of which one isn't capable when it comes to the push—though why one shouldn't be I'm sure I don't know."

Sir Harvey endeavored to reason with her. He dwelt upon the purely fanciful nature of a reluctance which she herself was unable to explain; he promised to demand no more from her than she could give; he professed to be perfectly conscious of all that was implied in the disparity between their ages; finally, he ventured to hint that she was throwing away one of those golden opportunities upon a recurrence of which no mortal can safely count. But his eloquence and his patience were alike wasted.

"It is useless to go on talking," Violet—whose patience was more easily exhausted than his—said at last; "if we were to argue until this time to-morrow, I should only have the same stupid answer to make—I can't do it. Of course I am sorry if this is a disappointment to you; but it won't be a very severe one, will it? I mean, there are such a number of girls

who would be delighted to replace me, and who will suit you quite as well as I should have done. With your advantages, you have only to go in and win."

That was, perhaps, true; moreover, it was beginning to dawn upon this elderly and slightly aggrieved suitor that, although common sense may be an excellent foundation for contentment in married life, a trifling flavor of romance is not altogether out of place in the young. He could not resist saying, "Upon my word, Miss Stanton, you are quite the most unromantic young lady I have ever met with in all my life."

"I have always until to-day believed myself to be singularly free from nonsense of any kind," responded Violet; "but it strikes me that this present proceeding of mine is about as near an approach to romance as I am likely to achieve. Well, it can't be helped. We shall part friends, I hope."

Sir Harvey felt that something in the shape of an apology might have been considered his due; but he was a gentleman; he was kind-hearted and easy-going, and for choice he preferred to be friends with everybody. So he said:

"Oh! yes; why not? Naturally, I am sorry, and you won't wonder at my being a little puzzled into the bargain; but I have no right to complain or to think myself ill-used. You may be sure, my dear Miss Stanton, that if ever I can serve you in any way—"

"Well, to tell you the truth, you can," interrupted Violet, with scant ceremony; "there is one thing that you can do for me, and I should be sincerely grateful to you if you would do it. It is to go away before my mother comes back. She isn't the best hand in the world at controlling her feelings, and if she were to bounce in upon us—as she may do at any moment—and hear what I have been about during her absence, we might have a painful scene."

Sir Harvey jumped up with alacrity, and with a somewhat alarmed look. He would have been out of the room in two seconds if it had not suddenly occurred to him that such a precipitate flight might be a little bit cowardly.

"I—I'll see you through, if you like," said he, heroically. "I know what these old women are when they're roused, and I'm willing to take the whole blame upon myself. When all's said and done she can't eat me."

For the very first time in the course of Violet's acquaintanceship with him he presented a genuine appearance of youth, and, indeed, it is quite true that nine-tenths of us remain boys, even after we have become old boys. Violet burst into a hearty laugh, though for some reason or other the tears were not far away from her eyes.

"Thank you very much," said she; "you have plenty of pluck and more generosity than ought to be thrown away upon the likes of me. But I really don't stand in need of support; my poor old mother isn't a virago, and all she will do will be to weep copiously. I only thought it would be rather better for you to be out of the way before the flood-gates were opened."

Sir Harvey so obviously concurred in this view that it was an easy matter to get rid of him. After a few more hurried assurances of his unalterable affection and esteem, he stole softly down the stairs, and no sooner had the front-door closed behind him with a bang than Mrs. Stanton, who may have been waiting for that signal, 'trotted into the room, with a countenance expressive of the tenderest and most joyous sympathy.

Well, nobody can be expected to feel much sympathy with match-making mammas, who, nevertheless, are fellow-creatures of like (or something like) passions with ourselves and whose sorrows are probably not less keen, although they may be less legitimate than our own. A few spare grains of pity may surely be bestowed upon Mrs. Stanton by the magnanimous, seeing that it was not she who had thrown her daughter at Sir Harvey Amherst's head, and that she was utterly unprepared for the blow which awaited her. She fulfilled Violet's prediction by weeping piteously, but she managed, between her sobs, to give evidence of rather more acuteness than the rejected baronet had displayed, inasmuch as she exclaimed:

"It is childish and ridiculous to pretend that you have behaved in this extraordinary way without any reason, Violet. There *must* be a reason, and all I can say is I do hope and trust it may not be a terribly bad one. You know as well as I do that I couldn't possibly sanction your engagement to any one beneath you in rank or destitute of sufficient income, so you needn't ask me to do such a thing."

"Why cry out before you are hurt?" returned Violet. "I haven't plighted my troth to the livery stable keeper or to the youngest lieutenant in the new hussar regiment, and I don't propose to do so. I propose to be an old maid; it seems to me that that is the part for which I have been cut out by Nature."

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Stanton, sitting up and drying her eyes; "when your mother is no longer with you, you will perhaps be sorry for having treated her so heartlessly."

But Violet did not think it likely that her remorse, if she ever came to feel any, would take that particular form.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO HALF CONFESSIONS.

VIOLET STANTON had not, it will be allowed, sinned against her mother by refusing Sir Harvey Amherst. She had dutifully announced the fact that he had proposed to her; she had honestly stated that she was as yet uncertain whether she could accept him or not, and her ultimate inability to do so could not fairly be counted as an offense against anybody but herself, and, possibly, the rejected one. All this Mrs. Stanton admitted; she said in so many words that she had no right to complain and did not complain; yet she absolutely refused to be comforted. She had a right—or at all events she thought she had—to sigh and weep all day long; she had a right to deplore the folly and caprice of one whose happiness was much dearer to her than her own; she had a right, in short, to make herself thoroughly disagreeable, and of this she took full advantage. Violet, conscious of having behaved fool-

ishly, endeavored to be patient, and succeeded about as well as any girl in her place could have been expected to succeed; still every-day life was not rendered pleasant for her at this time, and she very naturally began to cast about elsewhere for the sympathy which she could not hope to obtain at home.

She obtained it, and plenty of it, at the White House, whither she took herself and a recital of her sorrows a few days after Sir Harvey's departure, and where both met with a warm welcome.

"I can't tell you how rejoiced I am!" cried Ida. "I am ashamed of myself for having ever doubted you; but I confess that I did doubt you a little, and it was partly your own fault, because you would persist in pretending to be so worldly and heartless. What a relief it is to know that you have resisted a temptation which ought really to have been no temptation at all! Don't you yourself feel it to be a relief?"

"Not the least bit in the world," answered Violet; "I only feel that I haven't had the courage of my opinions, and that now I shall be punished in fifty ways for my cowardice. A nicer old gentleman than Sir Harvey Amherst I never shall meet again—nor a richer old gentleman—nor, in all probability, another who will offer to share his riches with me. Virtue must be its own reward; for I know full well that I shall get nothing else in the way of compensation."

"Oh! you will get your reward in due season," said Ida, smiling and nodding at her confidently; "I will make so bold as to predict that much, and some day you will admit that I have been a true prophet. And don't you bother your head about your mother's disappointment. Mothers are always disappointed when these *contretemps* occur; but that is only because they have forgotten how they themselves felt when they were young, and because they don't realize that luxuries which have become essential to them are not at all essential to their juniors. You may depend upon it that you will very soon live that trouble down."

"H'm!" returned Violet, who knew her mother rather better than Mrs. Chaine did. "Well, to be sure, the hunting will begin before long; and that, as you know, means being out all day and going to bed immediately after dinner. If only I had a second horse, I daresay I might manage to pull through; but if I can get two days a week out of Bob, that will be the very outside that I ought to ask of him, and hiring is expensive work."

"We must see what we can do for you on the off days," said her friend. "Does polo go on during the winter? I should think it would, and anyhow an asylum will always be open to you here. I really don't think there is any need for you to tremble at the prospect of the future."

Considering what Ida's hopes and intentions with reference to the future were, this was a tolerably bold assertion, but Violet, having no suspicion of these, felt comforted, and expressed herself to that effect.

"I don't care much about looking on at polo," said she; "it is a stupid sort of game for everybody except the players, I think. But I should be grateful if I might be allowed to come and see you when I have no other excuse for leaving home. My mother and I are very fond of each other in a way, only we never seem quite to hit it off together somehow, and I shouldn't mind telling you lots of things that I could never dream of telling her."

Ida thought that sounded very like the overture to a confession, but whether it was intended as such or not she was unable to discover, for before she had time to make any response the door was thrown open, admitting Wilfrid Chaine, who, after he had shaken hands with the two ladies, announced that he had returned on the previous evening, with a view to spending the coming winter at home. He appeared to be in capital spirits; he was full of the improvements which he had carried out or proposed to carry out at Chaine Court, and he addressed his remarks chiefly to Miss Stanton, who, to tell the truth, was not wholly insensible of the compliment thus paid to her.

"Have you provided yourself with a

good string of hunters?" she asked. Because that naturally struck her as being the first duty of a man in his position.

"I have bought some horses and I have paid good prices for them," he answered, laughing. "More than that I mustn't venture to say to such a competent critic. You will have to tell me later on whether I have been swindled or not."

"You won't have been swindled if you have gone to the right people and paid the right money," Violet assured him, gravely. "It's quite a mistake to imagine that horse-dealers are greater swindlers than other tradesmen; they know just as well as other tradesmen know that honesty pays in the long run. Only, of course, the man who buys of them mustn't be a born fool. I mean, he must have some sort of notion of what a hunter ought to be and some notion of how to ride him when he has got him."

Wilfrid, with an amused smile, said he hoped he was not altogether devoid of knowledge upon those essential points. "Still," he added, "at the risk of incurring your contempt, I must own that I don't think chasing a fox the one and only thing worth living for. I have two or three spare strings to my bow—and so, I rather suspect, have you."

Violet shook her head. "With me," she replied, "it is hunting first and other pursuits nowhere. I *can* ride, but I can't do anything else decently, so what's the use of trying? I'm not bragging about it, you know—quite the contrary. I'm rather ashamed of having such limited capacities as it is, and I should be ten times more ashamed if I were a man. Every man ought to be able to ride, but then he ought to be able to distinguish himself in many other ways besides—in Parliament, for instance, provided that he has the means. By the way, you are going to be an M. P., aren't you?"

"That will have to depend upon whether I can find a constituency to return me. Yes; I am in hopes of entering Parliament some fine day—as a modern Conservative. Are you a modern Conservative, Miss Stanton? Or are you too modern to be anything but an out-and-out Radical?"

"As far as I know myself," replied Violet, "I am an old-fashioned Tory."

"Ah! that is just what I should like to be, if I dared, but it doesn't do to be too daring in these degenerate days. What are your views with regard to free education, for example?"

Violet declined to commit herself upon matters of detail. Broadly stated, her principles, she said, were those of England's greatest ministers; she was all for maintaining the honor of the country abroad and order at home; she considered that the constitution, as it stood, was good enough for all law-abiding people, and she was strongly of opinion that any tampering with the game-laws ought to be resisted.

Ida, who had taken little part in the conversation, had listened to it and had noticed Wilfrid's attentions without any disquietude.

"Now that we are alone again," she began, after Wilfrid had gone, "perhaps you will deliver yourself of some of the 'lots of things' that you don't like to say to your mother. I daresay I might contrive to guess what one or two of them are."

But Violet was no longer in the mood to be expansive.

"Oh!" she answered, "I wasn't thinking of anything in particular; I only meant to say that I shouldn't be afraid of being misunderstood if I let you hear my impressions of events and people just as they occurred to me. Mr. Wilfrid Chaine is an instance. I don't mind telling you that I thought him a very good sort of a fellow this afternoon—though I never thought him so before—and that I should like to see more of him; but I couldn't say that to my mother without convincing her upon the spot that I wanted to marry him or that he wanted to marry me, and in about a month's time she would be prepared to swear that I had led her to believe as much. You see, it is simply incredible to her that any woman in the world would remain an old maid from choice."

"I don't think you will be an old maid," observed Ida, smiling; "but I certainly don't think you will ever marry

Wilfrid. And I should be very sorry indeed if I did think so."

Violet shrugged her shoulders, as she rose.

"There doesn't seem to be much probability of my bringing sorrow upon you in that way," said she. "As for spinsterhood, it has its advantages; and if any benevolent old gentleman or lady would leave me a thousand a year, a spinster I should undoubtedly live and die. Well, it is time for me to be off now; I shall come and inflict myself upon you again as soon as I get another fit of the blues."

Ida herself was occasionally afflicted in that way, and was accustomed, at such times, to seek an antidote in those visits to the poor which had caused the vicar of the parish to speak so highly of her. When Violet left her she found that she had a spare hour and a half before dinner, and remembered that she had promised to look up a certain retainer of the Fraser family on whose behalf her interest had been bespoken, but who had hitherto met her advances with surly ingratitude. This was no other than Barton, the gamekeeper, whose differences with the late owner of Hatton Park had, as may be remembered, resulted in his dismissal. To Barton Leonard Fraser's sudden death had been a piece of good luck of which he could hardly be blamed for having taken advantage. He had, at all events, done so, inasmuch as he had not deemed it incumbent upon him to acquaint his new master with the fact that he had been dismissed, and, like the other servants, he had been allowed to retain his situation. However, he had not discharged his duties long when he fell ill, and he was now believed to be in a hopeless condition. Colonel Fraser had behaved very kindly to the man, engaging a substitute in his place, but refusing to turn him out of his cottage or to stop his wages; so that he really stood in no need of the benevolence of Mrs. Chaine, to whom, as has been said, he had given a decidedly unfriendly welcome on previous occasions.

Nevertheless, he seemed glad to see her this time and declared that he was so.

She found him sitting, propped up by pillows, in his arm-chair, a gaunt, emaciated figure, with deep lines of suffering about his mouth and round his sunken eyes. He breathed with difficulty and spoke in a hoarse, broken voice.

"I should ha' had to send for you without you'd come, m'm," said he; "I've got summat to tell you afore I die—that is, if I'm agoin' to die, as they tell me I am."

He glanced round at his wife, who was standing behind his chair, and impatiently waved her away.

"Time for you to go out and feed them chickens, Liza," said he; "work's got to be done, whether there's life or death in the house."

And when the woman had submissively retired he leant forward and whispered eagerly: "Is it death, m'm? I said they'd told me so; but they won't tell me, nor yet I can't be sure—though I b'lieve as 'tis."

Ida hesitated. She knew that the man was suffering from an aneurism, which must kill him eventually and might kill him at any moment; but she shrank from taking upon herself a responsibility which the doctor had apparently evaded.

"I am afraid you are very ill, Barton," she said at length, "and, of course, you are aware that you may never be any better. I think if I were you, I would ask the doctor to tell me the truth. But if you have anything upon your mind, I am sure you would feel easier for having got rid of it. You may rely upon my keeping any secret that you may choose to confide to me."

Barton shook his head, with the ghost of a smile. "'Tisn't that sort of a secret," he replied. "Once you know, m'm, everybody 'll know—that's for sartain. But it aint agoin' to be told to you not without I'm as good as in my coffin. For why? 'Cause we can't bring the dead back to life, and 'cause I won't bring no man to the gallows—that's why. Poor Mr. John he's dead and gone, 't won't make no odds to him now whether the truth is let out or kep' dark; but 't will make a precious sight of difference

to the one as did the job, do you see, m'm? That's where 'tis."

"Do you mean that my husband never killed Mr. Fraser, and that you knew it all along?" exclaimed Ida.

Barton nodded. "More'n that, I knew who done it. More'n that again, Mr. Wilfrid must ha' known very well as his brother were innocent. Oh! I aint the only one as has kep' his mouth, nor yet the only one as has had reasons for keepin' of his mouth shut."

"You have acted very wickedly and very cruelly," said Ida, with white cheeks and dilated eyes; "but though it is too late now to undo what you have done, you can at least make some sort of reparation by clearing an innocent man's memory. Who was the murderer?—I insist upon knowing!"

In her excitement she seized the sick man's wrist and gripped it violently; but he only gazed at her in silence, with a wistful, suffering look, which gradually changed to one of dull obstinacy.

"I sha'n't say no more now," he answered at last. "No later'n this mornin' I thought 't was all over with me; but I've picked up a bit and I may be gettin' the better of this here disease for aught I know. When I'm at the point of death, m'm, I'll send for you, and you shall hear all about it. You'll understand then what my motives was for not speaking no sooner."

"I understand already that they must be bad motives," returned Ida. "You have admitted that you know who the murderer was, and after that you are bound to admit more. In fact, I should think you might be forced to admit more."

But Barton rejoined stolidly that he didn't know who could force him to speak, adding that, if force were attempted, the truth should never be revealed by him. He was equally obdurate when Ida represented to him that his behavior was cruel to her, treacherous to the dead and dangerous to his own soul's welfare.

"I has my reasons, same as Mr. Wilfrid Chaine had his," the man replied.

"If I'm to die, I'll make a clean breast of it; but if I'm to live, I'll hold my tongue, whether 'tis right or whether 'tis wrong."

From that determination he was not to be moved, and all that Ida could obtain from him before she left his side was a repetition of his promise that he would send for her the moment that his condition should be pronounced incurable. Her mind, as she walked home, was in a tumult of mixed and conflicting emotions. Poor John had really been guiltless, then, of the crime for which he had been so heavily punished! She thought of his banishment, of his deprivation of all that could have made life worth having to him, of his lonely and miserable death, and a sharp pang of pain and remorse contracted her heartstrings. But then, why had he run away? Who could the actual culprit have been? Not Barton himself? Not—surely not—Wilfrid? She did not know what to think; and the more she puzzled her brains over it the more vague did her conjectures become.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FOOLISH BUSINESS.

It may be safely affirmed that in order to enjoy cub-hunting one must be very young—or else, perhaps, a huntsman.

Youth, however, is a sufficient explanation of all kinds of otherwise inexplicable conduct, and Violet Stanton no more objected to a curtailment of her night's rest than she did to saddling and bridling her own horse. Both of these things she did one still, dewy morning, and both produced upon her an effect of profound satisfaction. As she rode through the silent streets of St. Albyn's, Bob's hoofs rousing the sleeping echoes and, perhaps, also causing some sleepy citizens to turn round and wonder drowsily who could be abroad at such an hour, she tasted something of the joys of independence and irresponsibility which after all must be acknowledged to be very real joys, although most of us can hardly hope to make acquaintance with them save through instinct and analogy. She was

going to be happy for several hours; she was going to see the hounds again; she was going to feel her good little horse bound under her with an excitement in which she could so thoroughly participate; she had given due notice of the fact that she might not be able to get back in time for luncheon, and for the present she had nothing and nobody to think about except herself. Certainly she did not mean to think about Sir Harvey Amherst, whose agreeable manners and glittering proposals must now be consigned to the lumber-room of the past, and of whom, weighing one consideration against another, she was truly thankful to be rid. Still less was she disposed to waste time in wondering whether a crippled lieutenant of hussars would, notwithstanding his disabled condition, put in an appearance at a meet eight miles away from barracks. She wanted no lieutenant of hussars, nor any elderly baronets on that delicious, cool morning; what she wanted was a good gallop; and from information which she had received she thought it quite likely that she would get one.

Therefore, when she reached Stamford Mill and joined a very small and select group of horsemen, it was a matter of little consequence to her that one of these, who wore his right arm in a sling, should approach her, with a bow and a radiant smile, saying: "I'm so awfully glad you have turned up; I was afraid this would be a bit too early for you."

"No fear!" she rejoined, somewhat disdainfully; "it isn't early hours that can keep me at home when hounds are running. I should have thought you were hardly fit to ride yet, though."

"Oh! I'm all right," Hubert answered. "I'm minus an arm for the time being, but that don't matter with a sensible old gee like the one I'm on. Besides, I don't suppose there's much chance of our having a run."

"We shall have a run if we find," returned Violet, confidently, "and we're pretty sure to find; I'll answer for that. As for jumping—well, since you have only one arm, perhaps your best plan would be to follow me until I hold up

my hand. Then you won't come to grief."

The young man thanked her warmly and quite humbly. "It is such an age since I rode over this country that I have clean forgotten all about it," said he, "and I am sure, from all I have heard, that even if I were perfectly sound I couldn't do better than take you for a pilot—as you are kind enough to let me do so. You needn't be afraid of my riding in your pocket."

He seemed, indeed, to be sincerely as well as modestly desirous of re-establishing himself in the good graces of a lady whom he had presumed to chaff when they had last met, and Violet, recognizing and approving of this change in his demeanor, was graciously pleased to favor him with a few valuable hints.

But when her prophecy had been fulfilled, and when they had got well away upon a burning scent, it was not upon Hubert Chaine or upon any other man in the wide world that she had leisure to bestow much thought. She did, indeed, remember him when she reached a bank on the further side of which, as she knew, there were posts and rails, and she threw up her hand by way of warning; but after Bob, with his customary cleverness, had lifted her safely across that obstacle, she did not turn her head, presuming that it would have proved too hard a nut for outsiders and disabled horsemen to crack. As a matter of fact it did dispose of the majority of the field, and for another glorious and happy ten minutes she had the joy of racing over pasture lands with nobody near her except the Master and the huntsman. Then a brook which Bob might or might not have been able to negotiate came in view, and then, fortunately or unfortunately, there was a check.

Violet, pulling up, espied Hubert close behind her, and said, not without surprise, "Oh! you managed to get over that place, then. How did you do it?"

"Flew the whole blessed thing," answered the young man, composedly. "I didn't know what was coming; only I supposed that if you could do it, I could, and this worthy old beast of mine

flung himself at it like a trump. You ought to have heard him grunt when he landed! It was a bit more than he had bargained for, I expect; but he had allowed himself just margin enough, and he's as proud as Punch now, I can tell you."

"You mustn't try that kind of game in these parts," answered Violet, gravely; "it won't do. We are not in Leicestershire, remember, and if you think that horse of yours can fly everything you are very much mistaken. The chances are that a quarter of an hour later he would have killed himself and you too."

"Oh! I expect we should take a lot of killing," returned Hubert, with a laugh; "we're neither of us worth very much, you see. Besides, we shall have time to get back our wind now. Have we lost that fox, do you suppose?"

Violet shook her head, and replied that she was afraid so.

"This huntsman is a duffer," she added, in a lowered voice: "he ought to have taken them straight on, instead of trying back. Well, I don't much care. Bob isn't really fit to go yet, and I'd rather take him home after this little burst than overtire him. You may see some sport yet, if you think it worth while to stay with them."

But Hubert was not particularly keen about sport that morning. As soon as it became clear that the first run of the day was over, and that Miss Stanton meant to go home, he declared that he had had enough of it, and that he would accompany her, if he might. To this proposal she had no excuse for refusing her assent; so that presently he was jogging down a lane by her side and glancing at her furtively, every now and again, while she busied herself with the lash of her hunting-crop. It would take them, as he calculated, the best part of an hour and a half to reach St. Albyn's, during which time he would surely be able to ascertain from her something which he very much wanted to know. He began by remarking:

"That old chap Amherst has been down here, I hear. You saw him, of course?"

"Sir Harvey Amherst was here the other day, and was kind enough to call upon us," answered Violet, demurely. "I don't know why you should call him an old chap, because he really isn't so very advanced in years. After all, though, I daresay he would seem old to a boy like you."

"Oh! come, Miss Stanton; one isn't a boy at my age. As for that antiquated dandy, he might look rather younger if he didn't try to look young. And I believe, if the truth was known, you think him quite as great an ass as I do."

Violet turned her eyes upon her companion and surveyed him with an air of mild surprise.

"Oh! you are under the impression that I think Sir Harvey a great ass?" said she. "In reality I don't think anything of the sort; I think him a very nice old—that is, a very nice sort of person. But I wonder who or what gave you that impression."

All of a sudden Hubert summoned up his courage and committed himself to a bold stroke.

"Ida did," answered he. "I don't mean that she said you thought the man an ass—though he is an ass—but she told me you had refused to marry him, and that's the best piece of news I have heard for many a long day. I could have kissed her when she told me; in fact, between ourselves, I *would* have kissed her; only I wasn't quite sure that she would like it."

"It was a great breach of confidence on her part to speak to you at all upon the subject," said Violet, severely, "and I am very sorry that I let her into what ought, in justice to Sir Harvey, to have been kept a secret. So much for making a friend of a woman! I suppose the whole county will be informed of this piece of news now."

"Oh! no; indeed there is no fear of that!" the young man protested with great eagerness. "Please don't be angry with poor Ida; I am sure she would never have dreamt of breathing a word about it to any one but me. Of course she told me—"

He paused, while his companion gazed interrogatively at him.

"Why was it a matter of course that Mrs. Chaine should tell you, if one may ask?" she inquired.

"Because she is a good, kind creature," answered Hubert, desperately; "because she knows that I love you, and that, thought I haven't the ghost of a hope for myself, it's something gained to hear that you aren't really what you choose to make yourself out. If you won't marry old Amherst for the sake of his money-bags, you won't marry anybody else from that motive. So you see I have some right to call this a piece of good news."

It was a relief to him to have made his confession and a still greater relief to observe that Violet was neither surprised nor angered by it. She rode on silently for some little distance before she remarked:

"It isn't my fault, you know."

"Oh! no; it's only my misfortune," answered the young man, with due sadness and humility; "I thought you wouldn't mind my telling you that I loved you, and I'm glad you know; but I never flattered myself that you could care for me."

"That is not quite what I meant," returned Violet; "I meant that I am not to blame, because, if I marry at all, I must marry somebody who is tolerably well off. Supposing that one could pick and choose—but that, you see, is simply impossible; so there's no use in thinking about it."

"But if it were possible," said Hubert, bringing his horse close alongside of hers and turning an anxious, wondering face upon her—"if you *could* choose?"

"Oh! in that case," answered Violet, laughing, "I might choose you as soon as another—why not? Only, as that isn't the case and never will be the case, we needn't bother ourselves with it."

Now, without being particularly clever or possessing any unusual insight into the intricacies of feminine character, one may, provided that one is a straightforward and moderately courageous young man, understand how to take advantage of admissions which one has not been intended to take advantage of. How it

came to pass that, a few seconds later, Hubert's left hand was grasping Violet's right, while he was assuring her that nothing except a little time and a little patience was required to secure their eternal felicity, that audacious youth would have been puzzled to explain in any coherent way; probably very few of us, if called upon to do so, could give a clear or convincing account of the most important events in our lives. But what was beyond doubt was that this strange and unexpected event had happened, and in the presence thereof it could hardly be expected of a happy-go-lucky fellow like Hubert Chaine that he should condescend to mere sordid questions of detail. Violet, however, was more prosaic and more sensible.

"It's all nonsense," she said, with a smile which was not very far removed from being tearful. "When I tell my mother of this, she will only say what is perfectly true—that we aren't rich enough to marry and that long engagements never come to anything. I ought not to have allowed you—however, it is too late to say anything about that now, and after all, I don't think I object to your knowing. This much I can promise you, I will never marry any man but you. As for marrying you upon an income which only just keeps you out of debt as it is—why that, of course, cannot be done; and the chances are that by the time your income is doubled you will have forgotten the circumstance of my existence. I shall console myself with hunting, that's all."

It will be readily understood that Hubert, being in an exultant and sanguine frame of mind, made light of such dismal forebodings. Numerous lucrative appointments were open to a smart young officer; it was true that he had not yet passed the Staff College, but doubtless he could do the trick—all sorts of fellows did—and even if the worst came to the worst, they would not starve upon what he had in addition to his pay. Just look at the pull a cavalry officer had over other people in the item of horses' keep, for example! Oh! they would get on all right, and they would always manage

to have something to ride, though they might be put to the inconvenience of living in a rather small house. In short, at the end of a prolonged dialogue, he had extorted every concession that he desired from Violet, who could not help being in some measure infected by his hopefulness. To be sure, she had practically conceded everything by admitting to herself and to him that she loved him; in so doing she had, as was inevitable, resigned the prerogatives which for a brief season are exercised by her sex in favor of those which more properly belong to his.

"Now, I'll tell you just what you shall do," said he, when they parted—for indeed he had not been slow to assume his newly-granted authority—"you shall tell your mother all about it, and toward five o'clock I'll drop in to tea and be forgiven. She is bound to forgive us, you know; she can't help it. We're going to be awfully reasonable; we are going to wait a bit and see whether something won't turn up; only we're going to be true to each other, whatever happens. Besides, I don't believe you are really a bit frightened of her."

"Not so much of her as of hard facts," Violet answered. "Well, come at five o'clock, then, and I'll give you a final answer. I haven't given you a final answer yet, mind, though you choose to speak as if I had."

And in truth she was under the impression, on reaching home and endeavoring to put a little order into her reminiscences of the bewildering incidents of the morning, that she had not actually surrendered her liberty. She had, it was true, acknowledged both to herself and to Hubert that she was no longer fancy-free and never could be so again; but that was surely not the same thing as having committed herself to an impossible engagement. For it really was an impossible engagement. The more she thought of it the more she became convinced that this talk of waiting for something to turn up was sheer rubbish. Things don't turn up—or at least, when they do, they turn up in favor of those who could do very well without them.

Vae pauperibus! the poor of this world may be rich in faith; but if they cherish that kind of faith which consists in imagining that because they deserve to be happy just as much as bankers and brewers do, Providence will make rough places smooth for them, they are likely to have a rude awakening. After all, *on se console*. Violet did not think that she would easily find consolation; but she thought it extremely probable that Hubert would.

Thus she was in no mood to do battle with her mother whom she succinctly informed of the folly of which she had been guilty, and who at once melted into tears. Tears, as most men, and even, perhaps, a few women, know full well, are a formidable weapon with which to engage in that species of warfare which Mrs. Stanton felt it a sacred duty to declare. One may, if sustained by a sense of spotless integrity, withstand being stormed at; but to be wept at (especially when one is conscious of being in the wrong) is another matter, and Mrs. Stanton made ample use of her advantages.

"This is just what I have always dreaded, and always hoped and prayed that I might be mistaken in dreading," she sobbed. "Never in my life have I urged you to marry for money; on the contrary, I have often been shocked and distressed by the way in which you have spoken about marriage. But all along I have had doubts about your sincerity; all along I have said myself, 'This affection of hard-heartedness will only lead up to some dreadful catastrophe!' And now it seems that my suspicions were only too well founded! I was sure there must be something of this kind when you refused poor Sir Harvey Amherst—a man against whom there wasn't a word to be said and whom you yourself had done everything you could to encourage."

"I am not attempting to excuse myself," Violet answered humbly. "I ought to have taken Sir Harvey, and I ought not to be engaged to a cavalry subaltern who is quite sure to be indigent to the end of his days. It is all very lamentable; only—somehow or another, there is no help for it."

"There *is* help for it—there *must* be help for it!" returned Mrs. Stanton, drying her eyes and assuming an air of dictatorship which would have been comical enough if it had not been backed by circumstances. "You have been very willful, Violet, and you have been far too much indulged; but, when all is said, I am still your mother, and I do not believe that you will be so undutiful as to contract an engagement which I forbid—yes, positively forbid; I will not see Mr. Hubert Chaine; I will not allow him into my house; I will not give him the faintest shadow of an excuse for pretending— However, if he is a gentleman, as I presume that he is, he himself will see that he is bound in honor to release you."

"I don't know so much about that," replied Violet, slowly; "but I certainly think that I am bound in honor to release him. I won't form any engagement without your consent, and I suppose you are quite right to withhold your consent; I should do just the same if I were in your place. Only I may as well tell you, once for all, that unless I marry Hubert Chaine I shall never marry."

To that declaration Mrs. Stanton attached about as much importance as people of advanced years commonly do attach to similar declarations on the part of their juniors. She was surprised and thankful to find her daughter so submissive; she refrained from giving utterance to reproaches which she would have been abundantly justified in uttering; she kissed Violet and said:

"I am sorry, my dear—very sorry, indeed—that things should have fallen out so unhappily. I wish they could have been ordered otherwise; but, of course, they couldn't have been, and there's an end of it."

Was there an end of it? Hubert Chaine, keeping his tryst at the appointed hour, and being intercepted in the street by a young lady who had come out for the express purpose of informing him that he was forbidden the house, was by no means of that opinion. Nor, as may be supposed, would he hear of accepting the release so generously offered to him.

"It's just the other way on," he explained, at the conclusion of a somewhat protracted interview; "*you* aren't bound—how could I ask you to be?—but I most distinctly am. And until you have promised to marry some other fellow I shall be every bit as much bound as if your mother had sanctioned our engagement—that I'll swear!"

"Then," answered Violet, between

laughing and crying, "I'm afraid you will be bound for a very long time."

Thus it is that youth defeats mature age, and conscience is outwitted by sophistry, and the affairs of this world get so out of gear that it seems scarcely worth while to do anything save shrug one's shoulders and thank Heaven that one's own wild oats were sown and reaped such a long time ago.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

THERE are whips and toys and pieces of string
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn;
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken all mine away:
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by water and flood;
And their hands are black with the direst crimes.
That kindle the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She has lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA D. KIMBALL.

CHAPTER I.

THE Rosicrucians—did you ever hear about them? If not, I will tell you. There is a small lodge of these peculiar people in Boston who are students of magic, are believers in Aladdin's lamp, the philosopher's stone, and the wonderful elixir of life.

They claim to be older than Genesis, and to have had an existence among a race of kings whose fossil remains are being brought to light after a lapse of many thousand years, perhaps a whole geologic period.

I have no doubt that Og, king of Bashan, who could only sleep in comfort on a bed twenty-seven feet long and twelve feet wide, because of his gigantic proportions, was a Rosicrucian; certainly Cagliostro was a brother of the mystic order, and for his mischievous tricks in Prussia was driven from the kingdom by Frederick the Great.

I would like to tell you a story of this strange Cagliostro, only at present I prefer to relate a few incidents of my experience with one of these brothers nearer home.

I came from Belfast to Boston in June, 1882, to try my fortune with my pen, full of a romantic school-girl's dreams of success. I pushed out my first little float on the great sea of literature, for which I received some money, and, what was most encouraging, pleasant prophecies of success from the genial editor.

I was having just such an experience as must be incident to every life not exactly nurtured in the sunshine of worldly prosperity according to worldly reckoning; anchored on sliding sands, without a firm substrata of dollars and cents.

It was the old story of a feast to-day and a cup of cold water to-morrow; but I was young, hopeful, fond of adventure, full of the spirit of the scheme undertaken, and enjoyed the accumulation of experience by whatever process gained, even the pinching process.

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One night in the latter part of June, I think the 29th, although exact date escapes my memory, I had been to the opera to hear the "Barber of Seville," and as I came out of the house, thrilled to musical intoxication, I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder.

I turned sharply, as nervous people are wont to do, and beheld standing behind me a dark, Spanish-looking gentleman, enveloped in a double cape and broad black hat, rather slouched over a thin, wiry-looking face that transfixed me in the crowd of moving people with a singularly piercing pair of black eyes.

Although I had not hitherto considered myself susceptible to such influences, I found I was magnetized, rooted to the spot.

The lady who had been my companion, without noticing my hesitation, had passed on, and missed me in the crowd pouring from the theatre.

Although the time was brief, not more than ten seconds perhaps, during which this mysterious man robbed me of all power of self-control, even those of articulation, and a whole mob of chatting, laughing men and women were moving about me, I was impressed with a strange belief (or shall I call it belief that was simply sensation), that we were the only realities in existence.

There was no theatre, no streets, no men or women, no Boston. I saw and heard all external to the mighty force that controlled my will but as flying visions in a fevered sleep.

At the end of that time, when my brain had taken cognizance of these impressions, I knew that he was speaking, but his voice seemed far and faint as the vague memory of sounds in dreams.

"This is mademoiselle, I believe, who in last week's issue of the ——— voiced some interesting sentiments; the master desires to meet you."

He pressed a slip of paper into my hand which burned the palm like the

sting of an asp, touched his hat and vanished so quickly that the earth or air out of which he may have been evolved might have recalled him to their secret recesses, and I have been persuaded it was all but the vision of an over-heated imagination, but for the slip of paper left in my hand. Here was the tangible proof of a most singular encounter that was no mere figment of the brain. The note thus urged upon me proved a courteous invitation from a gentleman residing in Chester Square, well known to me by reputation as a learned and scientific man. It read as follows:

"Miss:—You will naturally feel somewhat surprised that a stranger should presume to address you in so singular a manner. I beg, therefore, to explain that an article in the Saturday issue of ——— engaged the attention of a gentleman who will visit my house to-morrow evening for the purpose of conducting a line of experiments in which I am deeply interested. It being his wish that I extend you an invitation to witness these experiments, I cheerfully and cordially subscribe myself

"Yours, etc.,

"Dr.———,

"Chester Square, Boston."

The affair which, up to this point, had impressed me as being somewhat uncanny, with the name of one of Boston's most renowned citizens at the bottom of it, began to reduce itself to the humble line of common events. Still I could but wonder why so singular a messenger had been chosen to seek me at such a time and place, and how he had discovered me. Neither could I deny the creeping of my flesh when I thought of him.

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil,
Prophet still, if bird or devil.'"

I could revel in the gloomy fancies of Poe as I nervously examined the locks and fastenings of windows and doors. At last, making all safe and secure against real or imaginary intruders, I retired immediately to bed where, despite the ex-

citing episode of the evening, I slept soundly until morning.

The note that I had tossed carelessly upon the table, on rising I wished to re-examine, but found it missing. I began immediately to search for it, under the table, overturning toilet articles and drawers, even looking under mats and cloths of the dressing-case and commode. As a last desperate resort, I pulled the heavy cloth from the old-fashioned mahogany centre-table. The note was not to be found, but instead, upon the table, was written in clear, fresh chalk lines, and inclosed in a singular device, one word: "Rosicrucian."

How that word came to be written on a table I had so often dusted, or what its significance, I could not understand. I immediately sent for the landlady, for, trifling as the event may appear to you while reading, there was something in the whole train of circumstances that made me uncomfortable.

As my summons was somewhat peremptory, given under the pressure of mental excitement, the landlady surprised me, standing with my back to the offending table, with one end of the dragged cloth still in my hand.

"Madam," I said, pointing somewhat dramatically I imagine, over my shoulder, "can you explain to me the meaning of that word on my table, and how it came to be written there?"

She approached the table behind me, ejaculating, in a tone of surprise, "What word? I do not understand you, miss."

I turned sharply, "Why, that—" but proceeded no further, for to my surprise and consternation, the chalk-lines had utterly disappeared; there was no word there.

Greatly chagrined at my mistaken senses, and convinced at once that I was the victim of an hallucination, I begged her pardon, making the most plausible explanation of the error possible, as she retired with an expression of doubt as to my sanity plainly visible upon her face.

I now went to the glass and stared long and seriously at the "counterfeit presentment of a fool." I appeared in every way to be in a perfectly normal con-

dition ; I felt of my temples and my pulse ; both gave a cool, regular response to the mental inquiry as to whether I was excited ; yet, convinced that some nervous derangement was rendering me both ridiculous and uncomfortable, I put on my hat and gloves and went out into the refreshing air of a bright summer morning for the purpose of seeking the advice of a physician.

The name of Dr. —, Chester Square, being so indelibly imprinted upon my mind, I turned my steps toward that place to learn of him the elucidation of the mystery.

It was one of those mornings when Dame Nature seemed to bestow her most benign smiles upon all the creations of earth and air. The light winds, touching the flowers that seemed nodding and smiling with sentient life, were sweet with the breath of roses, and full of those varied and musical notes with which she seemed commingling and outpouring an anthem to the Eternal. The gambol of young animals, the insects dancing in air, the songs of the birds, all seemed overflowing expressions of that joy and satisfaction which man alone cannot feel. While more richly endowed than any of these with the highest capabilities of animal enjoyment, they but serve to swell the grand diapason of his thoughts, and strand them upon the boundary of another world.

As I walked and communed thus rationally with myself upon these themes, my steps had brought me, almost before I realized it, to the Doctor's door. For the first time in a half-hour, during which time my mind had been wooed by the sweet natural influence of a beautiful world from the unpleasant object of my visit, it recurred to my memory, so it was with some mental trepidation that I rang the bell.

The summons was answered by a young lady, who, although she filled the office, appeared much too delicate and refined for a servant.

I was ushered through the vestibule into a wide marble hall, where the doors of a magnificent reception-room were thrown open to me.

Everything in this house was white, like the Church of Immaculate Conception. Marble halls and stairs and floors of tessellated marble ; white lace draperies looped away from the windows with white silk cords, relieved only by a twist of gold in the braid, luxurious furniture, I presume, but all draped in white like the "bridal chamber of death." Stucco work, moldings, and bas relief in plaster, guiltless of taint of color, looked gravely forth from the walls in the faces of saints with raised eyes and clasped hands, or stern warriors in mail, with plumed helmets and high-topped boots, in company with their grand dames, all standing in solemn array like grim ghosts looking out from the dreamy ages of the past.

The master of the house was a stranger to me, but I had always believed I could discover the character of any creature by the nature of his surroundings, since we unconsciously invest everything we touch with something of our own personality ; therefore, I was prepared to meet a tall, courteous, formal gentleman, whose cold, analytical refinement would freeze me like his house.

There was no pretty chatter of women or laughter of girls, neither the noise of moving servants audible, only the sweet note of a robin came through the open window, and the gentle air stirred the lace draperies ; all else was deathly still.

A light step passed quickly across the hall behind me.

I was sitting with my back to the door. I rose with the sound, and was immediately standing in the refined and elegant presence of a gentleman for whom, since then, far and near, many women have wept and many men have sincerely mourned.

His figure, which was about medium height, was clad in a brown velvet dressing-gown with quilted cuffs and collar of satin, this robe being fastened at the waist with a heavy cord and tassel. The hands he offered, both kindly and courteously extended, were white and shapely as a woman's.

Not until he had led me to a chair and seated himself beside me did he question my errand.

"What can I do for you? The name upon the card is that of a lady whose article on materialism in the Saturday issue of the ——— interested me deeply. May I inquire if I have the pleasure of meeting the authoress?"

I bowed.

"I should have thought you were a much older person," he continued, in a gentle, gracious manner. "It is a subject covering a broad field of thought and research, and as such is not generally interesting as themes of speculation to the average literary woman. I am sorry you published it until you had given these subjects a little more careful consideration, for, although it was inspiring in its spirituality, and the voicing of pure and lofty sentiments, on the technical and scientific side of the question I fear it was a little weak."

I acknowledged the justice of the criticism, for I was sure, even before he had confirmed the fact, that in this matter enthusiasm had betrayed judgment, but the editor himself had persuaded me to believe in the virtue of the work, and supplemented the honesty of his conviction with a good price for the MS., so I explained to him. He leaned gracefully in his chair, listening without comment, until I had finished speaking, but all the time he seemed reading my very soul with eyes that contained an expression of deep thought and penetration.

In repose his face was almost classic in its beauty, like one of Raphael's saints; when he spoke it lighted and changed wonderfully; a face full of soul and expression.

"I perceive," he said, after a moment of searching reflection, "that you are sensitive; you get power such as you possess from the peculiarity of your nervous organization; your thoughts are not so much drawn from practical investigation and a wide and varied experience in digging after the gold of truth as mine and others have been, but from the deep inner consciousness of being. There are hedges that way, my child, yet withal, it is the only straight channel to wisdom, since everything is contained in spirit, since he who gets nearest his own

spirit gets nearest the eternal truth. You have fitly chosen your vocation; do not abandon it for any other purpose if you would ultimately reach the highest possibilities of your being, and so influence men."

I made a deprecatory movement of my head.

"Ah, no. I am not sufficiently original for that; I shall promulgate no new doctrine, leave no footprint by which man can travel on the sands of time; I have nothing better to offer the world than a warm heart, honest motives, and clear perceptions."

"Your heart then is so warm, your purpose so true, your perceptions so clear that they are destined one day to lift you to the highest altitude of spiritual power. Every one has his vocation; few find it, therefore, the world is uncomfortable. 'There is one direction in which all space is open to us,' says Emerson, and we have faculties inviting us hither to endless exertion. We are like a ship in the river that meets obstacles on every side but one; on that side all obstructions are taken away, and we sail serenely over God's depths into an infinite sea."

He looked at his watch as he finished speaking, and, judging it was time, I hastened to close the interview with one of the most interesting men it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

"I received a note last evening by the hand of a very singular man, containing an invitation to be present this evening at this place to witness some experiments the nature of which was not explained; it contained your signature." I tried to speak carelessly. I thought I noticed a slight cloud pass over his face, but whatever the misgiving, he banished it.

"Yes, I did not select the messenger; it was written at Count Morebeous' dictation. Some thoughts which you had expressed in that article I referred to attracted and interested him; I hope you will honor us," he smiled.

I breathed freely. So the note and invitation was no conjuration of a diseased brain. I was at least a sane woman; so, promising to return without asking or receiving any explanation of the na-

ture of the experiments I was to witness, I took leave of the genial master of this cold white house of death.

CHAPTER II.

I CAN hardly describe the mental state that followed this interview, but it was only a few hours before I was again standing at the door of the Doctor's house on Chester Square.

This hour, the gray mantle of early evening, had spread its cooling shadows over the arid day. I was full of prophetic dread—what did I hope or fear from the coming interview with a man the singular power of whose presence I had felt more than that of any other being during my life? Why were my thoughts forced to dwell upon the episodes of the preceding evening rather than the pleasant interview of the morning?

It was that unpleasant odor of mystery which sometimes shrouds and appals our senses, even as that step in the dark of earthly feeling which we take at the boundary line of existence—the dismantling of the old and the tried for the new and the untried.

My summons was answered by the same pale, delicate girl who had served me in the morning, but instead of leading the way to the reception-room, she motioned me silently to follow her up-stairs.

I thought the gas was lower than usual, or blinded by the nervous beating of my heart, I stumbled, and made a little sharp clink with my heels on the last marble step.

My conductoress started and turned upon me a face of actual distress.

"For the love of God!" she whispered, "make no noise, a human life hangs in the balance." Then adding more timidly and apologetically, "the Doctor so bade me say to all who should enter here to-night."

There was now no need of caution, for the soft, rich depth of the carpet deadened all foot-falls as we approached and ascended still another flight of stairs. Beyond these, through a half-darkened passage lighted by a single wax taper that

seemed to burn with a blue, ghostly flame, she led me to the door of a chamber, which she noiselessly unclosed, retired a step that I might pass, raised one hand to her lips, pointing with the other to the dim aperture, thus signifying at once the necessity of complete silence and the desire that I should enter.

A will and force not my own seemed hurrying me on to something I dreaded to meet in the darkened room, which under such extraordinary circumstances invited the wildest pictures of the imagination.

Immediately I entered a soft hand closed over mine, that sent an electric thrill through every fibre of my being, and the door was closed softly behind me, and I heard or imagined I heard the grating of a lock.

I had read many stories in my life of women being entrapped like this to serve any of the purposes of vice or science. Without reflecting that I was possessed of neither money nor beauty to tempt vice, and that this was not the house to expect a decoy, they rushed upon my memory in a moment of suspense and uncertainty.

The room was too dark to enable me to discern more than the mere outlines of my companion's figure, who must have guessed somewhat the purpose of my thoughts by the trembling of the hand he held as he continued to lead me across the passage.

"Do not fear," he whispered gently, "nothing is required but perfect silence," and thinking I recognized the voice of the master, I was repossessed with ease and confidence, so followed him submissively.

He paused, drew aside a *portière*, thus revealing a room dimly lighted, as were all the other apartments. Here were plainly distinguishable a dozen or more figures grouped about the open door of an adjoining chamber, all it seemed breathlessly watching what was transpiring within.

From the inner chamber proceeded the light which penetrated and partially illuminated this. It appeared neither like gas, candle, nor the moon, but a pale,

cold light like the aurora in the purple of an evening sky.

Approaching the figures massed in the shadows of the drawn *portière*, I looked over their shoulders into the adjoining room where, indeed, appeared a most startling spectacle. Before I had reached the door, the master of the house had warned me.

"For God's sake, do not startle them!" and the earnestness of the whispered demand was sufficient to control all exclamations of terror that might otherwise have arisen from my lips.

In the centre of this room sat a low, ancient-looking tripod, upon which stood a marble censer out of which rose the thin blue flame that afforded the light I have described.

The room was entirely devoid of furniture or fittings, except a couch, a single chair, and a table. Upon the table were ranged many rows of bottles, a retort, and crucible suggestive of the probable use to which the place was devoted.

The floor was laid in Roman tessellates of marble.

Around the ancient tripod with its sacred flame, devoted, I suppose, to the gods, or demons of magic, coiled and uncoiled the most loathsome reptile it seemed possible to have been fashioned by the all-creative hand of nature or the ugliest conjurations of the imagination.

Between this creature and the crimson satin couch half-covered with some white drapery stood the man I had feared and yet expected to meet.

Somewhat above medium height, the natural thinness of his figure was half concealed by the long, black velvet robe he wore, confined at the waist loosely by a knot of blazing diamonds.

His face was deadly white and his eyes burned like scorpions. All the time he kept his hands, with a slow, waving motion, extended over the head of this horrible creature that writhed and hissed and almost spoke its devilish purpose at his feet.

When it turned upon us an instant I saw fully its malevolent head hooded in white wings, large and pure as a swan's, which served only to intensify the ugliness

of the gray, warted skin retreating from great, bulging, fiery eyes, with the mouth, the fangs, and ugly hiss! hiss! of the serpent. Its body was the size and length of the largest boa, with many long spider-like feet protruding from its red belly upon which it wormed and twisted, crept and crawled around the censer.

When, as I said, for an instant this horrible creature seemed to break the spell by which this wonderful man appeared to control and confine it, turning upon us its red angry eyes that seemed full of intelligent cruelty, I shook as though a blast from the region of death had swept over me. I seemed to read as by instinct, doubt and trouble in the knotted muscles and blazing eyes of the magician's face, paler he could not be if the marble hand of death had frozen all the red corpuscles of his blood.

He retreated quickly as the creature rose from his slimy coils as if about to spring upon him, spreading wide his white wings, opening its serpent jaws from which its forked tongue darted with little angry jerks with constant hissing like the seething of an infernal furnace.

Consternation and terror was apparent in every face, but we watched the magician's face breathlessly.

He raised his hands as if invoking some higher power, speaking in low, rapid Italian.

A white cloud appeared to form in the censer and to float around him. I saw the creature, with a great shiver, sink slowly in its coils. The magician began now slowly moving in circles about the tripod, another cloud formed and floated behind him. He drew a vial from an inner pocket of his gown and threw a blue liquid into the flames. It sizzled and hissed, emitting a faint aromatic odor with great clouds of steam or smoke, which continued to float away from the censer and about him until the whole room was filled with these moving vapors. He now made mystic signs and continued speaking, "as if with the incorporeal air he did hold converse." Lower and lower sank the reptile and fainter and more infrequent became its hateful hissings.

Suddenly he turned toward us, crying in a loud voice, "I have shown you through a knowledge of the secret forces of nature some of the base powers to which man may ally his spirit. It is ever lurking at the left hand of virtue, waiting for the call of a weak impulse to open all the gates of hell." As he stood thus veiled and half obscured, it seemed that his spirit had transcended its mortality and was speaking from a distance.

He continued in a lower and more impressive voice:

"In the name of the spirit of All Truth, the God whom thou offendest, *begone!*"

A moment's ominous silence followed by a noise of an explosion, an appalling darkness, a noise of hissing everywhere, as if the air was peopled with demons, and there appeared above the tripod, floating in the clear air, a being so transcendently beautiful we could easily believe we were gazing upon the embodiment of all that is divine in the human spirit.

Whether real or imaginary, it would be impossible to describe a being so benign and perfectly lovely.

Fair to translucency almost, clothed like and moving with the slow grace of a white cloud in a summer sky, radiant as the sunshine, the yellow light of the long hair lying in rippling masses upon the neck and shoulders, white and perfect as—yea, rivaling the perfection of sculptured marble.

A face, neither man nor woman's, simply an embodiment of the beauty and grandeur of the divine perfection of spirit unlimited.

Where was the evil that had crawled about the tripod? It was not; it could not exist in such a presence.

Can any of us who witnessed this spectacle forget the experience of that night? I think not.

Only a few seconds did this benign being bestow upon us the light of its affable presence, and then we saw only as people who had awakened from a dream, a plain square room with table, retort, and crucible, an array of bottles, an odd-looking tripod, an empty vase, a single

incandescent light burning at the further end of the room, a dark-robed Italian standing by a crimson couch under the white drapery of which we perceived the faint heaving outlines of a human figure.

The master of the house, at a signal from the Italian, now approached the couch, carrying in his hand what appeared to be a napkin and a glass of wine.

Both stood for some minutes regarding the figure lying so mysteriously still, or such I believed it to be, and again I felt I was deceived, for there were strange motions visible like hands moving under the drapery, not one pair alone, but many. Now and then the muslin would be raised several inches and then replaced, although neither the Doctor nor the Italian appeared to move, scarcely to breathe.

A gentleman standing beside me asked me if I knew what they were doing, but, low as was the whispered question, the Italian stared nervously, pointing to us a warning finger of impatience, and again fixed his attention upon the couch.

No, I did not know what they were doing, whether they trifled with life or death, or were conjuring more saints or devils to appear; every instant I was uncomfortable with the expectation of some new and startling revelation.

Several minutes elapsed, however, before I marked the two men turn to each other with an expression of mutual satisfaction, as the Italian exclaimed:

"My friend, it is finished, your daughter will live."

The Doctor now placed the wine and napkin in his hand and he removed the covering from the face of a fair young girl, who lay there so pale and exhausted it seemed the breath of life scarce stirred the faint crimson of her lips, or throbbed in the blue veins of her temples.

With a low exclamation of joy the Doctor put out his arms with yearning affection to raise her to his bosom, but the Italian checked him.

"Do not touch her at present or she must yet die," whereupon he retired, allowing the stranger to work his will.

This he did by placing a few drops of

the wine upon her lips, then moistening his fingers, gently laved her temples.

Now turning to us he asked: "What is life? What do you know of it? That it lies panther couchant in all the invisible forces of the universe, ready to burst upon him who touches the secret spring, the lightning charges of development."

He approached the table and lay his hand upon the crucible. His whole demeanor had changed, there appeared a gentle majesty not only in his voice, but in every movement.

"Come again, my friends, and I will teach you a new chemistry, but to-night I am weary with my work. I have shown you evil and good—the embodiment of an old idea—God and the devil, eternally at our right hand and our left, waiting the call of the spirit. But a few minutes ago there lay a soul trembling in the balance of that change you call death, and for which you make great woe and lamentation. This reincarnation of the spirit in its old organism is no miracle, it is knowledge, a knowledge of the law of transubstantiation. You cannot reach it? Listen—the story of the old world which was made in the red tide of war and fitly finished in barbarism—the ebb and flow of many civilizations through which my spirit has passed is not so strange to me as your young America, not so strange I live thus as that ye are so blind and deaf to the great truths life and experience eternally thunders into your ears. You seek for happiness, and power-knowledge is both happiness and power. It cannot be bought with gold nor chained with diamonds in the courts of princes. He who is most mighty in the outward pomp and power of this world may be most ignorant, most weak, and miserable. How poor is the ignorant man. What is there in the superficial bounties of a transitory state to purchase peace for a man when nature brings him at last face to face with the great problems of his own existence.

"He would exchange a kingdom then for a single ray of knowledge to penetrate the horrible darkness into which his shrinking spirit is being hurried by inevitable law. Let us not then be so much

worms of the dust crawling in the dark of ignorance. Let us stand erect in our manhood, and see the light of wisdom shining about us, for there is '*no difficulty to him who truly wills.*'

"I may see you again and teach you; until I do—" he formed his thumbs and forefingers into a triangle in the open space of which appeared the illuminated word

TRY.

Opening a door behind him, he bowed and vanished.

This was my singular introduction to the Rosicrucian and his mystic beliefs, which is undoubtedly the oldest brotherhood in existence.

The first *authentic* records was of the founding of an order by an Egyptian king six hundred years before Christ. Tradition, however, claims a far greater antiquity.

I have no theories to offer on this chapter of experiences, each reader must make his own deductions.

The Doctor excused himself from discussing the event on account of the illness of his daughter, for whose benefit the experiments had mainly been tried. He believed they would prove entirely satisfactory, removing a difficulty which was entirely beyond any of the curative properties known to the science of *materia medica*.

His position, I thought, permitted him to speak with authority.

The realization of his hope was assured to me later in the perfect recovery of his daughter.

Without further explanation he dismissed us with a few courteous words.

I now noticed there were ten men and only two ladies, but each seemed powerfully impressed and occupied with their own thoughts. So we went like a funeral train silently over the stair out into the night with its bright, solemn stars and cool, gray shadows, each pursuing his separate course toward home.

I was strongly impressed with the belief that we had each been gathered there for some ulterior purpose which the facts of later experience affirmed.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

OUR LETTER FROM EUROPE.

INNSBRUCK, November 2d, 1891.

MY DEAR HOME MAGAZINE:—Before I begin to narrate my Beyreuth experiences—nay, before I even mention the sacred word, I might as well state once for all that I did not go there as a raving “Wagnerian,” nor as in any sense a musical critic; I had never before even heard a Wagner opera. No, I went in that same inquiring spirit which carries my fellow-countrymen from Arctic to Antarctic seas, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

I had, indeed, often heard Wagner's music played, and had felt vaguely that here was something quite unique; I had even read the text of some of the operas, and had said to myself, “why, *this* is poetry!”

Whenever any of my German friends began to discuss Wagner, however, I always remarked that they speedily worked themselves up into a fine passion either of rage or enthusiasm, and in either case became very soon entirely unintelligible to American ears and understanding.

So you see that when, on that bright July morning, I set out from Dresden on my way to the sacred spot, it was in the full spring-tide of freshness and greenness. In the “Damen Coupé” to which I, as usual, committed myself, I found a fellow-countrywoman, and likewise a fellow-pilgrim; and as I may say without vanity that her German was even more questionable than mine we soon found each other out, threw in our lots together, and conversed glibly in our mother-tongue as we jogged along over one of the roughest roads which even Germany can produce.

If, as is often prophesied, Beyreuth and the Wagner Festival are destined to degenerate into a mere fashionable fad there will have to be a decided revolution in the railroad system which connects them with the outside world. No less than *three* times were we hauled out of our train and pushed into another in

the course of that long, warm day, and each time the change was for the worse. We had no dinner, either, and as I, still cherishing all sorts of chimerical ideals about Germany, had brought no lunch with me, the friendly sandwich which my new acquaintance offered me was all I had to support my sinking spirits.

At last, at about four o'clock P. M., we reached Beyreuth, where we separated to go each to her separate lodging, and soon I was wending my way up the hill, following anxiously the porter who was trundling my valise and my many parcels on a rickety hand-cart.

We turned into Maximilian Street, the principal one of the town, and soon stopped in front of a vivid green house over the front door of which was painted the name of my future host. In the front-room was his shop—glass and kitchen utensils, I believe—and in the rear and up-stairs live, under ordinary circumstances, his wife and any number of children whom I constantly saw flitting about the house; *where* this interesting family party managed to secrete itself remains a mystery to this day. Every room in the house was rented out, and yet the dimensions of the good-natured “House Frau” who soon came to my little room to welcome me, certainly did *not* admit of being compressed into any small space.

Only my breakfast was to be furnished in the house; my dinner and tea I was to procure at a restaurant. I was tired, but not from exercise, so as soon as I had disposed of some of the coal-dust I set out to explore, and, also, to find something to eat. The small daughter of my host escorted me across the roughly paved street to what she assured me was a “very nice restaurant, indeed.”

When I opened the door and looked in I was sorry not to agree with her, for it was a very uninviting spot and looked tremendously like a bar-room. There was a small outside room with tables set,

and opening out of it a large room in which half a dozen men were eating and drinking rather noisily.

Two tired-looking apple-cheeked girls were serving and entertaining them at the same time.

One of them came at once to meet me, welcomed me as if she had known me all her life, and proceeded to serve me so daintily a cutlet with coffee and bread and butter that I quite forgave the noise, and resolved on the spot to patronize no other place.

For the rest of my stay in Beyreuth the rosy young woman had the pleasure of serving me twice every day, and we grew very intimate.

She shook my hand each time I departed, implored me to come again, and always took care to have me attended to. Poor thing, she had a hard time; the town was swarming, and food was at a premium; her cheeks were always flaming and sometimes there were tears in her eyes.

Such a quaint old town is Beyreuth, with its crooked, narrow streets, its old, odd houses, with gable roofs, of course, and with a general air of being worn out and just ready to topple over with the slightest push.

There are numbers of tawdry shops, displaying cheap and very *German* trinkets and souvenirs, and from well-nigh every window looks out the wonderful face of Richard Wagner. It is hard to believe that he is dead—he seems so entirely the presiding and directing genius of the place. His strong, aggressive personality refuses to be still and lives and throbs and dominates in this, the chosen home of his old age.

I went often to his grave, passing along the principal street, which winds irregularly through the town and at last becomes "Richard Wagner Strasse"—then comes "Wahnfried," Wagner's own lovely villa.

It is surrounded with well-kept grounds and the garden is bright with flowers—over either side of the entrance is painted the inscription. It is in German, and as nearly as an English translation can render it, is

"Here where my doubts vanished—
'Peace' shall the spot be called."

A little farther on you turn into the "Lust-Garten," a sort of park, and opening out from this on one side and from his own grounds on the other is Wagner's grave. A beautiful and fitting sleeping place it is for this most rasped and restless spirit after a long life of constant struggle.

A plain marble slab covers the mound; only fresh flowers rest there, and around its edge a dark-leaved ivy climbs. He first gave music and poetry to each other, and it is well that the only sounds that come to him here should be the constant plashing of the fountain in his own garden, the sighing of the wind, and the songs of the same little birds for whose voices he found so noble a place in his music.

Franz Liszt and Jean Paul Richter are buried in the churchyard. Liszt has a quite pretentious chapel crowded full of the orders and badges of honor which had been presented to him, and of the decorations sent by all the potentates of the earth, well-nigh, to his funeral. But it is all tissue paper and tinsel, and looks very tawdry indeed beside the majestic simplicity of his great friend and contemporary.

My kind American friend took her flight on Monday morning, but with my usual good fortune I fell in with two other American ladies who were staying in the same house. So on Monday afternoon, after dining at my restaurant, we drove out to the great opera house to hear "Tannhäuser."

The opera house is merely an imposing pile of bricks, with no special claims of architectural beauty; and the interior is chiefly remarkable for its severe simplicity—no painting, no gilding or carving—not even is the drop-curtain painted.

There is only one row of boxes and one gallery, and the seating capacity is about two thousand. The orchestra is not visible—they sit low down under the stage. All attention is thus concentrated on the action of the opera itself.

It was with a feeling of uncontrollable excitement that I took my seat and waited for the curtain to rise. The few

operas which I had hitherto seen had been utterly disappointing. The action always seemed so strained and mechanical—the actors were only making believe, and in their wildest agonies they never forgot to trill and shake ecstatically on their high notes, and they had no scruples in confiding their love secrets to the audience at the very top of their voices. I had read “Tannhäuser” carefully and had heard much of the music, and *here* I suspected I was to find something quite, quite different, but I never expected one-half of what I got.

When the beautiful overture was finished and the curtain rose upon the magical scene in the Venusberg I felt as if I had found a new world. And then, as scene after scene of the wonderful history unrolled itself before me, it was no longer to me, at least, music or poetry or scenery—it was life—yes, life with life's own delusive hopes and all too fleeting joys—life, with its constant and often so sadly unavailing struggle against indwelling sin—its ill-fated loves and desperate prayers. With “Tannhäuser” and his “Elizabeth,” I loved and suffered, sinned and repented, wept and prayed, as if their lives were mine, and at the close of the first act, when the curtain fell, I came back to this world of men and matter with a dull thud.

There is a long pause after the first and also after the second act, during which we are expected to refresh ourselves at one of the numerous restaurants which cluster round the opera house; and, will you believe it? these same sensitive, musical, transcendental Germans who had been suffering most pathetically, were, five minutes later, fighting lustily for beer and sandwiches and eating as if fresh from a Lenten fast. I was disgusted, I must say, but such queer contrasts are perhaps the most salient peculiarity of this people—the most towering ideality on the one hand and the almost sordid regard for the comforts of this life on the other.

At least *I* can acquit myself of sordidness on this occasion.

I should quite as soon have thought of eating at a funeral, and was only too glad

to return to my place and listen and look while the music and the acting unfolded the story to my eyes and to my heart.

I suppose every one knows the story of “Tannhäuser,” an old, old story in one of its many different settings—only the struggle of the powers of evil and of good for one poor man's soul. To me, beside the beautiful and intensely human element, there was another and purely allegorical significance in it all.

Here once more arose the old problem of life and sorrow, and here once more they found their only worthy solution—in love and patience and self-sacrifice that endures and hopes even to the end—and this lesson was for me as well as for “Tannhäuser.”

Perhaps it was because I came there so free from all prepossessions, so unlearned in stage machinery, that it all made so powerful an impression upon me. Be that as it may, long before the end of the second act I was crying as if my heart would break, less perhaps for the sorrows of “Tannhäuser” and “Elizabeth” than for the poor humanity of which they seemed to me at once such pathetic and such faithful types. Well, it was over at last, and from the death scene of our hero and heroine we passed without any “intermediate state” to the outer air and to an animated contest for carriages for the return drive.

After some vigorous pushing and shrieking we succeeded in capturing our vehicle and were soon once more landed at our own shop-door.

Two days later we took the same drive with the party of friends who were to be our traveling companions for the rest of the summer, and this time we were going to see “Parsifal.” We had neglected to secure seats until very late, and so had to be satisfied with inferior places in the gallery.

“Parsifal” is the old legend of the “Grail” with which Tennyson has made us all familiar. The cup from which our Lord drank at the last supper and the sword which pierced His side have been preserved as sacred relics and are watched and guarded by a company of knights of

stainless name and fame. Through the weakness and sin of the King of the Grail the sacred sword falls into the hands of Kundry, the magician, who, after sorely wounding the King with it, bears it away to his magic castle and there holds it by all sorts of spells and enchantments against any attempted rescue. The King is borne back to his castle by his sorrowing knights, and there, since only the sword can heal the wound that that sword has made, he lives a sort of death in life—waiting for the deliverer. He comes at last in the form of "Parsifal"—the "pure fool"—that is, the man who wins his way from ignorance to wisdom by such a love for humanity and such a burning sympathy for its woes that all the temptations and allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil fall from him as arrows from a steel armor. He wins back the sword and heals the wound.

The long-tried spirit of the King is freed at last and "Parsifal" reigns in his stead.

For the music—I have heard oratorios and chorales many, I have heard chants in Roman Catholic cathedrals and hymns in Protestant churches; but to me it is as if through that wonderful Good Friday spell there breathed a little of the very "peace that passeth understanding" for which we wait, and that I never heard anywhere before. It is the touch of a cool hand on the fevered brow, it is the shower of rain on the parched grass, the song of the first bird in spring-time in whose quivering notes breathes all of summer's fullness.

The singers were, I suppose, exceedingly fine on the whole, but I must confess that the one discordant element in the performance was the heroine—the only feminine rôle of importance in the opera. This good lady, who is well known in America, weighs something like two hundred and fifty pounds, and so when she plays the part of the alluring enchantress who would seduce "Parsifal" from his high purpose it comes to pass, not unnaturally, that she is not by any means so alluring and enchanting as one might wish.

For that reason we cannot give "Parsi-

fal" half enough credit for his unwavering virtue, and we think as we listen that it would require more self-denial for him to remain at her side than to fly—as he very properly does.

Ah, well! perhaps the Germans did not perceive this slight flaw; and after all, for a nation in whose art-galleries Mr. Peter Paul Rubens has so large a representation, fifty or a hundred pounds over-weight might naturally escape notice.

On the day after we saw "Parsifal" our party "folded their tents" and departed.

Almost any place would have seemed tame to us, a party of pilgrims from the Mecca of the musical world; but we found Nuremberg an excellent half-way house between Beyreuth and the everyday world. This dear little, old town is fairly reeking with historic and literary associations.

The tumble-down houses with their elaborately painted fronts and gable roofs, the narrow, winding streets where one loses one's self a dozen times within two squares from the hotel, and where one stumbles unawares upon the humble dwelling of a Hans Sachs or an Albrecht Dürer, took our wandering fancy by storm.

We visited the Castle, of course, and heard the reminiscences of kings and kaisers who from time to time have honored the town with a brief sojourn. Saw the mighty linden tree which Queen Cunigunde planted so many centuries ago, and visited the tower where all the instruments of torture, relics of that heroic age, are preserved.

The young woman who acted as our guide was (as is generally the case with officially appointed guides) in a very bad humor indeed.

She explained to us conscientiously, and even with a certain grim relish all the particulars of the various implements, just *how* the wheel broke the limbs of the man who was bound to it, just *how* the fire was kindled under the iron bedstead on which the victim was bound, and various other ingenious and skillful measures by which those sovereigns by divine right kept their subjects in due subjection,

corrected their errors of faith, and emptied their pockets of superfluous gold.

We listened to all the grewsome details with the curiosity to which the daughters and not less the sons of Eve have doubtless the inherited right, but, when on going up to the second story we were called upon to admire the pearl of the collection—the “Iron Maiden”—I found suddenly that I had had enough.

This “Virgin” is simply an iron chest in the shape of a woman, with two doors opening from it on either side with just room inside for the victim to stand, but after the doors closed upon him he was literally crushed to death in the embrace of the “Iron Maiden.” This spectacle I found was a little *too* much, and I retired with speed to the corridor, where the fresh wind and the blue sky reminded me that I was free and that God was over all, even in “ye olden time.”

The Nuremberg churches are enriched with much wonderful carving and with some lovely old stained glass, and in fact the whole town is full of the wonderful fragments and traces of an art whose splendors have long passed away.

We bought souvenir spoons and ate tarts and cakes at the confectioner's, *such* tarts and cakes as, alas! my friends, we don't have in our otherwise favored country. We tried our broken German on the defenseless natives; we lost and found each other a hundred times in a day, and in short we conducted ourselves very much as free-born Americans are wont to do in their pilgrimages through the effete monarchies of the old world.

I liked Nuremberg so much that Munich, in spite of its gay, modern air, splendid galleries, and museums was nevertheless tame and uninteresting.

I had somewhat the feeling of the country girl who declined bacon and cabbage at a dinner party on the plea that “she could get plenty of that at home.” It was antiquity that I wanted and anything less than five hundred years of pedigree would not content me.

So, when we had “done” the Crystal Palace and the old and new picture galleries, I at least was not sorry to find myself again in a railway carriage *en route* for Innsbruck and the Tyrol.

Yours, FLORENTIA.

IN THE GARDEN.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

BEHIND the castle wall it lies,
 O'erwatched by glowing Southern skies,
 A place to rest the weary eyes,
 A nook for secret-telling.
 Here morn-flushed ivies interlace,
 And shifting sunbeams coyly trace
 A dainty pattern on each face,
 Where Cupid's smile is dwelling.

A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY OUR CRITICS.

The editors of this department will be glad to receive communications and suggestions from those interested in the subject, and to answer questions. All communications should be addressed to Editors of School of Fiction, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE following communications have been received by the editors of this department in reply to the question, "What constitutes good fiction?"

Edward S. Van Zile, Literary Editor of the *New York World*, whose novels and short stories have met with great success, writes half in jest, half in earnest:

"In reply to your question as to what, in my opinion, constitutes a good story, permit me to say that the adjective is somewhat vague in its present application. The late E. P. Roe's stories were, in one sense, so good that no well-constructed Sunday-school library was complete without them. On the other hand, Edgar Saltus has written several novels that are, in the same sense, far from 'good.' Nevertheless, from a literary standpoint, Saltus is infinitely more of an artist than Roe. But, I take it, the general drift of the question has nothing to do with the ethical issue. A good story, to my mind, is one which effectively takes a man's mind off of himself and his affairs. A good story, like sleep, 'knits up the raveled sleeve of care.' It is a foe to worry and a friend to rest. He who can excel in wooing us poor, tired, world-worn creatures away from the dusty paths of earth into that pleasing land of drowsy-head, of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye, and of gay castles in the clouds that pass, forever flushing round a summer sky, he who most successfully dulls our cares by the magic of his imagination and makes us forget for a time that the butcher's bill is still unpaid, he is the best story-teller. Good stories are the harmless hashish of the literary flora. And in conclusion, let me say, that, in my

judgment, the best story ever written in English was the one for which I received the highest pay.

"EDWARD S. VAN ZILE."

Andrew E. Watrous, Literary Editor of the *New York Herald*, author of *The Mad Poet's Quest* and other admirable stories, says:

"I have done so little in the field of fiction that my opinion on a school can be of little value. To be honest, however, I must say that any institution, the purpose of which is to make chronic that itch for writing which attacks in youth most people with a taste for reading, is hardly to be encouraged. Save for the very few who have either found something seemingly new to say or a new way of saying something old, fiction is not and never can be a remunerative field. Then, why entice new laborers into it? This is a very material view of the subject, perhaps, but its adoption by most of the thousands of aspirants for literary fame who now besiege the periodicals would save much disappointment. So much for the pupils' standpoint. From the teachers (*i. e.*, the Magazine editors), the idea is, I think, a capital one. I received the sheets [of the School of Fiction] and read them with much interest.

"Very sincerely yours,

"A. E. WATROUS."

Miss Mary M. Cohen, founder of the Browning Society of Philadelphia, and an earnest student of general literature, writes:

"Good fiction consists in a dramatic yet probable plot; the characters presented may be few or many, but should be drawn with distinctness and sympathy. The dialogue ought to be marked by humor as well as feeling, the personages themselves telling the story. The descriptive portions should be as

brief as is consistent with the scope of the tale. There ought to be a variety of incident, and an element of surprise in the development of the plot. If the ethical character of such a work be of the highest order, the influence of the production will be without measure.

"MARY M. COHEN."

Octave Thanet's clever story, *The Return of the Rejected*, published in a recent number of the *Lippincott*, is calculated to stir a sympathetic chord in the breast of most writers who have, earlier or later, had a somewhat similiar experience. With a tender thought of the heroine, whose MS. returned to her so persistently that she finally renounced literature in favor of preserve making, we turn to the heap of MS. before us—feeling, shall we say it very confidentially? that there are other writers in the world who would do well to follow in the footsteps of Octave Thanet's practical heroine. We do not, of course, refer to any particular contributor, least of all to the writer of

The Ojai, A Reminscence.

Evidently the touch of the poet's hand has been here. There is a grace of expression and imaginative conception in this sketch, that render many passages pleasant reading. On the other hand, there is a vagueness about the writer's treatment of details and facts that is better suited to a legend given in poetry than in prose. Attractive as are all descriptions of this mysterious spot in the wilderness, we want something more than description in fiction.

After wading through two-thirds of the MS., we arrive at a slender thread of narrative which proves to be the legend of the place and accounts for the mound which has excited the interest of the stranger wandering through this remote abode of the descendants of the original Indian inhabitants of America. The story of an Indian maiden, who lost her heart to a "pale face," and died soon after from grief and the cruel persecutions of her superstitious people, is not strikingly original, but with the picturesque and weird

surroundings of the mountain retreat there is material enough here for an interesting legendary tale. We can readily imagine what might be made of these elements in the hands of Stevenson, or Rider-Haggard, or Julian Hawthorne, at his best. The patriarchal Spaniard in the background could be made a telling figure, surrounded by his several generations of children, drinking, as our author says, like Noah of old, the product of his own vineyard. "One thing I am quite sure of, that like our grand ancestor, he made much wine, and on occasions such as the event of my visit, he drank with no stint, and the more he drank, still the more he drank, and the less conscious he became of his abasement." Here is a real personage, if a not altogether pleasing one, to contrast with the shadowy spirits that float through the legend.

In addition to the fact that this narrative is too loosely knit together and consequently lacks coherency and force, we find some single sentences that, if we remain true to our critical instincts, we cannot pass by. It certainly is not in keeping with the poetic and elevated style of this sketch to say that a demon "flapped out from the bottomless pit and laid hold of the Christian youth," nor do we consider it good English to say, in connection with the large sums of gold paid to the priests for masses for the soul of the Christian youth: "the demons still hang about in waiting, for if a prayer should be neglected for which the money was settled," etc. Is money ever settled, that most unstable quantity in the universe? Debts may be settled and financial arrangements; but money never, unless it be settled *upon* some person or thing.

In this connection we would like to mention some eccentricities of style found in another MS. which was so good in conception and spirit that the editor of this Magazine decided to accept and rewrite it. "Perhaps you *would* better go to see her first." This may be a correct expression in some other language; but not in the one in which the story is written. If, however, there is any authority for it, even as far back as the English of

Spenser, we would like to be informed. Here is another sentence—"Mrs. B— was one of the company—a rare occasion—for she avoided social gatherings—with her low voice." This construction reminds us of the inhuman lady "who desires to exchange a mahogany crib for a baby three months old, strong and in good condition with wooden head and open sides, standing on four legs for a month at the seaside."

"LITTLE MOTHER NAIL"

Opens naturally. The struggles of the weary, wind-buffed old woman, the rusty umbrella, the flutter in the Mission House, the rescue from the storm to its quiet halls, the sympathy extended there, the reviving cup of tea. In all this the movement is brisk and full of life.

It is in our opinion a pity that such realistic pictures should be followed by a succession of depressing recitals as the following.

About half-way through the story the little mother "begins to grow older and weaker."

A little further on she is "thought to be dying."

Then "for two days and nights she slept, only waking when nourishment was administered."

A page or two later—"she grew weaker and weaker as the days went by."

We advance but a few paragraphs when we read that "she soon grew too weak to bear the confusion," and so on to the end of the story, which at last becomes positively oppressive.

Yet in spite of these obvious faults there are so many excellent touches, the pathos is so genuine that we advise the author to act upon our suggestions to hasten the demise of her heroine and return the MS. to us for a second reading.

If these two MSS., which were accepted, even with some faults of style, do not prove conclusively that the School of Fiction is critical in the true sense of the word, which is to be appreciative of good points, as well as to be on the alert to discover faults and inaccuracies, we

would like to draw attention to the following poem, sent to us for criticism.

PEGGED OUT.

Pard, the varmint struck me heavy,
Kinder guess I'll hev to go,
Notch another in me rifle
For I laid the critter low.

When yer tell the boys the story
'Bout this scrimmage in the night,
Tell them how we fought together,
Tell them that yer pard was white.

Raise me up a little higher,
Tell me you'll wipe out the score.
Take the locket from my busom,
Let me see her face once more.

Don't take this locket from my body,
Let it go with me below,
She was bright as heaven's sunshine,
She was pure as drifting snow.

Don't bury me beneath the willer,
As the Eastern folks would say.
Plant me on the rollin' prairie
Whar the deer comes every day.

Has the moon—gone down already
Are—the stars no longer bright?
Mebbe, pard—I'll wake up yonder
Whar thar's everlastin' light.

This sort of Western dialect writing has been very much overdone, and has come to seem almost artificial in its striving after strong vernacular, yet these verses, with several serious errors, tell their own story in a manner that touches the heart. There is a picture here of the rough camp life, "the scrimmage" and the death scene all illumined by a love that lifts the fading wreck of humanity out of his sufferings into the happier and nobler scenes of early life, hence the sudden change from the rude dialect of the plains to the language of more refined circles whenever the dying miner's thoughts revert to the woman he loved.

The title "Pegged Out," seems to us badly chosen, as it gives no suggestion of the spirit or motive of the poem, and the third line of the first verse jars upon the ear:

"Notch another in me rifle,"

Surely *my rifle* would make the measure better, besides being more natural. There is a suggestion of

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,"

running through the whole poem, although the circumstances of the two poems are as different as the characters that move in them. We do not consider the line,

"Tell them that yer pard was white,"

at all worthy of the last two verses, which are decidedly the best in the poem.

There is a touch of Western freedom and a feeling for nature, and for the living creatures that inhabit her vast expanses, in the lines :

"Plant me on the rollin' prairie
Whar the deer comes every day,"

while in the last verse there is a fine contrast between the realism of the darkening day and the hope of everlasting light.

"THE WAY"

was handed us by a friend who is disposed to consider the author a genius, an incipient Chatterton, an embryo Edgar Allan Poe. Genius is such a rare commodity that we seized the poem with avidity, read it attentively, hoping to coincide with the usually excellent judgment of our friend, shook our head, read it again slowly, and arrived at the conclusion that the writer's admirable ideas of rhythm and harmony were counterbalanced by many grave faults, that he had sacrificed lucidity to high-sounding metaphor and thus buried in obscurity thoughts which hardly repay one for the labor of unearthing them.

It is the author's good fortune to be very young, too young to realize that youth has its own especial charm, its simplicity, spontaneity, a head-long belief in the present with precious little interest in past or future. Instead of refreshing us with green pastures, rhapsodies over butterflies (in wings or petticoats), aspirations which we all know will come to nothing but which make pleasant enough reading, what does our poet do but masquerade as a gray-beard, weary of this work-a-day world.

While we are far from laying an embargo on earnestness or the serious ex-

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pression of ripe wisdom, we hope the author will agree with us that sixteen in gown and wig is as incongruous as sixty in cap and bells.

"The way,
Not in the ravings of the shivered strand,
veering, *helpless barque,*
The wild discordance of the aimless day,
Earth-born and tainted with the earth's decay,
The perfect way."

Now here, in as many lines are three figures of speech, each distinct and apart from the other.

"The ravings of the shivered strand."

We have seen a strand shivered, if that word means creviced by the ebb and flow of the tide, but *raving*!

The alteration, to "Not in the veering of the helpless barque," while it improves the sense of a single line, is less in harmony with the whole, for where is this barque veering? What connection has it with the aimless, earth-born day? None whatever.

So much for the flaws in the first stanza. Its merit lies in the three last lines, which are rhythmical, pleasing to the ear, and standing alone permissible.

"Of origin divine, of order born
To the sweet workings of the Father's will,
All gentle ministries prevailing still
Life's wells to fill.

"In fair content she dwells in sun or shade,
Sweet whispering of fragrant yesterdays,
And looking forward into blissful skies
Her pinions rise."

The figure here is of an angel quieting the troubled waters that in the first verse shivered the strand or tossed the veering barque; now her gentle ministries prevail to fill life's *wells*—a homely avocation not poetically expressed.

"Her pinions rise,
Unfold in splendor, gladdening all the day."

Very well done, but our dear young friend, why change your simile again? Why not stick to the angel instead of leaving her floating in ether while you

wander from the right way to apostrophize the lily and the rose? Whatever you do, avoid mixing metaphors.

"The graceful lily and the queenly rose,
Each beauteous heart her sweet aroma throws
And joy bestows."

"Each from her beauteous heart aroma throws" is clearer and does away with the necessity for two adjectives, one of which appears in a previous verse and is repeated in the last.

"Tempests may seize and rend the stately shrub,
Soft petals fleeing through the air confused,
And all the green sward lie of death accused
Far strewn and bruised."

The couplet—

"Soft petals fleeing through the air confused,
And all the green sward lie of death accused"

is so good that one wishes to expunge the untuneful words "shrub" and "bruised" (this last a palpable make-shift), which precede and follow.

"Yet as pure souls, by life's rude tempest driven,
A rich, sweet influence pervadeth till
The paths they graced with fragrant memories
thrill,
Lives sweetening still."

Only three men of our century have dared to be so obscure—Carlyle, Browning, and George Meredith. They are dangerous models for any youth, even if the divine spark burn within him. Far safer is it to toil than to let one's thoughts run away with the pen as they seem to have done in the final verse of "The Way."

Nevertheless there is much promise in the poem, and more in the fact that its author asks for unbiased criticism.

The following letter has been received from a writer, living at Bloody Gulch, or some such locality. From an author of such avowed ability this offer cannot fail to be gratifying to the editor and critics of the MAGAZINE, whether or not the story is found to be suited to its purposes:

EDITOR ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I have recently written a

story, and before sending it I concluded it would be a good idea to give you a brief outline of its plot and contents, so that you could inform me whether it would be agreeable to yourself and readers or not.

The title of the story is "Threads of Destiny." The plot of the story is a bold, deep, intricate one; the language used in its construction is vigorous and beautiful—in fact, it is written in a high, poetic style; the secrets this plot contains are so wrapped up in a series of circumstances that they are not unfolded until the end is reached, thus holding the reader fascinated or spell-bound from beginning to end. This story contains a very valuable lot of information on psychic science; sexual science, phrenology, etc. The tone and spirit of the story is elevating and ennobling.

This story is not illustrated; it contains about twenty thousand words.

If such a story would suit you let me know.

Very respectfully yours, etc.

THE MENTAL CONDITION.—The strong mind is one which has accumulated power through hard mental activity. Much earnest study, much effort of thought, many a tussle with self-indulgence and love of ease, many a struggle with difficulties and obstacles have combined to give it that vigorous force and elasticity which is to its possessor so valuable a boon. We look with pleasure upon the man thus favored. We admire his clear thought, his sound judgment, his keen discrimination; we envy the ease with which he detects the point of an argument or solves an intricate question or applies a principle; but we do not see, and seldom even imagine, what toil and patience may have been the source of this mental strength. On the other hand, the man who has never learned to control his thoughts and compel them to work, who has shrunk from difficulty and indulged in lazy and idle reverie, must expect to be weak-minded; he has denied to his intellect the very food which it needs to build it up and strengthen it.



LITTLE MAG'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

SHE was never called anything except Little Mag in Kaign Court.

It was well known that her parents were foreigners, and that they were very poor; but not even Mrs. Hocker, who kept the lodging-house in which they died, knew their real names or their history.

Mrs. Hocker had an idea that they were people of the higher class in the country that they left, and she kept their little baby-girl in the hope of being some day richly rewarded.

But no aristocratic grandparents, or rich aunts or uncles came to inquire for Little Mag. At the age of six she was selling newspapers on the street, and was painfully familiar with hunger and cold, and ragged clothes and cross words. Unfortunately Mrs. Hocker had a very disagreeable temper, and when she was angry she often vented on the child the ill-feeling that she harbored against the imaginary rich relatives who had disappointed her.

Yet in spite of her unpleasant surroundings, little Mag grew tall and strong, and contrived to find a good deal of enjoyment. She liked the open, sunny streets, the displays in the shop-windows, the flash of carriage-wheels, and the jingle of sleigh-bells; and she liked to look at finely-dressed ladies and little girls, and then fancy how she would feel if she were dressed in a nice frock and neat shoes, and other pretty and comfortable things.

No one had ever given little Mag a Christmas gift. One winter, as the Christmas season drew near, this mysterious question arose in her mind: Why does Santa Claus give presents to some people, and nothing at all to others?

"Och, choild!" Mrs. Hocker had exclaimed when appealed to, "Santa Claus is jist fonder o' them that lives in the big houses than he is o' the likes of you and me!"

This seemed to Mag, who was very kind-hearted herself, quite incredible; and one morning, concluding to investigate the matter, she rang the door-bell of a fine house in a fashionable street.

"May I see the lady of the house?" she asked of the neat-looking maid who presently appeared.

"See Mrs. Mermain? No, child, you can't," was the discouraging answer. "If it's something to eat you want, go round the back gate, and ask for the cook."

It must be said of Mrs. Mermain that her manner was not very friendly. Strangers regarded her as cold and formal; her servants stood in awe of her; children were shy in her presence, and even her friends sometimes doubted if she cared for them.

She received a great many visitors, however, attended splendid entertainments, traveled abroad when she pleased, and seemed to be always trying to find enjoyment. Yet it was plain that she was not happy.

The trouble was that a few years previous to the date of our story, on a certain Christmas day, a great disappointment and sorrow had come to Mrs. Mermain.

Unfortunately she associated Christmas with her trouble. Sometimes she would close up her fine house at this glad season, lest she might hear the sound of merriment; and once she had let a Christmas pass without bestowing a single gift or making one heart glad.

Mrs. Mermain was in her front parlor trying to read a book that did not interest her when little Mag rang the bell.

"Perhaps the little girl might amuse me," she thought, giving way to a sudden fancy. The next moment the maid at the door was astonished to hear her mistress say:

"Call the child back, and let her come in."

When little Mag found herself alone with Mrs. Mermain, a strange feeling took possession of her, and she could hardly get her breath for a few moments. The magnificence of the room, with its warmth and its perfume, excited her, and the lady's smileless white face and stately, reserved manner made her feel ill at ease.

"I came to ask why Santa Claus don't come 'round our way?" she finally asked. "He 'pears not to care for folks in Kaign Court, though maybe he don't know about it, 'cause it's such a little, narrer place."

"I can't answer for Santa Claus," said Mrs. Mermain, thinking at once of her own trouble. "I'm sorry to say he and I are not very well acquainted."

"Maybe he would come to see you if you invited him," hesitated Mag.

Directly she saw that what she had said distressed Mrs. Mermain, and she felt very sorry.

"Poor lady!" she broke out, sympathetically, forgetting herself and all the things that she wanted for Christmas. Her heart felt so big with tenderness and a desire to help that she could hardly sit still.

Little Mag was not naturally a pretty child; but Mrs. Mermain, looking now into her shining eyes, thought it the loveliest child-face that she had ever seen. The lady felt that a sun-ray was stealing into her heart and warming it.

"Why do you say *poor lady*? why do

you care for me?" she asked. "I'm not a kind woman. No one loves me."

"Oh! yes! I do!"

And again the little neglected face looked beautiful. It was as though some invisible fairy had thrown a magic veil over it, changing the irregular features into graceful lines.

The weary, dissatisfied look gradually left Mrs. Mermain's face as she talked to her strange little visitor. She asked a great many questions, and learned everything that Mag could tell about Kaign Court.

Early on Christmas morning little Mag was awakened by the noise of happy shouting on the street.

"Hillo! Look! Look!" everybody seemed to be calling. At the same moment Mrs. Hocker, in a state of great excitement, rushed into the room.

"Shure, and if it isn't the Good Saint himself, Mag! Mercy on me that I should have been slanderin' him!"

Little Mag flew to the window. What she saw on the pavement below was a large wagon festooned with evergreen, heaped full of boxes and packages and toys of every description. On the top of all, holding the things together with a stout rope, was a little, white-bearded man dressed in fur.

"A merry Christmas to you all!" said the little man, who answered very naturally to the title of Santa Claus generally bestowed on him.

Then he jumped down from his high perch to the pavement and began to unload the wagon, calling the wonder-struck people by their names, and giving each one a present.

A little lame boy received a self-acting wheeled chair; Mrs. Hocker was made happy by a fine, fat turkey and a great package of tea. Little Mag found in her parcel the very things that she had been fancying for herself—a complete suit of new clothes; even the gloves had not been forgotten. To some were given blankets; others got new gowns; and there seemed no end to the dolls and the skates and the sleds and the boxes of candy.

Never before was there such astonish-

ment and rejoicing in Kaign Court; never such laughter and shouts of delight and ringing cheers.

The next day Mrs. Mermain, looking singularly happy and cheerful, called at Kaign Court, and had a long talk with Mrs. Hocker about little Mag.

It seemed that the lady, who had no children of her own, had decided that she would like to adopt the little girl.

At first Mrs. Hocker offered a great many objections, but Mrs. Mermain's liberal provision for her finally induced her to yield. And thus it was that little Mag left Kaign Court to enjoy the benefits and undertake the responsibilities of the wider and richer life now opened for her as Margaret Mermain.

CHILDREN IN LITERATURE.

BY ANNA WHITTIER WENDELL.

WHEN we—the men and women of to-day—were lads and lassies, we could not look forward to the Home Magazines with the same interest children do now. Our “department,” “page,” “play-room,” or whatever we pleased to call it, was only a cramped little corner where we felt all the time on parade; we didn't have a good time at all, for, even if we did meet with a natural child in this out-of-the-way spot now and then, we felt so unnatural ourselves we couldn't get on together in free child-fashion. But to-day children really have a romping-place—a room where they may cut paper dolls and whittle, may lure in the most ridiculous little creatures to play with them, may make the noisiest kind of a din or most unsightly litter and not feel guilty, because mother is right in the next room, laughing at the fun. It is a glorious innovation in periodical literature this making the child joint heir with the parent in the “Home” journals. It not only gives them another mutual home interest, but it becomes a constant educator to the child, just as daily association with elders teaches him some wisdom yesterday unsought. For precisely as he wearies of his actual play-room and wanders into mother's domain to be entertained, does he peep into her portion of

the magazine, and, as fast as the active brain can take it, receives new stimulus. Nor are the children alone benefited; we are the better for their presence. They come with a fearlessness that is part and parcel of their welcome. Come with a shout, or a somersault, or a little mincing tip-toe, every dimple anticipating our surprise, or we snatch them in ourselves because we cannot help it, looking on a quivering, unknissed mouth. And the best of the reform is, it is vital; they have come to stay. Come to waft the purifying incense of innocence and joy over our pages, and all unconsciously, as in the actual presence of a child, we grow more chaste of speech and light of heart. We frolic where we might have moped; tell the truth where we might have been false; say our prayers when we might have forgot, in short, grow tender and mellow and comfortable company as we journey toward that bit of ground where the sun throws long shadows on the grass. And who was the prime mover in this consummation devoutly to be praised? Not Shakespeare, for Arthur, in “King John,” is his nearest approach to giving us a real child, and though, as in every creation of that master pen he is life-like, and our hearts are wrung by the picture of the forlorn little creature hungering for love, and coaxing for compassion with that bewitching pathos inseparable from children in distress, yet, subtle as are these touches, he is distinctly a child of the sixteenth century, and that to us means no child at all. In truth, they played no part in literature until the latter half of the eighteenth century; and behold the transformation one hundred years has wrought! Somebody's hand must have opened the gates, somebody's smile must have welcomed them. Whose? It is but fair the children should be told—told of the man who, wherever oppressed childhood has lifted up its voice, has been found beside it, pleading for the world's compassion. Pleading with manly courage and infinite patience, and that unsurpassed magnetism that belonged alone to “Charles Dickens, the children's friend.” Know you of one to whom the laurel more rightfully belongs? “If any, speak;

for him have I offended." This, I believe, is he. Clearly I perceive in our ready sympathy and interest in all the realistic children who run or limp, laugh or sob, suffer or enjoy in the juvenile pages of our magazines to-day that influence that has made strong men weep, and sharp-voiced women softened and ashamed. That influence that has forever raised the little street gamin from an object of contempt by Joe's piteous query, "What's home?" That influence that has stirred pity and indignation, reverence and love wherever the names of David and Oliver, Little Nell and Paul have been spoken.

I have said the children should be told. Many of them have. Hundreds of parents as they gather round the nursery fire for the story-telling hour that precedes the journey to Sleepy Town, have sown the seeds of compassion and charity by a recital of Nell's wanderings or a sight of ragged Joe.

I take it for granted all the girls and boys of the HOME MAGAZINE know Mr. Dickens, and, what is better, know him for their friend, but perhaps there is just one or two among you who didn't know how this great-hearted man, who yearned over each little suffering child he ever met loved Christmas. Why, bless your little hearts! there isn't one among you that delights in this happy, holy time more than he. He simply reveled in its green bows and red berries, bright faces and crisp air, its gifts and its merry-makings, and above all, he loved its meaning, he rejoiced to think that the whole Christian world was striving to be at peace and do good in that day for Christ's sake. And because he felt this way down in the very bottom of his heart, it has overflowed with the most beautiful, most touching, most bewitching Christmas stories ever written.

There is a whole series of them, called *Christmas Books*. One is named a *Christmas Carol*, and it is as triumphant an anthem as I ever heard, though there is no music and no voices save the invisible choir that sang above the manger where the young Child lay. Another, *The Chimes*, where most wonderful bells are

ringing in kindness and love and peace and thanksgiving with the Christmas dawn. Another—and I always want to cry God bless it! and loiter and listen, for of all the peace-making, comforting, sweet, rapturous little songsters you ever knew, takes up its quarters in anybody's home, this one excels, and what should it be but a *Cricket on the Hearth*, and, my conscience, how it sings! sings out evil and sings in good; sings out sorrow and sings in joy; sings—but oh! nobody can tell you how it sings but just Charles Dickens.

Beside the Christmas books there is the most wonderful picture of his own Christmas trees, as he remembers them, and from top to bottom they are the funniest, fullest, best loved and most faithfully remembered trees I ever saw. Everybody, even when they have grown quite old, can recall many things that hung upon the green branches that spread before their delighted eyes on Christmas morning, but I don't know another soul who could call back all the toys and wonders he did on his, beginning with his very first tree, where, on the tip-top, lolled the "tumbler," with his hands in his pockets and his whole attitude a warning that at any moment he might double up. How, near him, was a jack-in-a-box in a black gown which gave him a shock every time it jumped; and a card-board lady, with a mild, beautiful expression, and a card-board man who worked with a string, and was so evil-looking and so active, "he wasn't a creature to be left alone with." Then there were the four horses with bits of fur tippets for tails and manes, that could be taken out of their wagons and stabled under the piano. And the big black horse, spotted with crimson, and the little old donkey, and the music cart (which he, of course, took apart) and oh! rapture! (for he was a timid little fellow and enjoyed best quiet plays), "the dolls' house," where he wasn't the "proprietor," but where he "visited." To hear him tell of the sitting-room and bedroom, "elegantly furnished;" of the kitchen (his especial joy) with its complete assortment of utensils, and the "tin

man-cook in profile, who was always going to fry two fish," would do you good; but to hear him tell of the glorious tea-drinkings out of a set of blue crockery, whose tiny tea-pot tasted like matches, and made the tea doubly delicious, and of how he accidentally swallowed a small pewter spoon dissolved in too hot tea, would make you laugh until you almost cry. So it would to hear him saying Little Red Riding Hood was his first love, that seeing her standing, flushed and gorgeous, among the dark-green boughs, he felt that if he could have married her, then and there, he would have known perfect bliss.

One after another he comes down the branches, telling what is on each. Now it is books, and, oh! how the *Arabian Nights* made him dream of giants and sultans, beautiful maidens and valleys of diamonds, and a hundred more wonders than I ever found among its pages. Now, a bell rings, and we have to run and get before the green curtain of the toy-theatre, where he tells us the tragedies made him weep as though his little heart was broken, and the pantomime made him laugh, until he could no more.

Now, it seems to me, a man who can enter into the spirit of Christmas like this, must be a child's friend all the year round; and so he was. I tell you solemnly, I shouldn't have known you half so well if he hadn't first showed me how patient and unselfish and really sorrowful little girls and boys can be, and, I think this is so of numbers of other people, who have no little children of their own. And this brings me back to just where I started from: I say earnestly, that if we elders had not first been taught to sympathize with the poor London children's sorrows and joys, struggles and triumphs, you little people who skip in and out of our home journals with so much freedom to-day would not have received the hearty welcome that is yours. So, I think, we all owe a great debt to Charles Dickens; and we owe a great deal to

MISS JENNIE WREN,

DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.

Dolls attended at their own residences,

and a great deal to Little Dorrit. You remember Little Dorrit? the truest, best, most dutiful, most patient child under the sun; and Nicholas? You never in this world have forgotten Nicholas, who had just the kind of pluck in his brave heart boys ought to have, and poor Smike; I know there is not one among you who have ever laughed at simpletons like Smike.

How many of us want to pay our debt I wonder? I do. I want to profit by the lessons he has taught, and at this season, I want to feel for the pitiful mites who scrub steps, sweep stores, black boots, sell papers, swear, steal, make grimaces, and sob under our eyes daily the same compassion and charity I have felt for the destitute little creatures he has drawn. For, for the most part, his were real children; they carried no heavier cares in their childish hearts than these; they had as many pleasures in their lives. I want to tell you something in confidence. I hope you won't think for a moment I blame him, or think he can help it. I suppose it's all owing to his bringing up; but I want to tell you that Santa Claus is an aristocrat; very exclusive, very indifferent to real poverty. It seems an ungrateful thing to say, looking back upon my well-filled stockings, but it's true. There is never found the track of reindeers on a poor child's roof, though the snow lies heavy on it many times.

I'm not going to explain my ill-natured remark about the dear old roly-poly, jolly, bewhiskered fellow, it's a Christmas hint, that's all I've got to say, except, that if you take it, you pay your debt to Charles Dickens, and make a blessed Christmas offering to the child whose birth we celebrate, and the Master who has said: "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have have done it unto me."

A word more, which seems to me but right and true to say, and then I wish you from my heart the merriest and best Christmas you have ever known.

We will imagine Christmas morn is here. Imagine we are standing by the tree laden with its tokens of remem-

brance. Imagine every face is shining with the gladness and the love we cannot speak, when, lo! upon the Christmas air there breaks the Christmas chimes, joyous bells, treble bells, deep bells, distant bells, a tumultuous intermingling of sweet and throbbing sound. And as we listen may our swelling hearts bear on the dear refrain, until we stand in grateful memory by the tomb of him who loved them, and put upon our lips the Christmas greeting: God bless us every one!

[If the girls and boys who read this will read "Charity's Christmas" in the first part of this Magazine, they will find out how they can do all that Miss Wendell suggests, and make some of these little children that Charles Dickens loved so well happier than they have ever been.—EDITOR.]

A LOVING SACRIFICE, MADE BY LITTLE CHEERFUL GIVERS.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

IN the village there was to be a "giving" instead of "receiving" time during the holidays. The household decorations of mistletoe, holly, and evergreen were not to be omitted. Neither was the time-honored Christmas tree.

Only the recipients of the gifts were to be the very poor, who seldom enjoyed "glad hours and good times."

On this Christmas there were many homes in which even the comforts of life were lacking, after a year of scant crops and slack work.

Even little children were early learning the meaning of the word "poverty."

Somebody who had a little something to spare, proposed "giving substantial to the cold and hungry, instead of pretty gifts to the fortunate who did not need them."

The idea spread, and early in the season needles were flying; vegetables selected and stored. Old and young were alike busy and interested.

'Rusha and Allan Winn, two bright, young people, thought a great deal over what they had to give, that anybody would care for.

They had very little of anything for

themselves, truth to tell, because of sickness in their own family.

One evening in late November they looked out through the kitchen-window at the shadows cast upon the snow by the big spruce pines.

Near by stood a large chestnut tree which had one month ago yielded to the nipping frost, and showered down "heaps and heaps" of brown, ripe, sweet nuts.

Those nuts were now husked, and drying upon the garret-floor, waiting Farmer Gray's convenience to take them to market.

The stars were shining brightly. In the stove a good fire roared and crackled. Mamma Winn sat mending a pair of badly-worn gray wool mittens.

"Oh! look! 'Rusha, at the trees. The evergreen ones. Just like a big Christmas tree. If we only had something for the miner's children. I can't think of anything that we can spare," said Allan, earnestly.

"Allan, there are the chestnuts. They are our very own; we could give those. Farmer Gray says that we can easily sell our part of the chestnuts for eight dollars. The money would buy lots an' lots of things for the miner's boys and girls," replied 'Rusha, a little regretfully.

"Yes," said Allan, "there are the chestnuts, but we need warm clothes for the cold weather. My coat is thin. Your cloak is too little for you. Three dollars of the money *must* go to buy mamma's warm shoes and rubbers."

"I—I—think, brother, that I can stay at home when it is too cold to wear my shawl. I saw little Joey Brown, whose papa was suffocated in the mine. The poor little fellow was cold and hungry. Mamma called him in, and tried to comfort him. I must let my part of the chestnut money buy something for Joey," said 'Rusha, softly.

Allan made no answer but sat down to help "mamma" with the mending.

Farmer Gray came in before bedtime to "bag the chestnuts," explaining that "he would be off to the city before any of the village people would have had their first nap out."

"A pretty good load, young people, an'

chestnuts are uncommon high this year. You may count upon at least eight dollars for Christmas spending-money. I'll do my best for you," said kind Farmer Gray, as he carried away the bag of nuts.

During the next afternoon after school hours two small faces were pressed against the window panes of the window looking out upon the "public road," watching for the big red wagon and gray horses known as "Gray's team."

Just before supper the "Gray" horses were reined up before the little gate. 'Rusha and Allan ran out to receive the nine silver dollars the chestnuts had brought.

"Three for you, mother," said 'Rusha, eagerly, raining three silver coins in Mrs. Winn's lap. "Now listen, mamma, and tell me if I may give my money to the miner's children," continued the little girl, as she told of the intended gift.

"Is it right, mamma, for us to give so much when we need so many things and have no pretty pictures or nice books?" inquired Allan.

"That question is for you to answer, my son. The Lord only loves a cheerful giver. A gift that is given grudgingly is not a pleasing gift," returned Mrs. Winn.

The next morning the six precious silver dollars, the price of the chestnuts lovingly watched by two pair of bright eyes from the time the tiny blooms burst out in the spring-time until the nipping frosts loosened the burrs, were freely given to bring a little Christmas cheer to the very poor in "Smoky Hill row."

Mrs. Winn promised to inquire into the needs of the little ones and get just as much comfort as she well knew how to do, as the "chestnut" money would buy.

Nobody heard of the sacrifice and made it up to 'Rusha and Allan, as there were others who had made sacrifices that the destitute might have a little Christmas cheer.

They take pleasure in seeing Joey's feet encased in a pair of stout shoes, and have not forgotten the grateful smile which lighted up the wan face of the mother when a basket containing hominy, meal,

and other substantial were carried her on Christmas morning by 'Rusha and Allan.

"Cheerful givers the Lord loveth." With this assurance the cheerful giver needs no earthly reward. To be loved by the Lord is unspeakable riches.

MUM NANNY'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGARET ANDREWS OLDHAM.

CHAPTER I.

"MARGIE! Margie!" called my brother Ned, standing by my bedside early, very early one cold winter morning, about ten days before Christmas.

I was startled at being waked so much earlier than usual, and much annoyed when I gave him a reproachful look and said, "Do go away, Ned. Are you crazy to come waking me at such a disgraceful hour? What is the matter?"

"Excuse me, Margie, but father sent me to say that our cook is gone, and—"

"Gone where?" I asked, in dismay.

"She took French leave during the night, I suppose, and mother has a bad headache."

"Think of a cook leaving ten days before Christmas!" I said, angrily.

"But what are we to do, Ned?"

"Well, of course, it devolves upon you and me to manage breakfast, but don't look so serious; I'll run on and build a fire in the stove, and have the kettle singing when you come," and he hurried away, feeling his importance in this new difficulty.

I started on my new field of labor with considerable depression and trepidation, because the mysteries of cuisine were secrets to me; but father was standing in the doorway when I entered the kitchen, and patting me tenderly on the shoulder, said he was sure I'd do bravely, and if I needed assistance, call on him, as he had learned to cook when a soldier in the war.

We managed the breakfast, however, with tolerable accuracy, and father gave us each a hug, and said we looked like warriors after the first fight. "And now we must have a cook, that's certain," he

continued, laughing; "you children go keep your mother company, and I'll drive out in the country to see if I can find a good cook."

We went to mother with our troubles and burns and blisters, and found balm for them all. Then I darkened the room, and tenderly stroked her soft brown hair, and pressed her throbbing temples till she fell into a sweet slumber.

After several very quiet hours had passed and mother had waked, feeling much better, Ned came in, smiling, to say that he saw old Shylock's head through the magnolia boughs, down the long avenue in front of our house, and a big black image on the seat by father, which he supposed was our new cook. We had never been interested in cooks before, but we now looked anxiously for this one, and resolved to be very good to her.

Presently father came in, softly, and we looked to see the cook following close at his heels, but there was no such creature visible.

"Father," we all said at once, "where's the cook?"

"I want to tell you something about her, first, before you see her," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Then after kissing mother and the children, he said:

"You have often heard me speak of Nanny, an eccentric, but devoted servant of my father's, who used to nurse me when a little fellow. She was not grown, then, but just large enough to 'tote me 'round,' as she expressed it. Well, you know I left home when quite a young man, and never saw nor heard of many of the old servants again—among them Mum Nanny, as I used to call her. During the war, she and her family—for she had by that time a husband and three children—drifted away from the old plantation, and have not been heard from since. Her children died, or wandered away from her, long ago; her husband died a few years ago, leaving her entirely alone, and it was by the merest accident that I found her to-day out in the woods not far from her little shanty. She was talking to herself very earnestly, and at-

tracted me at once, as looking like the old-time darkies, and after drawing her into conversation, I was not long in tracing her back to my old nurse.

"You should have seen her fall on her knees, and cry and rejoice over me, when she was convinced that I was but the grown-up baby she used to nurse.

"O Lord!" she said, 'lemme die right hyah in dese ve'y tracks, 'case I done see mer ole marster's chilluns, en him—mer baby, my leetle Kit w'ot I done lub en tote roun'.' She didn't want me to get away from her, and when I told her I would take her home with me, she almost shouted for joy. She has asked me many questions about you all, and you must be very kind to her and humor her a little; you will find her not only more respectful than the servants nowadays, but faithful and devoted as well."

Then Mum Nanny was asked to come in. She did not wait for an introduction, but rushed up to each of us, calling us by name, hugging us up to her bosom in her loving old black arms, and covering us with tears and kisses.

"Sho' Marse Kit yo' is er happy man! God bress dem chilluns, en aint dey lubly? I lubs ebry bone in yo' bressed bodies," she said, proudly.

It was something new to us, but we liked it, and we hovered around her because she seemed so happy in having us near.

"You haven't forgotten how to cook, Mum Nanny, I hope?"

"Dunno nuffin 'bout yer kind o' high-ferlutin' eatin', but I kin cook de ole time wittles, honey."

CHAPTER II.

We proceeded to the kitchen. When Mum Nanny reached the doorway she stood with a hand on each hip and with an expression of dismay on her broad, fat face. She shook her head and muttered to herself. Clearly something was "to pay." Presently she turned a pitiful look to father, and said:

"Marse Kit, sonny, Nanny haf er go

back ter de woods, 'case she dunno nuffin 'bout dat tomfoolery."

"What is it, Mum Nanny?" asked father, consolingly.

"Dat," she said, pointing in angered disgust at the stove.

Father seemed puzzled at first, and then, breaking out into a hearty laugh, said:

"Oh! yes, I forgot we didn't have stoves in the olden time; you were used to cooking in a big open fire-place with pot-hooks and skillets, and ovens and lids, and oh! how good that old-time eatin' was, Mum Nanny. I'd just like to sit down once more to a good, square meal cooked in the fire-place; meat and greens, and pot-liquor with corn dumplings in it; rice and yam potatoes, and old-fashioned corn-dodgers; then a chicken-pie, and apple-dumpling; a barbecued pig, and a fat turkey, roasted before the fire with the sweet juice dripping off, and—"

"O father!" we all laughed, "how much more?"

Old Nanny was happy now, for the mention of all these things brought back pleasant memories to her. She was bending herself backward and forward, laughing and grinning, and clapping her hands—in fact, "laughing all over," as the children declared.

But she grew serious again as her eyes fell on the stove.

"Let's see," said father, a bright idea beaming in his eye, "maybe there is a fire-place somewhere in here. Sure enough, there is one over here behind the stove."

With the aid of hammer and hatchet, the fire-place was soon brought into full view, and Mum Nanny put on a broad smile.

"Dat mity leetle," she said, "but nuf—nuf better'n dat," pointing again to the stove.

Father then told us how the old-fashioned fire-places reached across the kitchen, and were twelve or fifteen feet wide, so we did not wonder that our cook thought it "mity leetle."

"Now, Mum Nanny, I will tell you what to do," said father, by way of settling matters. "Ned will make you a fire

in the stove, and show you all about it, and help you, too, so that you can manage to get through dinner on it, and after dinner you can go down-town and select such cooking vessels as you wish for the fire-place, in which you shall cook ever after, if you desire."

But she looked mystified, for she was thinking about the "square dinner" father had said he wanted, and wondering how and where she was going to cook it.

He read her trouble, and said, laughing:

"We will not try to have a square dinner to-day though, as it is now late; just give us some broiled steak and brown gravy, rice, beaten biscuits, and fried sweet-potatoes, and we'll get along till supper. And see here, Mum Nanny—there's one important thing I came near forgetting—the coffee. Make some good, strong, old-time coffee, like we used to drink."

"He! he! he!" she laughed. "Dat's you, Marse Kit, ebby time; lub coffee ebber sence yo' ben so high," holding her hands about two feet from the floor.

Ned stayed behind to manage the stove, repeatedly assuring old Nanny that it "wasn't dangerous."

Dinner was soon ready, and it was a delicious success; even the coffee father declared to be "good enough for a king."

Then Mum Nanny went to mother's room to beguile her into eating something. Mother never eats or drinks when she is sick; no amount of coaxing or logic can prevail upon her to do aught but fast; but when old Nanny went up to her bedside and reverently kissed her thin white hand and said:

"Now, Miss Mollie, honey, I know zackly wot yo' want en' I gwine ter fetch hit mity quick. Yo' want er cup o' bilin' hot strong tea, some brown toas' wid er speck o' butter on hit en' jes er leetle piece o' brile ham fer ter gi' yo' er relish." Mother did not object, and Mum Nanny hurried away, to return in a wonderfully short time with a very tempting little tray. To our surprise, mother ate it without any persuasion, and actually

asked for another cup of tea! It was astonishing to see how quickly she recovered under this treatment.

After dinner, as father had suggested, Mum Nanny went down-town and selected her cooking utensils. They were odd-looking vessels, but we were loud in their praise when we had samples of their cooking: the great puffy loaves of light bread, the crisp home-made crackers, the light, snowy biscuits and waffles and batter-cakes that would melt in your mouth. The aroma of the tea and coffee would be sufficient guarantee to the passer-by of the other eatables.

By degrees we had all the "old-time" dishes we had heard so much about; the chicken pie, the cherry roll, the plum pudding and apple dumpling; and when Christmas came everything was in readiness for the fullest enjoyment. We had that square dinner, with the roast pig and apple sauce; he was put on the table with a red apple in his mouth. There was the golden-brown turkey, too, stuffed with oysters and chestnuts and garnished with curly-leaved parsley and eaten with cranberry sauce; the plum pudding that came in ablaze—and all the etceteras of an old-time Southern Christmas dinner.

Mum Nanny looked very proud and happy in her new red bandanna head-dress, her brown and yellow checked gingham frock and apron, warm moccasins—her Christmas gifts that morning.

It was a peaceful, happy day, and one we can never forget, for it was the first and last Christmas ever shared with us by faithful, loving old Mum Nanny.

CHAPTER III.

WE gathered around the cheerful fire of blazing light-wood knots to spend the long winter evenings in reading or other amusements; after the dishes were cleared away, we'd hear a light shuffle of moccasins at the door, and father would say, cordially:

"Come in, Mum Nanny," and she would come softly in, with the never-forgotten "kerchy" (courtesy), take her accustomed seat in the corner on the

floor nearest the fire, and fill her old corn-cob pipe.

So we were quite used to seeing her there in the warm corner, so humble, so comfortable, nodding over her short-stemmed pipe. Sometimes father would question her about the old times and old servants, and then she would seem like a new creature; how she would laugh and gesticulate and talk in her quaint lingo that we all loved so much to hear when the old subjects she loved best were brought up.

"Mum Nanny," father said, one night, as she sat nodding and sleeping in the corner, "do you remember much about Luce, our old cook at home? She was an oddity, but I was too young to remember much about her."

"Me 'member Luce? He! he! he!" she said, laying down her pipe. "Nanny 'member Luce? Sho Lordy, Marse Kit, how dat ole nigger done fuss 'n quar'l. Ole Miss, she say, 'Lucy, aint I done tole yo' how fer ter cook dat pudd'n, nuf 'n nuf times ergin, 'n hyar yo' come 'er spilin' it, de ve'y day wot yer ole Marse done axt comp'ny. I shame fer yo', Lucy, deed I is, case yer bad heart make yo' do dat-a-way. Yo' kin do better'n dat, 'n yo' know it.' Ole Luce drap the dish wot she hole in 'er han', 'n out'n de kitchen, like she ben sot er-fire; she git mad dat quick, yo' t'ink de lightnin' done struck 'er. She run up top de hill, whar 'er little house sot, full o' chilluns, 'n she pick up dis'n, 'n juck up dat'n, 'n airy one wot she fine fus, 'n shake 'em, 'n drap 'em out de do'. Lord, how dem little niggers come er-rollin' 'n tumblin' down dat hill wor er sight. Dreckly ole Luce come back in de kitchen, smilin' like er basket er chips—done lose all her mad on dem chilluns."

"Yes, she always vented her spite on her poor children," said father. "By the way, she had a good many children, didn't she?"

"Yaas, honey, dat she did, po' critter. She hab nineteen livin' 'n five dead 'n gone. Ev'y las' one hab er nickname 'bout dey laigs; dar wor M'riah, wot dey call bo-laigs, 'n Calline be hop-laigs, 'n Jane, pot-hooks. John dey call bandy-

laigs, 'n Bill hab the duck-laigs. But Emly she hab the wust uv all—dey call 'er wobble-laigs, case she wobble fum one side o' path ter tuther. Dey wor er fussy set o' niggers, but de way ole Luce frail 'em wid 'er bresh-broom 'n sling 'em right 'n lef', hit want no oncommon sight. Ole Miss she scole Luce case she beat 'n bang 'er chilluns so, but Luce she fly at 'em 'n flog 'em wen she git raidy."

"Do you remember Cuffy?" father asked, after old Luce had been thoroughly discussed.

"Wot, dat fool-nigger? Ole Marse say all de sense in Cuff's head done run down out'n 'is nose. But he aint nebber hab none in dar. He jis hab nuf sense ter ketch fish. I 'member one time, Marse Kit, wen I wor nussin' yo', 'n yo' wor 'bout so high, yo' see Cuffy comin' troo de back way, 'n yo' run arter 'im 'n say 'Hello, Cuffy, whar yo' ben?'"

"'Ben-er-fishin', he say, talkin' troo 'is nose.

"'Yo' ketch any fish?' yo' say.

"'Yaas,' he say.

"'How many yo' ketch, den?' yo' ax.

"'Ketch five,' he say.

"'Wot kin' is dey?' yo' ax 'im.

"'Two on 'em wor turkles,' he tell yo'.

"'N wot is de res?' yo' say.

"'Waal, dey wor turkles, too,' he say troo 'is nose.

"'Yo' laff fit ter kill yersef, but dat wor the bes' sense wot dat po' fool-nigger ebber had in dis worl'."

"Mum Nanny," said father, changing his tone and looking thoughtful, "do you know where your children are, or whether they are all alive? Whatever became of George? He was a good boy."

Her ebony face grew sad and great tears chased each other down to her blue-checked homespun apron. She dropped her head on her knees and moaned, but presently looked up and said in a tremulous voice:

"De good Lord only knows, Marse Kit, 'n how I has wisht arter dem chil-lun. George ben sole ter rich men wot lib in de Mississippi wally, 'n I aint nebber see ner hyar tell o' 'im sence. He

wor er good boy, 'n lub 'is ole mammy. Dick, po' boy, he nebber hab er strong back, but he hab er fine head—ole Marse say—'n he hanker arter goin' up Norf case 'is fine head wor turned wid de tales wot dem Yankees done tole 'bout the gran' tings up dar. Po' boy, he mus' go, 'n jes like I knowd, dey want no mo' heb'n up dare den dey wor down hyar wid ole Marse 'n ole Miss. He come back 'n tell me dis, 'n den lay down 'n die wid de cole wot he kotch up dar. Retta, she marry good nuf man, 'cep' he would cyar 'er off way down to de New Orlean, whar she nebber see 'er po' ole mammy ergin."

"You may live to see one or two of your children yet," said father. "Stranger things have happened, so cheer up, and I will see if we can find out anything about them."

But she shook her head mournfully as she kerchied her good-night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE winter with its long, happy evenings and fireside amusements, the funny stories of Mum Nanny, the pop-corn and candy-stews, were all over, too soon for our little home circle, and the spring, too, was nearly gone when an event of some importance to at least one of our household occurred.

One evening, as we were seated at tea, Mum Nanny put her bandannaed head in at the dining-room door, saying:

"'Marse Kit, 'scuse me fer intruptin' yo', but dey er stray nigger at de back gate wot ax ter see de gemmun er de house, so he say. Nebber see de lack o' stray niggers sence I ben bawn! Lack ter know wot ail de critters, nowhow, traipsin' erroun' dis time er night, 'tend-in' lack dey hab bizness wid de gemmun er de house!" This last she muttered with contempt as she closed the door. Father went out, telling mother to put by some supper, as he supposed some poor hungry man to be at the gate, but he stayed so long that Mum Nanny had grown uneasy, and again put her head in at the door with this anxious remark: "Dat nigr'er sho' mus' hab bizness wid

de gemmun er de house, lack he done say! Miss Mollie, honey, 'speck yo' better call Marse Kit, case it aint noways safe fer ter be er talkin' wid stray niggers in de dark."

Mother, too, had grown a little nervous and was just about sending Ned with a message when father himself came in, wearing a mysterious look, and, after closing the door, said: "I have good reason for believing that the man I have been talking to is George, Mum Nanny's son." We were all delighted, and wanted to rush out to Mum Nanny, and tell her the good news, but father said, "No, let her find out for herself. I told the man to go around to the kitchen, and the cook would give him some supper. Here, Mammy," he called from the door, "take some supper to that man, and let him sit down in the kitchen to eat it, and see here"—as he noted her look of scorn—"he says he came from the Mississippi valley, and it is probable that he can give you some news about your son George." At these words, her manner and interest changed, perceptibly, and she hastened to appease the man's hunger.

When tea was over, we repaired to the parlor, where each participated in happy home music, father and Ned assisting with their flutes, and the children's voices making perfect the old melodies. In the kitchen a very interesting conversation must have been going on, for, in about an hour Mum Nanny presented herself in the parlor door, with the happiest look and demeanor we had ever seen; she was literally loaded with smiles and "kitchens."

"Chilluns!" she said, in the exuberance of her joy, "I's dat happy I kin shout hallelujah till daylight! Yo' know dat stray nigger? He nuthin but George, dat same boy George, wot been sol' and car'd to the Miss'sippi wally, en now he done tu'n up, live en well, but po' as Job's tucky."

We affected the most delighted surprise, and the children ran to the kitchen to shake hands with George, as though he were an old acquaintance.

Mum Nanny gave up her little room, that night, to the prodigal son, as she

seemed to regard him, and prepared a cot for herself in the kitchen.

George proved himself a very worthy man, and father secured for him the position of porter on one of the railroad trains passing daily through our town, and thus he could see his mother for a few minutes each day, and spend every Sunday in the light of her smiles. In his travels, he traced up Retta, who, after losing her husband and three children in the yellow fever scourge at New Orleans, had fled to Atlanta, Georgia, with her oldest and only child, Nanny. There they had been living for several years.

Old Mum Nanny then seemed to have every wish in life gratified but to see Retta and her child, and as the summer passed her health failed perceptibly, which caused us to feel sadly fearful about her. Our fears were not ungrounded, for she gradually became too feeble to attend to any regular work, although she would never complain, but made a great effort to "keep er goin'," as she expressed her desire to be energetic. Then mother said we must send for Retta and her child. They were glad to come on, at once, and happy was the meeting between mother, daughter, and grandchild.

Mum Nanny was greatly cheered, and appeared to take a new lease on life, but it was only a temporary excitement; that old age with its infirmities were upon her was to us all a painful reality. Retta was a good cook and faithful servant, as well as a loving and watchful daughter, and young Nanny made a very bright and useful house-girl. We were very much saddened to see how, day by day, our poor old Mammy was passing away. Sundays were her happiest days, with her children and all she best loved around her, and no invalid could have been more lovingly cared for than this faithful old soul.

Christmas had almost made its merry round again. Mum Nanny seemed better than usual, and took special interest in helping Retta make ready the good things for this festive occasion. In addition to the roast pig and fat turkey, she had also a fat opossum, dressed up with sweet potatoes, which she declared

looked "good enough fer to make a queen's mouth water."

Early, very early on Christmas morning, even before the smaller children were awake, Ned came into my room, and after touching me gently, called: "Margie, O Margie!" in such a troubled voice, that I was awake in a moment.

"What is it, Ned?" I said quickly, sitting up in my bed, and beginning to shiver.

"Our poor old cook is gone," he said in a husky voice.

I was thinking of that early winter morning, just a year ago, when he had come into my room, and told me our cook was gone.

"Gone?" I said, in a half whisper.

"Yes, gone," sobbed Ned. "Margie, Mum Nanny is dead."

Although we were prepared to expect it at any time, this sudden death was a terrible shock to us. I threw on my wrapper and went with Ned; we found Retta bending over her poor old mother, weeping bitterly. She had wished to slip quietly from the room very early, without disturbing her rest, but upon going to draw the covering more closely about her, the rigid form and features told the awful truth.

The early morning just dawning like a benediction over that sacred day of hallowed associations looked in with wan stillness upon our little family standing sad and tearful around the bed of our faithful old cook.

How strangely new and awful it was to us! What a lonely day was that in which our young lives first felt the presence of death! Yet we were glad to think she departed just in time to join in the grand Christmas above.

She was buried, with tender solemnity, in a corner of our family lot, and a simple white marble slab at her head bears only this:

"Mum Nanny."

TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

TO the first girl or boy who sends us the names of all the authors of the fol-

lowing quotations we will give a handsomely bound book:

FIVE MINUTES WITH?

"Oh! that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery."

"In Nature there's no blemish but the
mind,
None can be call'd deformed but the un-
kind."

"Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs it most grows two
thereby."

"Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small."

"With equal minds what happens let us
bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things
beyond our care."

"For we have all our vices, and the best
Is he who with the fewest is oppressed."

"Of writing well these are the chiefest
springs,
To know the nature and the use of
things."

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

21. When and where was George Washington born?

22. What mission was he sent on in 1753?

23. When, where, and by whom was Fort Duquesne built?

24. What were the chief events of the French and Indian war?

25. Who were Wolfe and Montcalm, and why are they celebrated?

26. Who was Benjamin Franklin, and what discovery did he make?

27. What difficulties did the colonists have with their governors?

28. What was the Stamp Act and its results?

29. What was the Boston massacre?

30. What were the causes of the Revolution?

HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

[At the request of many readers we have added this department, in which you can tell each other all the good things you know and want others to know. It is open to you all. Address all letters intended for it to Aunt Jean, care of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, Pa.]

A SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE have secured a few copies of a very handsome phototype of Mr. T. S. Arthur, and have decided to give one (as long as they last) to each one of our subscribers who sends a letter to the "Home Circle" good enough to be published.

To any one who prefers it we will give one of the one hundred and sixty-four books in Premium No. 30 (see the November premium-list) for a letter to the "Home Circle."

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

THE housewife's lot is one of busy cares and never-ending toil, apparently. Yet it can be materially lightened by practicing certain economies. The very first thing for the housekeeper to learn is how to leave certain things undone. It may require the finest tact and discrimination to do this well and successfully, but done it must be. Amid the multitudinous perplexities of the domestic routine there is always something that must be neglected.

Life is not long enough to do everything, nor is human endurance sufficient to sustain the burden. Do the important things first when you have the strength to do them well, and then discriminate.

One of the great things in the economy of housekeeping is to save time, which is the most precious thing in the world. Learn to economize there.

Too many of our housekeepers are mere drudges. Their whole day's work is in the kitchen and dining-room. It is

constant labor, constant worry, with no time for mental improvement or social intercourse. This should not be. We are defeated in our attempts to make home cheerful and happy because we pay too much and work too hard. We task and weary ourselves so much in the attempt to collect the materials for enjoyment that they can give us but little pleasure when they are collected. We need more quiet naturalness and simplicity in our domestic life, more comfort and less art in our homes, less parade in the parlor and better cooking and less of it in our kitchens. The best clock has the fewest wheels and makes the least noise; and the more simple the order of our domestic life, the better and happier it will be.

In saving time the secret lies in having order and method. Every successful housekeeper will have a certain plan for each day's work, and things are brought round according to that plan. If such a plan is followed consistently and conscientiously, there will be no wasted hours, and nobody will be flustered with haste or exhausted with weariness. One of the most important things to do in order to be a good house-manager is to rise early. There is nothing better than to deliberately take time by the forelock. The early riser is always mistress of the situation. Good Mrs. Poyser, in George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, expresses it finely when she says: "Them, that get their work done must rise with the lark in the morning; folks that want to be slaves, forever drudging and doing no more than that heathen feller Sisyphus, or some such name, who was allus rolling a rock up-hill, can lie abed if they choose to. It's the early bird as gets the first worm."

There must be an economy of health, strength, and good temper as well as of time. One must bring as much patience to the art of housewifery as she would bring to bear in learning music, in carv-

ing a statue, or painting a picture. Everything cannot be done in a moment. To wait without work is idleness; to work without waiting is haste and waste; to work and wait both is to be at peace. No words are truer than those of the old Mussulman, "God's blessing is upon the patient." Irritations and annoyances must needs occur in the best-regulated household. But they are naught but small clouds that will vanish like dew before the sunshine in the presence of the calmness of faith and serenity of mind at peace with God and the world.

Life is short at the best, and we must make the most of it. A step saved by planning is so much gained. "Make the head save the heels" is one of the old proverbs that is worth remembering. However much you may be driven by work, always take time to think,

"For evil is wrought
From want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Every housewife should avail herself of all the improvements in the way of labor-saving machines. It is a poor economy to go without sewing-machines, knitting-machines, carpet-sweepers, refrigerators, merely because they cost money. It will be a pecuniary loss in the end if you do not supply yourselves with all the modern helps in the kitchen and sitting-room. Your good man will not work with poor or old-fashioned tools, no more should you.

Most of the time and labor spent in doing fancy cooking are extravagancies. Elaborate cookery is not necessary at all. Substantial dishes are the best, the most wholesome, and the easiest obtained. Much drudgery might be avoided by using fruit oftener in its native state. Apples, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, or currants are quite as delicious and far more healthful to have for dessert in their season, as these same fruits elaborately prepared and "imprisoned in a paste of grease and flour." Or they can be simply stewed and eaten as sauce with bread. The use of good canned goods in the winter affords a wonderful saving of time, labor, and patience.

Next to the drudgery of the kitchen

the housewife's greatest bane is sewing. This might be remedied more than it is by buying ready-made clothing. All of the under-clothing can be purchased more cheaply at the great stores of the city than they can be made. Night-dresses for all the members of the family, and morning dresses for yourself and daughters can be bought in elegant patterns at any price you wish. It seems very foolish for a woman driven with work to spend all the spare time of one week sewing on a shirt that she can obtain ready-made for less money than the cost of the material at her country store. So much sewing is a tax upon time and the eyesight that can ill be afforded in the greater number of our large families. Most housewives will do well to retrench in this line.

THE FLORAL CLAIRVOYANT, FLORAL
"BILLET-DOUX," GYPSY'S WARN-
ING, MARGUERITE'S FOR-
TUNE-TELLER AND CON-
TRARY MARY.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

FOR this pretty entertainment, floral fortune-telling, decorate the parlors or hall with the flowers, vines, and evergreens easily procured. The "Good Will" Society gave in mid-winter in a small city a "Floral Clairvoyant Evening" which was both enjoyable and remunerative, the object being to raise sufficient money to make comfortable during the severe weather, a penniless and friendless old lady, whose only refuge was the Almshouse.

The hall was decorated with large boughs of evergreen, fir, pine, hemlock, pine, cedar and ground-pine, brightened up with a few large roses (paper ones) of vivid colors.

The "Clairvoyant's" table was nearly hidden by green boughs deftly interwoven. The table was covered with pine needles and finely clipped cedar. A few red roses, the language of which is "love," are tastefully and carelessly arranged about the border. In the centre of the table is a large bowl holding cards, upon which is written the name of a flower and the quality belonging to it,

emblematic of the character of the future companion of the gentleman who seeks to "peer into the future." Another bowl holds the cards and descriptions of the opposite sex. Ladies may, for the small sum charged, draw a card, telling of the excellence, or lack of it, in their intended husbands.

The clairvoyant wore a rose-colored circular with a hood attached which was becomingly frilled about her pretty, piquant face. The black eyes sparkled, and the gypsy's laugh rang out merrily when a too confident masculine drew an "unwelcome" fortune.

(The cards may be slips of tinted paper.)

The Good Will's prepared cards intended to represent the ladies reading thus: "Mignonette, pure; Thistle, patriotic; Hyacinth, playful; Thyme, merry; Tulip, proud, conceited; Violet, modest; Primrose, simple, candid; Rose, loving; Daffodil, daring; Oak-leaf, hospitable; Red Rosebud, pure and lovely; Aster, changeable; Corn-flower, extravagant; Saffron Crocus, gay; Wood Sorrel, joyful; Myrtle, devoted; Heartsease, kind, thoughtful; Poppy, lazy; Hawthorn, hopeful; Marigold, rich; Ragged Robin, witty; Geranium, stupid; Daisy, an early riser; Stock, hasty; Jasmine, amiable; Laurel, brave; Hollyhock, ambitious; Snowdrop, hopeful; Sorrel, affectionate; Sycamore, full of curiosity; White Sutton, sweetness; Thorn Apple, deceitful charms; Blue Salvia, wise; Rue, disdainful; Star of Bethlehem, purity; White Pink, talented; White Mullein, good-natured; White Oak, independent; Walnut, intellect; Wall-flower, fidelity in poverty; Yew, sorrowful; Cowslip, winning and graceful; Scarlet Fuchsia, tasteful; St. John's Wort, superstitious; Mimosa, sensitive; Barberry, sour-tempered; Scarlet Lych-nis, sunny eyes; Amaryllis, splendidly beautiful; Garden Chervil, sincere; Fool's Parsley, silly; Dead Leaves, sad; Wild Geranium, pious and humble; Meadow-sweet, useless; Marvel of Peru, timid; White Crysanthemum, truthful; Justicia, the perfection of female loveliness; Night-blooming Cereus, transient

beauty; Maple, reserved; Buttercup, rich; Hundred-leaved Rose, proud; Olive, peaceful; Autumn Leaves, melancholy; Clematis, mental beauty; Creeping Cereus, modest genius; Reeds, musical; Dahlia, unstable; Cuscuta, mean; Mallow, mild; Crown Imperial, majestic; Shamrock, light-hearted; Yellow Rose, a jealous wife; Daisy, an innocent wife; Candytuft, an indifferent wife; Red Balsam, an impatient wife; Citron, ill-natured beauty; Evening Primrose, an inconstant wife; Red Clover, an industrious wife; Iceland Moss, a healthy wife; Yellow Jasmine, a graceful, elegant wife; London Pride, a frivolous wife; Chicory, a frugal wife; Myrrh, a glad wife; Glory Flower, glorious beauty; Mercury, a good wife; Cherry Blooms, an educated wife; Cobææ, a gossip; Corn Cockle, a genteel wife; Bachelor's Button, no wife at all."

For the cards describing conditions of the gentlemen there were: "Rose, an artist, and jealous; Thistle, sturdy and frugal; Oak-leaf, a farmer, and industrious; Laurel, a poet, and indolent; Foxglove, a lawyer, and deceitful; Leek, a Welshman, and distrustful; Marigold, a merchant, and melancholy; Passion-flower, a clergyman, and faithful; Shamrock, an Irishman, light-hearted; Barberry, a teacher, sour-tempered; Pink Convolvulus, a tailor, tender and affectionate; Imbricata, a book-keeper, and an upright man; Bilberry, a doctor, a treacherous man; White Pink, an artist, a talented man; Balm, a carpenter, a sympathetic man; Coronella, a draughtsman, successful; Champignon, a gambler, a suspicious man; Foxtail Grass, a sporting man; Horseshoe Geranium, a stupid husband; Wild Geranium, a steadfastly upright man; Cedar, an athlete, strong man; Oxlip, a husband who speaks his mind; Fool's Parsley, a silly husband; Mimosa, a sensitive man; Sweet Briar, a husband with simple taste; Buttercup, a rich husband; Evergreen Clematis, a poor husband; Rock Rose, a popular favorite; Dock, a patient husband; Spiked Willow, a pretentious husband; Broom Sage, a neat husband; Petunia, one who will keep his promises; Monk's

Hood, a loyal husband; Vine, a husband who will drink too much; Yellow Balsam, an impatient husband; Flax, a domestic and industrious husband; Purple Larkspur, a haughty husband; Cockcomb, a foppish husband; Osier, a frank husband; Columbine, a husband given to follies; Sweet William, a gallant husband; Pomegranate, a foolish husband; Pink Larkspur, a fickle husband; Queen's Rocket, a fashionable husband; Laurel Magnolia, a dignified husband; Garden Sage, an esteemed husband."

By consulting a "language of flowers," any number of cards may be prepared.

Before drawing his or her destiny from the bowls, the clairvoyant will adjust the "glasses," two round pieces of cardboard, larger than silver dollars, tied together, spectacle fashion, with red ribbons, thus blind-folding the "fortune seeker." The fortunate winner of "Justice, the perfection of female loveliness," is awarded a prize, a bouquet of real roses. The lady that secures an upright husband is awarded a similar bouquet, while the unfortunate pair who have drawn a "mean wife" and "silly husband," will be given the nosegays of weeds and dry stalks.

The "billet-doux" booth may also be made of green boughs that almost conceal the yellow gownned sybil who writes the floral "billet-doux."

Just outside, a young gentleman should stand, and at intervals recite loudly and pompously, also awkwardly, Leigh Hunt's

"An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing billet-doux,
In buds and odors, and bright hues,
In saying all one feels and thinks,
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may,)
The sweetest words, the sweetest way.
How charming in some rural spot,
Combining love with garden plot,
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies,
In orange tubes and beds of pansies."

For the "billet-doux:"

A Dog Rose. I love you, and it causes me both pain and pleasure.

Meadow Daisy. You may hope.

Maiden Blush Rose. If you love me, you will find it out.

Syringia. You have my sympathy.

Purple Columbine. I think you silly when you talk nonsense.

Cineraria. You are always delightful.

Oak-leaf Geranium. I give you truest friendship.

Furze. I am very angry with you.

Flax. What a good little housewife!

Tuberose. Beware, it is a dangerous pleasure.

Spiderwort. I can give you esteem and not love.

Filbert. Do make up that quarrel.

Foxglove. I know you are not to be trusted.

Woodbine. You will marry soon.

Burdock-leaf. Ah, do, please do.

Sprig of Hazel. Let's be dear friends.

Arbor Vitæ. Live for me, and me alone.

Goldenrod. Take care, take care!

Daily Rose. Thy smile I aspire to.

Petunia. Your presence soothes me.

Peach Blossom. Your charms are unequaled.

Orange Blossoms. Your purity equals your beauty.

At least fifty selections were used for making up the billet-doux used at the festival given by the Good-Will Society. One may select from the language of flowers or use original interpretations for the occasion only.

A novel feature and a popular one was the "Gypsy's Warning," the gypsy personated by a young girl disguised as an aged, dilapidated-looking gypsy attired in beggar's rags, with a shawl tied over her head.

In her hand she carried a basket, from which she drew out a warning, after a bright coin had been dropped into her hand.

Among the warnings were:

Carolina Rose. Love is dangerous.

Wild Sorrel. Your wit is ill-timed.

Rye Grass. Your disposition is changeable.

Thorn Apple. Your charms are deceitful.

Syringia. Disappointment awaits you.

Spiderwort. It is esteem, not love.

Snapdragon. How presumptuous.
Japan Rose. Beauty is your only attraction.

Rhododendron. Danger. Beware.
Pennyroyal. Flee away, do not delay.
Ground Laurel. Cultivate perseverance.

Mountain Laurel. You need ambition.
Honeysuckle. Beware of false friends.
Chloro-flora. Your temper is too hasty.
Ice Plant. Your glance is a freezing one.
Buttercup. Riches will fly away.
Barberry. Sharpness of temper drives away love.

Yellow Crysanthemums. Your love is slighted. Never mind, others will prize it.

Jacob's Ladder. "Come down."

Lotus Flower. Your lover is estranged.

During the evening two young ladies in fancy dress, representing the pink and daisy, sang, with piano accompaniment, Scanlan's "Rose" song, White's "Marguerite," and the "Dear Little Shamrock."

Two tables, the pink and daisy tables, were tastefully decorated, upon which an attractive-looking and appetizing supper was served. The pretty waiter-girls were, Violet, Heliotrope, Pansy, Rose, Pink, Daisy, Lily, Myrtle, and Bluebell, wearing ribbons of the hue of their chosen flowers, also a profusion of flowers. The unfortunate winner of the "bachelor's button" was given a small table minus a cloth. An abundance of food was placed before him in haphazard style, but the "pretty waiters" did not respond to his orders, while somebody quoted:

"When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
All the bread and cheese I got I kept upon the shelf."

For a welcome, after the guests had assembled in the hall, a young lady in white (a woolen gown), literally wreathed in smilax, myrtle, and graceful vines, holding in her hand hyacinths and roses, recited Hood's graceful "Welcome."

"Welcome, dear hearts, and a most kind good
morrow,

The eve is gloomy but our looks shall shine;
Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

"Here are red roses gathered at thy cheeks,
The white were all too happy to look white,
For love the rose, for faith the lily speaks;
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright.

"Dost love sweet hyacinth? Its scented leaf
Curls manifold, all love's delights blow double,
'Tis said this floweret is inscribed in grief,
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

"Here's daisies for the morn, primrose for gloom,
Pansies and roses for the noontide hours,
A wight once made a dial of their bloom,
So may thy life be measured out by flowers."

NOTE.—The welcome may be a flower song with a chorus. The fortunes may for the occasion be coined from the imagination, if so preferred. The billet-doux should sparkle with wit and fun. It will be well to invent some ridiculous, laughter-provoking warnings to the list of the "dire" prophecies.

There should be flower dances, for which the ladies may wear fancy floral dresses or a profusion of the flowers they have chosen.

For the gentlemen a *boutonnière* will answer. For the daisy table the spread and napkins should be white linen woven in daisy pattern, the china white and gold, the refreshments principally white and golden tinted, and the floral decorations daisies and yellow flowers.

For the pink table observe the same rules. The Marguerite "fortune-teller," wrapped in a fleecy white shawl, may carry a basket of Marguerites, and tell, for a few pennies, the fortunes of those who wish to know if "somebody loves them," or "loves them not," or "loves them with all their heart."

"Pretty contrary Mary," with her "cockle shells, silver bells, and pretty maids," may offer for sale moss and floral baskets, or attractive, inexpensive, ornamental floral and shell designs. A varied and successful entertainment may be given by introducing the Floral Clairvoyant.

DEAR EDITOR:—I think your Magazine is the best one published. I take all the leading publications, but as a home magazine yours takes the lead.

I want to tell the sisters of some of my fancy-work and home decorations. Will

first tell you how I made two lovely chairs out of two battered-up, brussels-covered camp or folding-chairs.

The frame of one I gilded, the other was bronzed. I used nearly two packages each of Diamond gold and bronze powder, and a little over a bottle of the mixing liquid. The covers I made "crazy" work of rich plushes and velvets. One has a six-inch strip of peacock-blue plush in the centre of the back and seat, which is embroidered in ribbon-work in daisies and rose-buds. The second is "crazy" work with a crimson plush square in the centre of the back embroidered with yellow and white daisies in ribbon-work.

A ribbon bow is upon one and a pretty sachet hangs from the other. They are both pretty enough to be in a parlor with nice furniture. One of the prettiest of my possessions is an easel work-stand. The easel is made of spools strung upon wire the size of the hole in the spools. It is three feet high. At the bottom are spools No. 20, then come Nos. 36, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, and 90. This graduates the sizes nicely. Ten inches from the bottom is a row of No. 50 spools twelve in number, and three inches from the top are two No. 90 spools. The two rows are connected to the long ones by means of broom-wire. The leg or brace at the back of the easel is fastened between the two small spools by means of broom-wire, which is doubled and then strung with small spools until the desired length. The easel was bronzed with Diamond bronze and did not take a whole paper.

A twelve-inch Japanese or cat basket has two stout hairpins run through at opposite sides, the ends protruding outward. It was then lined with blue Chinese silk, and the pins spread out and twisted around the sides of the easel about half-way up. Tilt the basket forward a little and tie a broad blue ribbon around the centre of the basket (which will conceal where the pins were twisted) in a big bow upon one side. Place a handsome bow at the top of the easel. A smaller basket can be lined and placed in the same manner above the larger one. It must be seen to be appreciated, and the same

basket, with bamboo easel, costs from three to five dollars in the stores. A cute little table made to hold a pot of plants was made as follows: Three broom-handles, twenty-four inches long, were nailed to a jelly-tin with wire nails. Braces were put near the floor, across the legs, and were made of crooked twigs. The whole was bronzed and a small blue silk drape, prettily arranged at the side, and a pot of double scarlet geraniums placed there-upon.

This is the rose season, and after filling all my rose jars, I longed for just one more to fill, so I made one. I took a cute little quart stone jar with a stone cover, set in like real rose jars. A Mason jar-cover did for the outside cover. The whole was covered with a mixture of beeswax and rosin, put on thick when warm, and then "dug up," to make it rough and irregular. It was painted blue; quite dark at the bottom and shaded lighter toward the top.

When dry, all the points were tipped with gold, copper, and bronze, and a very unique rose jar it is. I dry my rose-leaves in a drawer upon a towel, and then they never mildew. When dry, I put them into the jars, together with a little of all sorts of spices, a few drops each of different perfumes, lemon and vanilla, a little grated orange-peel, a shaved-up vanilla or tonka bean, and some powdered orris root. A small handful of salt is also added; and the whole well stirred and mixed. It is a good mixture to put into sachets instead of sachet powder.

I have a pretty waste-paper basket crocheted out of No. 12 white knitting-cotton, and stiffened over a tin water-pail. It is bronzed and has two rows of blue ribbon run in it. Work-baskets can be made the same way. A pretty one in white was stiffened over a tin quart-pan. It has scarlet ribbon run in it, a scarlet satin mat in the bottom, and is "dabbed" all over with gilt.

I use lots of gilt and bronze, and have found from experience that the ten-cent Diamond powder is fully as good as what I have paid all the way from

twenty-five to forty cents per package for at art stores.

I once bought a pair of pretty jug-shaped vases, with the usual horrors on them called flowers (?). I gave them a coat of glue and sprinkled them with sand. I then made a rose spray from putty and put upon each. I gave the background a coat of copper paint, and the roses and leaves I painted natural colors in oil. They were then very pretty and did not offend the eye.

JEAN HUNT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. A. R.—Here are three good recipes for pudding sauce. I will answer your letter if you will inclose stamped envelope.

PUDDING SAUCES.—*Lemon Sauce.*—Boil one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water together ten minutes; when cooled a little, add one teaspoonful extract lemon.

Hard Sauce.—Beat one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter to a white cream, add beaten whites of two eggs and beat a few minutes longer. Flavor and set on ice until needed.

Cream Sauce.—Set a bowl containing two-thirds of a pint of cream in a saucepan containing a little boiling water; when the cream nearly boils add one-half cupful of sugar and remove from fire and pour slowly over the whipped whites of two eggs in another bowl. Flavor with vanilla.

CARRIE S. T.—They have lovely frames at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia of the kind you wish for, a card photograph. They cost but twelve cents, and when painted, with a ribbon bow with long ends at the top, and some dainty flowers scattered around the bottom and sides, it makes a lovely gift. I have painted several, one has pale-green ribbon

and pink flowers; another has violet ribbon and violets. Water colors are best to paint in as the oil in the oil colors is apt to run a little. Outline the ribbon in gold.

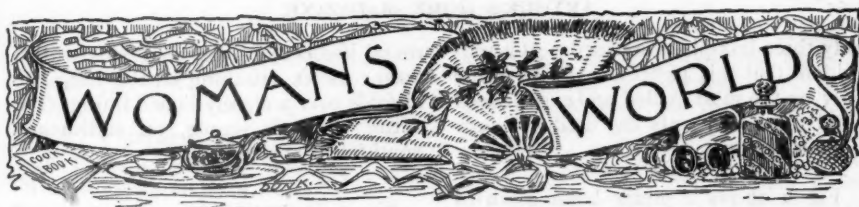
PRETTY POLLIE PEMBERTON.—I would advise gray and pink as a combination likely to be becoming to you. Do not use much trimming, as gowns are very plain just at present. Wear silver pins in your hair and dress it high.

LILIAN GRAY.—Thank you very much for the candy, you certainly have succeeded admirably. If your cough troubles you much, try this, I think it will help you: Roast a lemon without burning it; while hot, cut it and squeeze out the juice, which can be sweetened to taste. Take a dessert-spoonful when your cough troubles you.

SADIE D.—I should advise you not to combine violet satin with red plush at all, especially as a winter street-suit. If the satin is of a very dark shade, it might be combined with cloth or serge, but if you are a young girl, as I imagine you are, I should let satin and plush alone and wear instead cloth and silk, you will find it much more suitable. If you wish advice as regards the making up of a gown, you must tell me more about yourself, as a style which is becoming to one person may be utterly unsuited to another.

ANXIOUS HOUSEWIFE.—Javelle water will, I think, remove the stains from your linen covers. If you cannot buy it at the druggist's, you can make it yourself: Mix well in an earthen vessel one pound of sal soda, five cents' worth of chloride of lime, and two quarts of soft water.

JOHN E. B.—If the servant is one who has been a long time in the family, and whom you know well, it is perfectly permissible to shake hands if you so desire. It is not good form to sign yourself "your loving" to a young lady you admire, unless she is a very intimate friend.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We cordially invite our readers to ask questions in connection with this department, which we will endeavor to answer, and also to send us any suggestions which they may have found useful in their own housekeeping.

FASHION NOTES.

STREET COSTUMES.

FOR a slender young woman a medium gray shade of serge is fashioned with a circular "bell" skirt having the gored centre-back, and a bias band of dark-green velvet all around the edge. Pocket flaps on each side are bound with velvet and buttoned over toward the back, which forms the opening and pockets at the same time.

The basque has a rolling collar and revers of velvet and is just below the waist-line in front, with a coat back from the side seams around the back. The front is open from the neck over a vest of gray cloth, which is cut out at the top to admit of a green surah plastron and collar. Sleeves may be either of the velvet or serge.

For a stout young woman a dark-green cloth has a circular "bell" skirt and the hem all around headed with two rows of green silk passementerie. The bodice has quite a deep point in front and a long narrow coat back, with high sleeves trimmed at the wrists with two rows of gimp, as is the collar. A narrow vest and tapering revers are of very light tan-cloth braided with black silk cord.

Many fashionable dressmakers are insisting upon cloth and serviceable gowns being cut to escape the floor for street wear. Box-plaited backs bid fair to be worn, and the fashion of trimming the

gored seams of a skirt is gaining ground, as it certainly gives a stout figure a taller and more slender appearance.

Fleecy plaids are stylishly trimmed with fur or velvet bands and a plain cloth vest braided in black. Simple tailor gowns for shopping and traveling frequently have the short, pointed bodice finished like a habit basque. Princess backs are stylish when well made, but they are difficult to fit.

A handsome coppery-brown camel's hair plaid has a bias "bell" skirt and high sleeves, with a coat basque and skirt border of dark-brown corduroy, the former opening to show a vest of copper-colored cloth braided with black. The arrangement of shades is managed with true French taste.

A NEW VEIL.

The newest hat veils are fully a yard long, and are made of tulle or Brussels net. Fashion says they should be dotted with chenille; but if you value your eyes, choose plain net or tulle. Slope away two three-cornered pieces from the top to one-third of the length of the veil on each side. The space between the cut-off pieces at the top is hemmed, and a very narrow silk ribbon inserted in the hem, leaving ends on each side. This you place over the brim and tie at the back. Draw the rest of the veil to the back, and fasten it through the hair; the same is done with the slope sides. The hat and face are thus completely shielded, without seeming tied in a bag.

A new style has come up in skirts, which are made plain in front, at each side with a deep box-plait connecting with the back fan plaitings. Very often

only three box-plaits are used. It is self-evident that this pattern is to be made only by the most skilled and experienced hand and can only be used for very slender persons.

Fig. 1 shows a pretty house-gown of printed cashmere, broché, bengaline, etc., trimmed with velvet ribbon, which is a garniture sure to be popular next spring. The "bell" skirt has a tiny



Fig. 1.

gathered ruffle of the material and two stripes of No. 12 black velvet ribbon broken by bows, as shown. The high-shouldered sleeves are draped up on the outside with the ribbon, which also forms bretelles or suspenders on the bodice, back and front, with shoulder bows. The

round bodice has a flat coat back, with a deep corselet, fastening on the left, laid in folds over a closely boned lining. The entire dress is simple, yet stylish and youthful in appearance.

Fig. 2 illustrates a long jacket or coat made of rough or smooth cloth, with silk



Fig. 2.

or mohair braid trimming and pearl buttons. Such garments can only be found among the more expensive styles and require a good figure to set them off, as

they are tight fitting and reach to the knees.

Fig. 3 represents a dressy jacket of light or dark cloth trimmed with a vest of contrasting cloth or brocade, which is



Fig. 3.

worn with a chiffon jabot and stock, and a fur or feather edging around the entire garment. The front corners, revers, and wrists are handsomely finished with an embroidery of silk and metallic cords.

Silk blouses are made of Oriental silk, with yokes and soft-falling plaits to the waist inclosed by a waist-belt, below which falls a deep flounce of lace, either black or white. Others again have a rounded yoke, formed of puffs of silk,

alternating with lace insertion, the same appearing on the sleeves, while many have the edge of the deep basque, the collar, cuffs, and yokes trimmed with close-set rows of narrow jet galloon. Black elastic silk is trimmed with yellow silk beneath black lace, the sleeves composed entirely of the lace.

Plain white handkerchiefs are not stylish any more; all the handkerchiefs in the market are ornamented with flower or fancy designs. This fashion does not only hold good for ladies' wear, but also for gentlemen's use, and it is remarkable that gentlemen also use handkerchiefs of a very small size.

Fig. 4 represents a dressy evening bodice suitable for silk, crêpe, gauze, chiffon, etc., with a low plastron and coat



Fig. 4.

ruffle of lace or embroidered chiffon. The deep puffed sleeves, pointed front and back, and tiny plaits in place of darts are all stylish items.

Fig. 5 represents several different bows that now form such an important part of a hat. Wide and narrow ribbons of silk and velvet are deftly combined with jet wings, ostrich feathers, peacock's eyes,

undoubtedly favorite, followed closely by navy-blue, dark-green, fawn, and gray, though chaudron and reddish plum shades are not entirely forgotten by those able to wear such shades becomingly.



Fig. 5.

wings, and made up alone. Two designs are shown with a twisted torsade of velvet or ribbon as it will set around the crown.

FASHIONABLE MATERIALS.

It would be easier to tell what is not fashionable than what is. Anything and everything is worn, though what is popular is not always fashionable any more than what is fashionable is at all times stylish.

Colors are more easily narrowed down than fabrics, and this season brown is the

Every one now knows that broadcloth and Bedford cording are successful materials, then flecked cheviots and camel's hair, wave stripes on corded grounds, bouclé effects, and silk dashes, only one thread, here and there like darned in and out of the material. A brown ground having blue figures is interrupted occasionally by tufts or tiny dashes of black hair.

Scotch cheviot shows the well-known shepherd's plaid in black, white, and brown, and a jacquard material has a brown diagonal surface with gray ovals. Cheviot flatté shows three shades in a

weave like wave ripples. A trellis-work or lacey design in black is thrown over mottled and mixed grounds that are highly successful when they fail to convey any decided impression.

One *mêlé* shows fawn, blue, brown, and yellow; zebra-like stripes are fascinating to follow, but soul-harrowing to the dressmaker. A myrtle-green ground has a pattern of brown, white, and black lines dashed in or flecked here and there. A Himalaya broché has a serge ground, with a rough pinkish outline inclosing grayish white figures.

A check of shaggy lines, with rough knots here and there, is thought very stylish. Long pinkish and black hairs lie softly over an indistinct check of reddish-brown and black. Black may appear on any color and in any weave, and apparently harmonizes with all it seeks to touch.

Fig. 6 is of tan felt, with a trimming of golden-brown peau de soie ribbon and



Fig. 6.

ostrich feathers, as illustrated. Velvet ribbon, Nos. 7 or 9, ties under the chin.

Fig. 7 shows one of the prettiest shapes of the season, with a handsome ostrich feather arrangement, the Princess



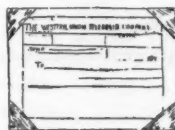
Fig. 7.

of Wales buckle, and a large drapery bow, which well covers the design, which also has a bow of velvet ribbon at the upturned back.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

A CASE FOR TELEGRAMS.

A NICE little present for gentlemen is a book for telegram-slips. It is made of card-board covered first with cotton-batting, then the outside covered with



brown chamois. The flowers are worked in light yellow, outlined with gold thread. The word Telegram, with the line on either side, are outlined with the cord. Line the inside of the book with tan-

colored silk. Make the three-corner pieces to hold the telegram-blanks. Make two loops on the side for the pencil of the same as the lining. On the edge to hide the over-casting put the gold cord.

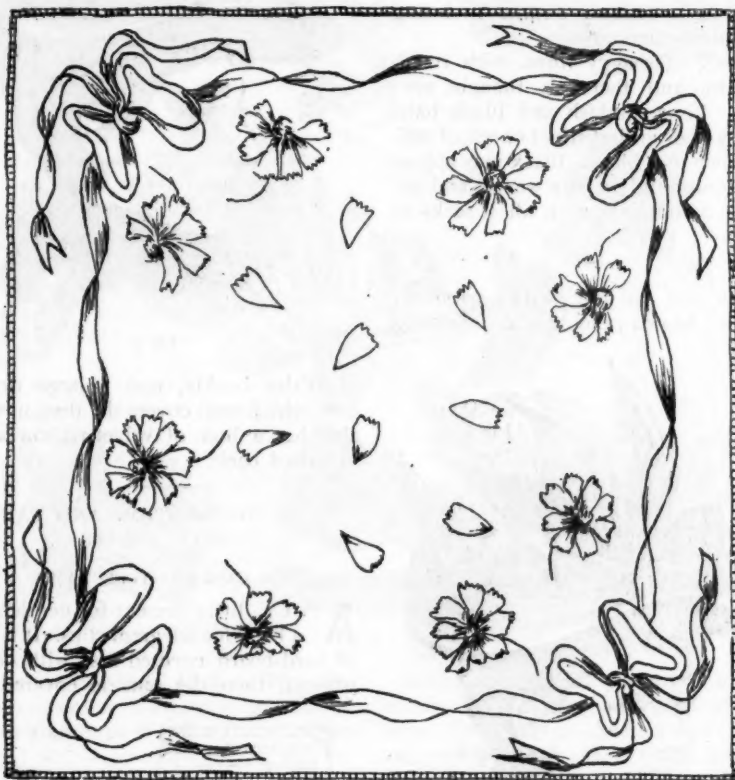
make the shadow. Any one desiring a working pattern can write to Box 344, Media, Pa., inclosing 75 cents, and one will be sent them. J.

SOME HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Seaside expeditions generally result in collections of various "treasures of the deep." Of these, shells are the prettiest and can be utilized. When

A DAINTY CENTRE PIECE.

This design can be used either for a centre-piece, or a "five o'clock tea"



A Dainty Centre-Piece.

cover. It is worked on a hemstitched square of fine white linen. The flower, which is a fashionable Cosmos, can be worked in white, pale pink, or dark red wash silk. Work the flowers solid, the centres yellow, with a tiny touch of very pale green. Outline the ribbon and where it turns fill in with darning to

Christmas comes, that season of gifts, we are very glad to supplement our store by some home-made trifle which has cost us more trouble than pence. Card-board boxes of all shapes and sizes can be beautified by shells. Buy a yard of lint, half a yard of white sheet wadding, and half a yard of pink glazed

calico. Pad the top of your box with some wadding high in the centre and sloping toward the edges; over this put a piece of lint (the soft part outside) and fasten it down on the box with a band of folded calico to represent a colored ribbon. Strong glue will hold this. Now you have a soft cushioned top to your box; in this glue your shells as fancy dictates, either very thickly or in patterns, or just a few shells interspersed with tiny sprays of seaweed. Thus ornamented, old card-board boxes come out quite works of art, some can be used for pins, buttons, or other trifles—and larger ones should be lined and then look pretty on the toilet table as handkerchief sachets.

Even in the hottest summer days a slight wrap for the throat is advisable as evening closes in. Here is an easy pattern for a boa, which will also be found useful for evening toilets, even in winter, as it is so light it does not crush any lace or chiffon round the throat. Shetland wool, pale-pink, blue, or amber—two thick wooden knitting needles. Set up 100 stitches and knit backward and forward (slipping always the first stitch) for 20 rows. Then "wool forward knit 2 together" to the end of the row. Repeat for 19 rows, plain knitting for 20 rows, then the fancy rows again. Continue knitting these stripes alternately till the length required ending with a stripe of plain knitting. Knot in a light fringe at either end and tie on a piece of ribbon (matching the wool) to fasten the boa at the throat.

Now that painting is so universal it is with hesitation I mention the subject, but even an amateur can make a useful suggestion. Every one has seen a spray of flowers painted on glass; the effect of this is wonderfully enhanced if the back of the glass is washed with Aspal's Enamel. Keep the glass upright all the time and brush downward; the colors depend on the flowers; cream into an orange-brown blends well and looks most effective, and for white flowers a shaded green background is excellent.

To descend from the ornamental to the useful. The following pattern of a cape will be found a treasure in winter

days, not unbecoming withal as many wraps are. This knitted cape requires a little less than half a pound of double Berlin wool. Set up 39 stitches on needles a convenient size for the wool. Work "turned knitting" in ribs of 7 and 5 till you have 27 ribs of the 7 rows. Drop every fourth stitch and cast off. ("Turned knitting" is knit a row, purl a row, knit a row, purl a row, keeping the *ribs* all on one side; then purl a row, knit a row, purl a row, knit a row, keeping the ribs on the other side—the effect being waves of 7 ribs and 5 purls.) When the fourth stitch is dropped it makes a lace line all down. Now you have a straight piece of work; on this crochet a collar; first a chain line all along, then into this double crochet a chain, again tightening it. Into this three rows treble crochet each row lessening, so you will find the last row brings the size to about 18 inches. Finish off with open chain edge. Knit a fringe all round the lower end of the cape; crochet a string and run it through the collar treble loops, and this draws it in to fit; attach tassels to the strings. In one color these capes are nice, but more pretty still in two, say gray and blue, or stone and pink, putting the blue or pink into the five lines of purl so the effect is as a lining, and the top edging and strings of blue, and some blue in the fringe.

Gentlemen's gifts are difficult to select, but anything for a writing-table is generally appreciated. A simple blotter can be made of two pieces of card-board; pieces of any old box will do; cut them ten and a half inches long by eight and a half inches broad; cover with old calico. Any suitable material will serve for the blotter, but I will suggest art serge, lined with sateen (of course plush or satin would be more elegant). Cut the lining half an inch larger all round than the card-board, tack it on first, and on one side arrange a pocket in which to slip papers; the other side putting a band, stitched at intervals, for two packets of envelopes and the pen and pencil between. Now lay these boards on the art serge (having its wrong-side up) leaving one and a half inches between them for

the hinge, and cut out the material half an inch larger all round. Cut a strip of sateen and line the centre space and finally turn in the art serge and sew it neatly to the prepared boards. When completed it should fold up as a book; a band of elastic inclosed in sateen makes a firmer fastener than ribbons. The covers of the blotter can be embellished with an embroidered spray of flowers, or monogram if desired; but often a firmly-made knock-about blotter is more appreciated than a highly decorated one which looks too grand to use.

To go with this blotter we need a paper-weight, penwiper, and pen. The former can be made of a tiny smoothing iron, the top padded as a pincushion, the handle and all the iron completely covered with material; a piece of card-board cut the exact size of the bottom of the iron and covered with sateen makes it more correctly in keeping with its shape as a slippery and smooth surface. These little letter-weights are more useful and more easily lifted than stones, and look quainter. The penwiper can be made of circles of cloth or serge, the first being the size of a reel of cotton, and each circle graduating larger till the size desired is attained. Put a bead fringe on each circle—small glass beads—(a golden brown if the serge be blue), nine beads on each string, circling them round as thickly as will look pretty. When finished no cloth is seen and the beads are in a pyramid as it were. Under the largest circle place six layers of cloth which form the actual penwiper. The little iron can be adorned with beads and the blotter edged with them, so this trio of home-made gifts would be a most acceptable, useful, and decorative addition to a writing-table, being even more complete if a beaded pen is added. This is made by simply threading beads and winding them round and round the wooden pen handle, ending the string where the metal holder commences. Of course, the beauty of this pen will consist in the shading of the beads as they are strung.

Every one knows the dear old-fashioned lavender faggot, which smells so fra-

grantly amongst our linen. Pick the lavender and cut off the stalks close to the flowers. Cut them equal lengths, and with baby-ribbon run them together after the fashion of a Venetian blind. About five inches is sufficient; roll up this fabric of stalks, filling it with the lavender blossoms, and tie up the ends with ribbon, when you will find a dainty and compact little faggot which will last firmly for years.

Damp feet must ever be guarded against as winter approaches. Many people object to wearing cork soles in their boots, as they fill up space. An equally good preservative against damp, and at the same time a less bulky one, is to make a sole of three pieces of brown paper, bound together with an overcasting of Shetland wool. It is wonderful how long such a lining will last, and how effectual it is. When there are several children in the family, many a penny is thus saved by this simple substitute for cork soles.

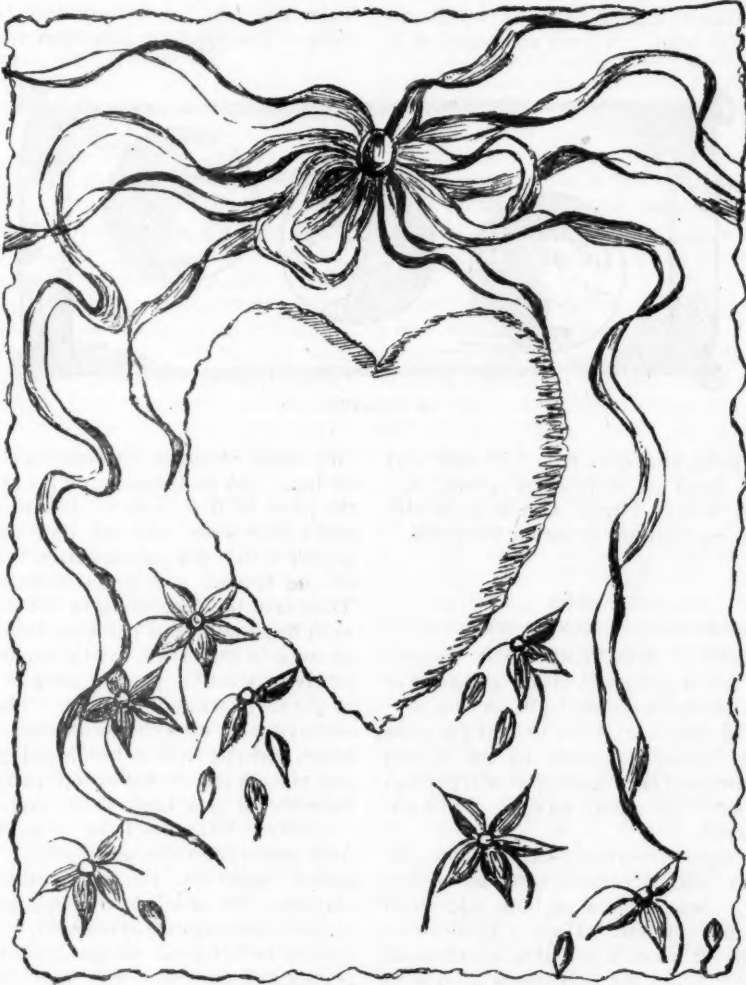
Chair-backs need constant renewing; small and dainty ones are now fashionable. Buy a colored silk handkerchief, and two and three-quarter yards of coffee-colored lace, two inches wide, costing about five cents a yard. Edge the handkerchief with the lace, draw it up with three threads in the middle, making a centre ridge about half an inch wide; the result will be a charming addition to any low drawing-room chair.

Many people think a knitted petticoat warmer than a flannel one; the following is a pretty pattern. It is worked in three breadths: 3-ply petticoat wool, about one and a half pounds, knitted on pins No. 15 of the Bell gauge. Set up fifty stitches for the flounce, and knit "turned knitting" in ribs of 7—to 17 raised ribs and 16 lower ribs, and cast off. ("Turned knitting" is knit a row, purl a row, knit a row, purl a row, keeping the ribs all on one side; then purl a row, knit a row, purl a row, knit a row, keeping the ribs on the other side, the effect being waves of alternate high and low knitting.) Pick up 142 stitches about half an inch down the flounce, and work in "turned knitting" in ribs of 7—5 raised ribs and 4

lower ribs. Then knit two, purl two, till desired length. One breadth is now complete, work two similar ones. Join the breadths, leaving one a little open for the plaquet, and mount them on a shaped band.

AUNT SARAH.

it out, allowing just room for the face to peep through. Draw a bow of ribbon with long ends at the top, the ends coming down each side. At the bottom draw some small design in flowers. The ribbon and flowers may be painted in



A Dainty Photograph Frame.

A DAINTY PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

A lovely frame for a card photograph is made by taking two menu cards with ragged edges. On the one intended for the front draw a heart carefully, and cut

oils or water-colors, the ribbon then outlined in gold paint. It is prettier to paint the ribbon and flowers in contrasting colors. The model has violet ribbon and pale yellow flowers, and is very dainty.

A PRETTY PILLOW.

* For this little pillow which fits under one's head or back, take Turkish toweling 20 inches long by 19 wide. Fold the 19 inch width in half, and draw the disks. Outline them and the heads with one thread of brown filo-floss. Then fill in the disks with shamming, using two threads to do it with. A good combination is

three or four tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan, and when hot, put in oysters enough to cover the bottom of the pan. When brown on one side, turn and brown on the other. Have them crisp but not burnt. Serve at once.

OYSTERS BAKED ON HALF-SHELL.—Take one pint of oysters and parboil them. Take another sauce-pan and add



A Pretty Pillow.

blue, gold, and dark red. At each end put a band of olive-green plush, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Finish with a little silk ball at each corner to match the plush.

RECIPES.

SOME WAYS OF COOKING OYSTERS.

PANNED OYSTERS.—Put twenty-five nice oysters into a colander to drain for ten minutes. Put an iron frying-pan over a brisk fire to heat; as soon as it is hissing hot throw in the oysters and stir until they boil; add salt, pepper, and butter the size of an egg. Serve immediately.

BROILED OYSTERS.—Select nice fat oysters and dry them carefully with a towel. Season them on both sides with salt and cayenne. Have a gridiron so hot that it hisses if you drop a little water on it. Cover the gridiron with oysters and brown carefully, turn and brown the other side. Put them into a dish which has been heating with a little butter in it, and serve immediately.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Drain the oysters and season with salt and cayenne, then dip them in fine bread-crumbs. Put

one ounce of butter with one-half ounce of flour; mix and dissolve on fire and add the juice of the oysters. If too thick, add a little water and salt and cayenne pepper with a few pats of butter, the juice of one lemon, and yolks of four eggs. Then take the deep shells of the oysters, wash them well, and put a tablespoonful of sauce in each shell, lay the shells alternately in a baking-pan strewn with flour, so the shells will not tip over. Then lay one oyster on each shell immersed in the sauce, sprinkle with a few bread-crumbs and place a pat of butter on each, and bake brown in a brisk oven, and serve.

OYSTER SALAD.—Take a gallon of fresh oysters and the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs, one raw egg well beaten, two spoonfuls of salad oil or melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, with one tea-cup full of good vinegar and a little pepper and salt; mix with four bunches of celery, chopped fine. Drain the liquor from the oysters and put them in some hot vinegar over the fire; let simmer five minutes, then cool. Work the yolks of the eggs, and mix all the seasoning together, and pour over the oysters and celery.

OYSTER PIE.—Line a buttered baking-dish with pastry and place in it a layer of fine large oysters. Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter smooth with as much flour, and place small bits of it here and there on the oysters. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Follow this with another layer of oysters, dotted with butter and seasoned as before. Continue this process until the dish is full. Pour in enough oyster-liquor to fill the dish within an inch of the top, and cover all with a rich pastry. Bake until a delicate brown, rub over with a little butter or white of egg, and serve hot.

OYSTER LOAVES.—With a pointed, sharp knife cut off the tops of some small, round, French rolls; scrape out the crumbs and fry them in clarified butter. Strew as many oysters as needed. First, however, remove the fringe or "beard" and cut them in two. Fill the roll with the oysters, well-mixed with the crumbs, add a bit of butter to each, put on the lids and set in the oven to brown. Serve with fried bread-crumbs sprinkled over them.

MINUTE BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and the same of lard, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking-powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold water, one teaspoonful of white sugar. Sift baking-powder, salt, sugar, and flour together twice; chop up the shortening in the flour, not touching it with your hands, stir in with a wooden spoon the cold water; roll out quickly, cut into round cakes, and bake in a good oven.—*Marion Harland.*

BUTTERMILK BREAD.—To two quarts of flour add four teaspoonfuls each of cream of tartar and soda, with one teaspoonful of salt, and sift twice. Add one or two large spoonfuls of sour cream, and mix with buttermilk to a soft dough; knead lightly, divide into three loaves, let them rise at the back of the range till twice the original height in the bread-tins, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

CREAM BISCUIT.—One and a half quarts of flour, three teaspoonfuls each of cream of tartar and soda, one teaspoonful of salt, three large tablespoonfuls of thick

sour cream, and buttermilk, to mix lightly. Knead as little as possible, and bake in a hot oven.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—One pint milk, three eggs, two cups sifted flour, two small teaspoonfuls baking-powder, pinch of salt. Beat the yolks of the eggs light, and pour the milk upon them. Sift the flour with the salt and baking-powder, and add this alternately with the whipped whites. Have ready a heated griddle, and cook the batter on this in large spoonfuls. As each pancake is done, transfer it to a hot plate, spread it lightly with butter, then with jam or jelly, and roll it up, the sweetmeat inside. When the rolls are neatly arranged on a dish, sprinkle them lightly with powdered sugar.

COCOANUT MERINGUE.—One quart of sweet milk, five tablespoonfuls of desiccated cocoanut, three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, a generous half-cup full of granulated sugar, the yolks of three eggs, salt and vanilla to taste. Wash the tapioca, and soak for several hours in plenty of cold water. After draining off the water add the tapioca to the milk, and set them on the range in a pudding dish. If there is the least doubt as to the freshness of the milk, stir in a pinch of soda. Cover until the boiling point is reached. Now stir in two tablespoonfuls of the cocoanut, and, after drawing the dish to the edge of the range where the milk cannot boil, add gradually the yolks of the eggs and sugar, which have been beaten together until light. Replace on the hottest part of the range, stirring continuously until the custard has thickened. Remove from the fire and set aside several hours to cool, when salt and flavoring may be added, and the meringue spread upon the top.

MERINGUE.—Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and add to them three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and one of cocoanut. Flavor delicately with vanilla, and after spreading upon the custard, sprinkle the remainder of the cocoanut over the top, and set in the oven to brown. This dessert is to be eaten cold and requires no sauce. Sponge cake is very nice to pass with the meringue.



OUR NEW DEPARTMENTS.

Last month we began a series of "Letters from Europe," and published the first of our "World's Fair" articles (both of which will be continued), and revived the old "Home Circle." This month we begin a "Floral Department," under the charge of Mr. Eben E. Rexford, who is too well known to need an introduction.

Each department has its own editor, and will be filled with the best and latest to be had for money.

While nearly every line in the Magazine is written by Americans, we are not too bigoted to accept from the best foreign writer anything that we think particularly good. In fact, we have several good things in our fire-proof now that have been specially translated for your benefit.

Can we make any improvements is the only question we ask, and if we can, we'll do it. We have twice enlarged it, sixteen pages each time, and are now printing thirty-two pages more than at first. We do this to accommodate our advertising friends and to give you all you pay for. We believe you can see for yourselves that we are giving more for the money than any magazine in the world, but we find it pays.

Our circulation has more than doubled, and our advertising has more than quadrupled, until now we are compelled to decline some each month for lack of space.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The "School of Fiction" has proved such an attraction to our young contributors that we imagine some of them are writing solely to get the benefit of the criticisms in it. We warn them, however, that only MSS. that have some good points are ever

sent to the School for the opinion of the professors in literature who conduct it.

We have not room nor have they the time to read and criticise all the MSS. that come in here at the rate of nearly ten a day. All are read, however, each in its turn by one of the readers employed for that purpose. Then they are either returned, accepted, or sent to the School.

Have you used all the coupons yet?

Don't forget that if you send in any new names for our subscription list now, they will get *three months free*.

Our readers have seen how our Magazine has been literally crowded with good things for the past six months, each month a little better than the last. Yet we have only begun to grow.

Six months ago when we took charge of the Magazine we hardly knew how we could get out the first one or two numbers, as good material cannot be picked up in a few days, and we determined that only good material should be used, but we have kept at it until we now have an abundance of good things put away for next year, and are constantly gathering more and better articles.

FIFTEEN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

What do you think would give her more pleasure than to receive a notice from us that you had ordered us to send the Magazine for a year to her address?

You send the money. We'll write the letter and send her fifteen copies for the \$1.50.



BY JOSEPH P. REED.

BOOK NOTES.

THE Hotel D'Angleterre, and Other Stories. *Lanoe Falconer. Cassell Publishing Company.*—This book is a collection of bright, short stories. *The Hotel D'Angleterre* is rather absurd in plot, being the tale of a young man who falls in love at the shortest possible notice with the shy younger sister of the girl who intends to marry him, the younger sister being a genuine Cinderella. But Belinda, the elder sister, and his mother atone for all absurdities in the story by making us laugh at the failure of the one's plans and the follies of the other. All of the stories are entertaining, the charm seeming to lie not in the stories themselves but in the style and in the number of bright things scattered through them. *Mademoiselle Ice*, by the same author, is entirely different. The plot is one of those which we have to wait until the end to discover what it really is. *Mademoiselle* herself is a character as mysterious as her departure from the book, and like Evelyn, we feel that we like best to remember her amusing and caring for sickly little Winifred.

The Story of Colette. Translation from the French. D. Appleton & Company.—This is one of the brightest, freshest, prettiest little stories imaginable. It is the diary of Colette, and after his arrival and involuntary stay at the chateau, that also of her lover, in the form of letters to his friend. The two accounts of the same events are very interesting and well written. Colette, as we know her from her diary and from her lover's descriptions and accounts of her, is extremely lovable and thoroughly original. We confess that we do not quite see how M. Pierre succeeds in throwing his proposal of marriage wrapped around a stone through a closed window, nor how he is able to take the long climb up the mountain at night with his stiff knee to throw this stone, but we are willing to believe it all because the story is charming.

My Danish Sweetheart. W. Clark Russell. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.—To those of us who possess little nautical knowledge, Mr. Russell's stories seem like fairy tales told in a way which makes them seem real. They are all much alike, yet all interesting. *My Danish Sweetheart* strikes us as somewhat carelessly written, but holds the reader's attention from beginning to end. The hero and his sweetheart have the most thrilling, and, we may add, highly improbable adventures, but all ends happily. Neither of the two is particularly interesting, as the author's skill lies not so much in depicting characters as in telling a thoroughly good and exciting story, to which the characters are a necessary but somewhat secondary part.

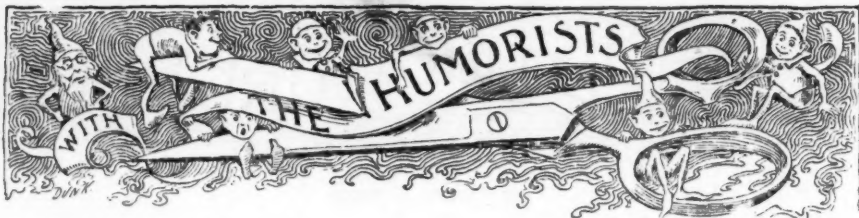
Blanche, Lady Falaise. J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan & Company, Publishers.—This book, while being both interesting and well written, seems to carry the reader along under some sort of shadow which grows darker as the story proceeds until the climax is reached in the death of the Lady Blanche. It is the story of a morbidly conscientious woman who makes her whole life wretched by blaming herself for another's sins. She is the fortunate possessor of a husband who trusts her utterly, and in whom she has the most implicit confidence, although she does not love him. One feels sorry that his great and tender love is not rewarded as it deserves to be, by a happy ending to the tale.

The Witch of Prague. F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Company, Publishers.—This story differs in most respects from any of Mr. Crawford's other books. It is fantastic in the extreme, too much so in fact to be entirely agreeable reading. The Witch herself, whose claim to that title lies in the strange hypnotic influence she is able to exert over others, is a character of much interest to the reader, who follows her in her struggle between right and wrong, and cannot but pity her when in the triumph of right she gives up her lover forever. The other characters all possess a certain personality which Mr. Crawford has the happy faculty of giving to these creatures of his pen.

Mostly Marjorie Day. Virginia F. Townsend. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—This is a pretty, simple story of one girl's effort not to throw away a life given back from the grave in useless idleness. It is only a story of every-day life, not brilliant, either in the story itself or in the way it is told, but it is one which we think cannot fail to do good.

PLEASANT EMPLOYMENT AT GOOD PAY.

The publishers of *Seed-Time and Harvest*, an old-established monthly, determined to greatly increase their subscription lists, will employ a number of active agents for the ensuing six months at \$50 PER MONTH or more if their services warrant it. To insure active work an additional cash-prize of \$100 will be awarded the agent who obtains the largest number of subscribers. "The early bird gets the worm." Send four silver dimes, or twenty 2-cent stamps with your application, stating your age and territory desired, naming some prominent business man as reference as to your capabilities, and we will give you a trial. The 40 cents pays your own subscription and you will receive full particulars. Address SEED-TIME AND HARVEST, LA PLUME, PA.



THEY WERE AMERICANS.

Some time since three tall Americans—Mr. Robinson, six feet high, and the Rev. Phillips Brooks, six feet two inches high, both of Boston, and the Rev. Dr. M'Vicker, six feet four inches high, of Philadelphia—made in company a trip to England.

En route, they determined that when they should reach England they would travel apart, lest three such tall men together might provoke remark.

But arriving at a well-known town in Yorkshire, and learning that a lecture was to be delivered to workmen on America, the three determined to be present. Entering the hall separately they took seats apart.

As the lecturer proceeded, his utter ignorance of America soon became manifest to the three Americans. Finally, however, a statement concerning the size of Americans was too absurd to be endured in silence.

The speaker had barely time to conclude a sentence asserting that Americans are proverbially short of stature, never exceeding at the utmost five feet ten inches, when Mr. Robinson arose and said:

"My friends, I am an American, and as you see, I measure fully six feet. If there is any other American who happens just now to be in the house, I request him to stand up."

An expression of surprise was followed by roars of laughter as the Rev. Phillips Brooks rose and said: "I am an American, and my size, six feet two inches, occasions no particular remark in America. If there is any other American in the house, I in turn request him to stand up."

After a lapse of a few seconds, in order to give the lecturer a little time to recover himself, Dr. M'Vicker slowly raised his majestic figure to its full height of six feet four inches, and began—"I am an Am—"

But this was too much, and he could not get any further. The audience had lost all control of themselves, and the speaker's disappearance from the stage brought the entertainment to a premature close.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

A man may stop a foaming horse that's tearing down the street,
May stop an enemy's advance amid the battle's heat.

In fact, stop almost anything in situations trying;
But not a single man alive can stop a baby crying.

—*Tit Bits.*

1066

SEE-SAW.

"Madame," said the tramp, "can I get a light luncheon here to day?"

"You can, sir, if you can saw that pile of wood over there," answered the madame, promptly.

"My good woman," said the visitor, dejectedly, "allow me to correct your grammatical construction. Saw is the imperfect form of the verb to see. It relates to the past. For example, in speaking in the present tense, I would say that I can see that pile of wood over there, not that I can saw it. Do you grasp the distinction, madame?"

She did, and the broom, too.—*Detroit Free Press.*



Mr. Aubrey St. Clair (who is studying the French language, tries his prettiest in a cheap restaurant)—"Garçon, coteleites de mouton—sauté à la jardinière."

Garçon, vociferously to the kitchen—"Mutton stew!"

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

Fond Wife—"Why so thoughtful, dear. Will you get much if you cure that man?"

Sawbones—"No; but if he dies I'll be sure to get my bill. His life is insured."—*Life.*

PATTERNS FOR JANUARY, 1891.

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by
JAMES McOALL & CO. [Limited], 46 East 14th Street, New York.



3051

No. 3051.—Lady's Ulster. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure, 31-2 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 7 yards 27 inches wide. 1 yard velvet, 10 small and 14 large buttons, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3265

No. 3265. Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. 3 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 5 3/4 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3267

No. 3267.—Girl's Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 8 to 12 years old. 4 1/4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 7 1/8 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3272

No. 3272.—Child's Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 1 3/8 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 2 3/4 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3276

No. 3276.—Lady's Jacket. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 1/4 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 4 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3280

No. 3280.—Lady's Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 5 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 9 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3278

No. 3278.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 3 1/8 yards goods 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3277

No. 3277.—Lady's Cloak. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 5 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 10 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3273

No. 3273.—Lady's Princess Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 8 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 11 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 35 cents, any size.



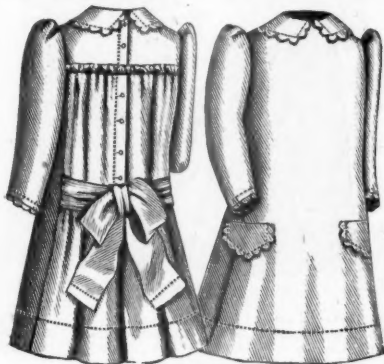
3268

No. 3268.—Boys' Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 21-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 4 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3234

No. 3234.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. 21-8 yards material, 36 inches wide, and 23-4 yards of lace for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3266

No. 3266.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. 21-2 yards material, 36 inches wide, and 2-1-2 yards of edging, for medium size. Price, 20 cents, any size.



3275

No. 3275. Lady's Evening Waist. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 13-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 21-2 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



(3271—3272—597)

No. 3271.—Boy's Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 13-8 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 2 3-4 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

No. 3272.—Child's Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 13-8 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 2 3-4 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

No. 597.—Child's Legging. The pattern of this legging is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 11-2 yards material, 24 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 10 cents, any size.



3274

No. 3274.—Lady's Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 6 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 10 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3269

No. 3269.—Misses' Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 3 1-4 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 6 3-8 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

ANY OF THE FOREGOING WILL BE FURNISHED, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY
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PATTERNS FOR APRIL, 1891.

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JAMES McCALL & CO. [Limited], 46 East 14th Street, New York.



No. 3320.—Lady's Wrap. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

No. 3280.—Lady's skirt. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 5 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $9\frac{1}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.

3320—3280



3305

No. 3305.—Child's Dress. Cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years. 2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3318

No. 3318.—Girl's Dress. Cut in five sizes, 8 to 12 years. 3 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3328

No. 3328.—Lady's Basque. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3316

No. 3316.—Child's Apron. Cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years. 2 yards material, 36 inches wide, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards embroidery, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

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3312

No. 3312.—Lady's Skirt. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3324

No. 3324.—Lady's Jacket. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 54 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3317

No. 3317.—Girl's Dress. Cut in five sizes, 8 to 12 years. $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3322

No. 3322.—Lady's Basque. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3319

No. 3319.—Child's Dress. Cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3309

No. 3309.—Lady's Basque. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3314

No. 3314.—Lady's Costume. five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 40 cents, any size.



3329

No. 3329.—Lady's Polonaise. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3327

No. 3327.—Lady's Wrapper. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 7 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $10\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.

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PATTERNS FOR JUNE, 1891.

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No. 3357.—Lady's Cloak. Five
sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure.
5 yards material, 44 inches wide, or
7½ yards 27 inches. Price, 30 cents.



3357



3358

No. 3358.—Lady's Shirred Dress. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches, bust measure. 7 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches. Price, 35 cents.



3362—3321

No. 3362.—Lady's Basque. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches, bust measure. 3 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 27 inches. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3321.—Lady's Demi-Train. Five sizes, 22 to 30 inches, waist measure. 7 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches. Price, 30 cents.



3356

No. 3356.—Child's Costume. Five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 44 inches wide, or 5 yards 27 inches. Price, 25 cents.



3353

No. 3353.—Misses' Norfolk Jacket. Five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 inches. Price, 25 cents.



3350

No. 3350.—Child's Cloak. Five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches. Price, 25 cents.



3364

No. 3364.—Lady's Shirred Basque. Five sizes, 22 to 40 inches, bust measure. $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches. Price, 25 cents.

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3403—3360

No. 3403.—Lady's Waist. Price, 25 cents. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches.

No. 3360.—Lady's Skirt. Price, 30 cents. Five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or 6 yards 27 inches.



3387-3146-3188

No. 3387.—Lady's Jacket. Price, 25 cents. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide.

No. 3146.—Lady's Shirt. Price, 25 cents. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 3 yards material, 27 inches wide.

No. 3188.—Lady's Skirt. Price, 30 cents. Five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide.



3241—3366—3367—3214

No. 3241.—Lady's Chemisette. Price, 10 cents. One size, 36 inches bust measure. 1 yard of material, 36 inches wide.

No. 3366.—Lady's Vest. Price, 20 cents. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches.

No. 3367.—Lady's Blazer. Price, 25 cents. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches.

No. 3214.—Lady's Skirt. Price, 30 cents. Five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches.



3379-3385

No. 3379.—Girl's Guimpe. Price, 15 cents. Five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 36 inches wide.

No. 3385.—Girl's Dress. Price, 25 cents. Five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches.



3368-3371

No. 3368.—Child's Blouse. Price, 20 cents. Five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or 1 yard 36 inches wide, with 1 yard 20 inches wide.

No. 3371.—Boy's Trousers. Price, 15 cents. Five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. 1 yard material, 44 inches, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 20 inches.

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